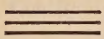
1,000 Sayings of History

BY WALTER FOGG

ONE THOUSAND SAYINGS OF HISTORY

Presented as Pictures in Prose



By WALTER FOGG

GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS · NEW YORK

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Entered at Stationers' Hall

Printed in the United States of America

PREFACE

Nor is it always in the most distinguished achievements that men's virtues or vices may be best discerned; but very often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges, or the most important battles.

—PLUTARCH

Having frequent occasion, during many years of newspaper experience, to consult the collections of quotations which abound, an editor was repeatedly impressed with the surprising absence of vitality and detail in the manner of their preparation. He remarked that most of these works, regardless of their acknowledged merits, in the main followed a common plan. Their contents had a disappointing similarity. They were formed principally of platitudes, unadorned.

Where were the landscapes to give them the color of appeal to the mental eye? There was an obvious neglect of that class of phrases—countless in number—which pulse with conflict and controversy, passion and persuasion, and continue to ring as distinct echoes of the mighty March of the Nations from out the hazes of antiquity, across the stage of earth, through the growing activities of society to the hour of wireless wizardry in the sky. Missing were the sunlight and the shadow of realistic environment.

There seemed the need for a more informative miscellany, animated by the journalistic stroke, which, if not exaggerated, carries straight to the consciousness with equal measure of instruction and entertainment. It is this touch which has cleared the mustiness and the cobwebs out of history and has leavened a large portion of enduring literature.

The mere fact that somebody once praised honesty as "the best policy," or affirmed that "virtue is its own reward," is not of particular importance. What was the moral quality

of the speaker—his motive? Under what circumstances was the utterance made?

It is not difficult to invent noble maxims or high-sounding sentences: the thief, the assassin even, has that capacity. A multitude have been printed which, though they persist in popular usage, possess small influential force for the reason that they lack a frame. Surround them with word portraiture, with pertinent comment perhaps, and straightway they assume fresh vigor.

In scheme and in execution, then, this volume is a manifest departure among compilations. It offers, in the novel form of "prose pictures," more than eleven hundred historical sayings, drawn from nearly all eras and races. Each is provided with its own background of personality, of incident or situation, of the spirit of the period, of philosophical or moralistic thought. To a free and unhackneyed style is united conciseness.

The selections are numbered, and linked up by an elaborate system of cross references, which will be found convenient for purposes of comparison or for progressive study of the subject.

Formal grouping by topics has been studiously avoided in the text; it is amply supplied in the indexes. As the work is designed not only for reference but for reading, there is no attempt at alphabetical or chronological classification of the quotations. They are so arranged that different sentiments and emotions occur in ever-changing succession, affording relief from the monotonous sequence usually practiced.

From a scene of battle on land or sea the reader passes to the studio of a celebrated artist, the palace of an emperor, the study of an eminent writer, or a hall of legislation. He attends the martyr to scaffold or stake, then hastens to the more congenial company of a noted wit or shares in the meditations of one of the world's profoundest savants. He leaves the deathbed of a Byron, or an Antoninus, to look in upon a stirring political debate or listen as a Bonaparte harangues his soldiers.

In this field the harvest is limitless. The enterprise could be extended indefinitely. Consequently the quest has been chiefly for variety and interest. While many of the citations are familiar, first favor is frankly given to those which, though having legitimate claim to preservation in such a setting, have been ignored by other anthologists. It has been the endeavor to exhibit them with explanatory matter sufficient to satisfy the immediate demands of the student and casual reader alike, or to excite a curiosity for further investigations among special authorities.

The uselessness of trying to embrace quotations from Shakespeare, or from the Scriptures, in an undertaking of this scope is plain: the first of these vast mines has been already worked to the bottom vein, while the Bible is exhaustless.

Some of the cullings which may, at first glance, show slight worth, are significant as pointing to a fantastic turn of fate, revealing an eccentric individualism, directing the attention to an extraordinary episode, or emphasizing a peculiar theory.

Here are hundreds of expressions which never before have been assembled between two covers, and scores of figures now make their first appearance in an arrangement of this nature.

It is strong fare; there are few dainty confections. *Life*—throbbing, ardent, vociferous—is spread out in a tremendous sweep. Tragedy stalks, with Comedy plucking boldly at his cloak. Humor and Pathos jostle each other. Fact and Fancy meet, and pass on. War rumbles and crashes, while Peace hovers above the smoke. There are sermons for preachers; themes for declaimers; inspirations for poets and painters. The sage, the scientist, the reformer, are heard in this great forum—the cynic, the statesman, kings and queens, the hero and the knave; even the court jester thrusts in his impudent head.

In his progress the author has marvelled at the relatively scant store of declarations deserving of remembrance which can be credited to the twentieth century. In no previous generation has the air been so noisy with talk; never before have the tongues of the lofty and the lowly wagged so freely.

Yet most of the strident chorus is chaff on the winds. G. K. Chesterton has lamented that the radio "had to come at a time when nobody had anything to say."

Did the wise men, the theologians, the generals, the gallants of the ancient, the medieval, and the Victorian ages say it all? Are our own philosophers, critics, and diplomats only ringing the changes on ideas and principles which were laid down in terms everlasting many epochs ago? Do the sociologists and the educators of To-day merely dress up old truisms with ingenious syntax to suit the superficial thinkers of the time—revamp the valorous slogans, the glorious defiances, originally uttered by lips long since mute?

George Meredith put it effectively: "Our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms." And, back two thousand years, the Roman playwright Terence was struck with the same notion: "Nullum est jam dictum quod non dictum" (Nothing is said nowadays that has not been said before).

It has been a pleasant labor—to delve with impartial mind into the hopes and despairs, the loves and feuds, the triumphs and defeats, of characters who have contributed so richly to the world's annals. Adopted, in the first place, as a hobby in an idle hour, it speedily developed into a task of actual delight.

The author gratefully credits friendly advisers with valuable assistance.

It is his earnest hope that his efforts may bear fruit in encouraging others to reflect on these voices of the Past and the Present—to ponder the words spoken anew in these pages by travelers brave and gay, serious and satirical, on the Highroad of History.

W. F.

Boston, December 1, 1928.

ONE THOUSAND SAYINGS OF HISTORY

1. ***Had I but served God as diligently as I have my king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs.***

—Thomas Wolsey (1475–1530),
English cardinal and statesman.
(Compare 637.)

ONCE the "proudest prelate that ever breathed," and supreme in the favor of Henry VIII, but now an outcast from the court that he had swayed, charged with high treason by his royal master, and his dreams of the popedom over, Wolsey lay in the shadow of death in Leicester Abbey (Nov. 29, 1530) and piteously lamented his pursuit of worldly preferments and power. On his way to London to stand trial he had broken down with illness and in despair he sought refuge in a monastery bed. As he entered the gate he said, "Father abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you." . . . . Wolsey was in the custody of Sir William Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, and to him spoke the words of a broken heart. The next day Wolsey died. His fall was one of the most tragic overturns in the fortunes of any personage of historical consequence. For fourteen years (1515-1529) he was the virtual ruler of England as prime minister and lord chancellor. Foreign sovereigns paid him generous subsidies to conciliate him or to gain his favor. He was arrogant and imperious, whether serving Church or State. His sumptuous palaces rivaled the king's own. Servants attended him on their knees; bishops tied the latchets of his shoes; and ambassadors abased themselves to kiss his fingertips. Accustomed to obedience and flattery, he went to his grave unsolaced by any sympathetic words from his sycophants; only the solemn chant of the monks fell upon his dull ears.

2. *We cannot live pleasantly without living wisely and nobly and righteously.*

— Epicurus (342–270 B. C.),
Greek philosopher.

THE lexicographers seem to be all wrong when they attach the suggestion of "luxury" or "good eating" to the word epicurean. It is regrettable that they could not have happened in upon Epicurus and his disciples, in that garden at Athens, when dinner was being served. One glance at the layout, and possibly they would have suddenly decided to take a chance in some quick-lunch down in the Agora rather than try to look pleasant while eating barley bread-and-water, with half a pint of wine to top it off — not a drop more. Those were the daily rations at the philosopher's forum; the seductive picture of Epicurus lounging amidst a flock of brimming goblets and gorging himself on bird-tongues, lampreys, artichokes and spitted beef is a libel. No sincere apostle of "wise, noble and righteous" living would expect to find it in a gluttonous feast with all hands more or less tipsy and silly. Did not Epicurus once send for some Cynthian cheese, so that, if he chose, he might "fare sumptuously"? There is no record that he ever repeated that dissipation. Luxury, indeed! Pleasure, to Epicurus, consisted in

freedom from pain of body and from trouble of mind.

Though long dead and gone, he should have from the dictionary-makers a contrite apology — and a juster definition of "epicurean."

3. *Vare, redde mihi legiones!*
(O Varus, give me back my legions!)

— Caesar Augustus, Octavian (63 B. C.–14 A. D.),
Roman emperor.

ONE of the greatest disasters that ever befell Roman arms was the overthrow of the splendid forces of Publius Quintilius Varus by the German warriors under Arminius (9 A. D.). When the news reached Rome Augustus gave way to loud laments; he stopped the games and the feasts; the whole city was stilled and dazed by the astounding victory of the barbarians. The torment of the ageing emperor was doubled by the receipt of a hideous trophy. The vanquished Varus in his despair killed himself in the battle; his body was torn from its grave by the Germans and his severed head sent to Rome by the chieftain Marboduus. For several months thereafter Augustus let his hair and beard grow unhindered in token of mourning, and (Suetonius adds) sometimes knocked his head against the doorposts of his palace in his transports of grief. . . . . Varus had been cunningly decoyed into the fastnesses of the Teutoburg forest; encumbered by vast quantities of baggage and hampered by their women and children, the Roman troops were further distressed by a tempest which drenched their weapons and turned the defiles into slippery traps. Three legions were annihilated outright; probably fifty thousand soldiers were slain or condemned to serve as the slaves of their captors. "Many a Roman of knightly or senatorial birth grew old as a hind or shepherd to some German peasant." Arminius remains the German national hero to this day.

4. *Dr. Livingstone, I presume?*

— Sir Henry Morton Stanley (1841–1904),
British explorer and journalist.

IT might have been in Hyde Park, from the urbane manner, punctilious speech, courteous bow and respectful gesture with which Stanley raised his helmet; but it was far from society London — this extraordinary scene in Darkest Africa. Stanley had just concluded an adventure in exploration which made him famous. On this day (Nov. 10, 1871), he had discovered Dr. David Livingstone, lost to the world for five years. Though undoubtedly thrilled at the successful result of his unprecedented search, his bearing was faultless, his self-control perfect. With a demeanor that became the true gentleman, he calmly greeted the object of his quest, an elderly man in a flannel blouse who was sitting in the market-place at Ujiji, on the west coast of Tanganyika. With a small band of natives Stanley had been seven months at his task, and had overcome innumerable dangers. His caravan, one of the very few that had ever penetrated to Ujiji, flew the American flag; for he had been commissioned to this enterprise by James Gordon Bennett, owner of the *New York Herald.*

Go and find Livingstone!

Bennett told him crisply. The Scottish missionary had been ranging the interior of Africa, then a little-known continent, hunting for the headwaters of the Nile. It was generally believed that he had perished in the tangled and pestilential wilds. He did eventually perish there at the age of sixty, for he would not come out with Stanley. Weakened by dysentery, he died (May 1, 1873) in a jungle village on the south shore of Lake Bangweulu. His faithful native boys bore the body of "the great master" across Africa to Zanzibar and he was entombed in Westminster Abbey (April 18, 1874.)

5. ***O, to be sure, I have forgotten to marry your sister!***

— PHILIBERT, Count of Gramont (c. 1621–1707),
French courtier.

THIS celebrated gallant of the seventeenth century loved the ladies; and the ladies, attracted by his handsome person, polished accomplishments, and racy wit, returned the compliment. Making so bold as to try his powers of conquest on one of the mistresses of Louis XIV, Mademoiselle de la Motte Houdancourt, Gramont was bidden (1662) to take the nearest exit from Paris and sought the gaiety of the court of Charles II, across the Channel. Here his incurable levity with pretty women tangled him in the matrimonial noose, presumably to his great astonishment. In a sentimental moment he betrothed himself to Elizabeth Hamilton, one of the most prominent beauties of the English king's entourage; and then — absent-mindedly, of course — took his leave of London without fulfilling his vow. The lady's two nimble brothers chased him to Dover, overhauled him before he could board a boat, and asked him if he hadn't forgotten something. To his credit be it said, Gramont gallantly admitted his error, returned with them, and made good his engagement. The countess, who possessed many graces and rivalled her husband in liveliness and humor, managed to hold his affections. She bore him two daughters, and accompanied him to France when his exile was lifted (1664). The count died Jan. 10, 1707, aged eighty-six, and no less an authority on masculine allurements than Ninon de l'Enclos said of him that he was the only old man she had ever known who could affect the follies of youth without being ridiculous. His "Memoirs," written undoubtedly by his brother-in-law, Anthony Hamilton, are entertaining.

6. ***Why shouldn't the world hear of a great butler?***

— Sir Milton Rees,
Throat specialist to the king and queen of England.

GENERALS and pacifists, evangelists and bandmasters, poets and pirates, court clowns and auto-makers get into the encyclopædias readily enough; the pages are open to third-rate senators and parliamentarians, political bosses, rebels and regicides. But did ever a butler squeeze in? And yet a trusty servitor means much to a man. He can bring tranquillity of mind and ease of body; by his tact and patience he can smooth away many of life's irritations; be he blest with grave humor, not infrequently he can make a confirmed grouch forget his gout. Such was Haynes, for thirty years in the service of Sir Milton: known by royalty, statesmen, artists; praised by Northcliffe, Balfour, Melba, Caruso, Patti. But there comes a time to every butler when he is called to wait upon the stern master Death, and influenza took Haynes (October, 1927), at the age of fifty-seven. Sir Milton said:

> *He was a bigger man in his line than I am in mine. He never allowed me to be worried.*

What loftier laudation could a man ask?

> *He was my closest friend and confidante. In these Socialistic days the world hears and fusses over all sorts of persons of little importance. Why not pause a moment to consider the worth of a perfect butler?*

Indeed, why not? . . . . Make room, encyclopædists, for Haynes — beside John Alden and Florence Nightingale, Robert Burns and Henry Irving, Theodore Roosevelt, Lincoln, Napoleon, and General Foch! Not one of them would elbow him out.

7. Carry a message to Garcia.

— Elbert Hubbard (1856–1915),
American writer and editor.

OUT of the exploit of an American army officer at the beginning of the Spanish-American war (April, 1898) Hubbard made a slogan which has become famous. The Cuban insurgent leader, Garcia, was somewhere in the mountains of the island, out of reach by mail or wire. To make the most of his coöperation it was imperative that the Washington government should get into prompt communication with him. Andrew Summers Rowan (b. 1857) volunteered. From the hands of President McKinley he received a packet containing the important letter, and bore it in an oilskin pouch strapped to his breast. Four days later (April 24) he landed from an open boat on the Cuban coast near Turquino Peak, and plunged into the wilderness. In three weeks he emerged from the jungle on the other side of the island, having made his way on foot through a country swarming with the enemy, found Garcia's camp in the wooded fastnesses, delivered his letter, and obtained for Washington full information as to the strength and disposition of the rebel-allies of the Americans. He was the first officer of the United States army to enter Cuba after the declaration of war. He won promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. . . . . Hubbard, the picturesque founder of the Roycroft printing shop at East Aurora, N. Y., apostrophized Rowan's adventure in a striking essay in his "magazine of protest," *The Philistine* (March, 1899), and 500,000 reprints were necessary to meet the demand for it:

> *By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust * * * to do the thing — Carry a message to Garcia * * *.*

8. ***Here lies Du Vall: Reader, if male thou art,***
Look to thy purse: if female, to thy heart.

CLAUDE Duval, a Frenchman, was the most notorious of all the highwaymen who infested the roads of England in the seventeenth century, and the first to have a price put upon his head by royalty; yet this plague of travelers, when at last taken and hanged, was honored with burial in the centre aisle of Covent Garden Church, London, and a jocular epitaph was placed on the stone above his tomb. The rogue's gallantries with women had made him a romantic hero among the people. On one occasion he held up the coach of a lady and found booty worth four hundred pounds to his hand, but he let her keep three hundred when she consented to dance a coranto with him on the moonlit heath. Undoubtedly she was one of the high-born dames who afterward hurried to condole with him in prison, and who pleaded so tearfully with Charles II for his life that the king would have pardoned him but for Judge Morton, who made short shrift of every road-agent that fell under his jurisdiction. The judge threatened to resign unless Duval got the rope, so he was executed at Tyburn (Jan. 21, 1670). Before he became the captain of an outlaw band Duval had been a page of the Duke of Richmond. He was taken prisoner on one of his daring visits to London when he dallied too long with wine.

9. ***You do well to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man.***

— Sultana Zoraya.

HIS heart heavy with sorrow and mortification, the vanquished Moorish king Boabdil (Abu Abdallah, "the Unfortunate") from a lofty spur of the Alpajurras was taking his last view of the glistening battlements of Granada, the city which only a few hours before he had surrendered to the Spaniards (Jan. 2, 1492). On his way with a few followers to Andalusia, whither he had been banished by the victorious Ferdinand of Castile and Aragon, he reined in his horse and gazed wistfully back. On the highest red tower of the Alhambra, where for almost eight hundred years had reigned the Crescent, now sparkled in the sun a great silver cross, and the Castilian standards waved in triumph. Boabdil gave way to tears, which fell faster when his mother, a woman of indomitable spirit, standing by his saddle-girth, bitterly reproach him in a few short words for delivering up the last stronghold of the Moslems in Spain. Boabdil exclaimed in reply,

"Alas! when were woes ever equal to mine!"

and rode on toward his place of exile. The incident is perpetuated in the name of the rocky eminence at Padul where the unhappy chieftain said farewell to his conquered kingdom—El Ultimo Sospiro del Moro, "The Last Sigh of the Moor."

10. *Marino Falieri dalla bella moglie;*
Altri la gode ed egli mantiene.
(Marino Falieri of the beautiful wife;
Others enjoy her, he maintains her.)

WHEN Marino Falieri, aged doge of Venice, came to sit on his throne one morning he found these insulting words written on the chair of state. Fury seized him at this slur on his young and fascinating wife and the scurrilous fling at his own dotage. State business was ignored until he had fixed upon the author of this outrage. As he had suspected, it was Michele Steno. Not long before he had put the young patrician out of his palace for fancied approaches to his beautiful consort. Michele resented this disgrace all the more because it was not the *bella* Falieri at all that he had his eyes on, but one of her comely waiting-women. The doge denounced his vilifier to the advocates — and what did they do but turn Michele over to the upper council of which Michele himself was the head! He got away with one month's imprisonment. In his passion at this paltry punishment Falieri conspired with a sea-captain, a stone-mason, and other malcontents to massacre the principal nobility (April 15, 1355) and proclaim himself prince of Venice. Some of the plotters turned traitor to him; he was arrested, and confessed everything at his trial. Two days afterward there was a sudden scurrying of the pigeons on the Plaza. Tragedy stalked there. At the head of the grand staircase of St. Mark's, the seventy-year-old doge was uncrowned and beheaded. . . . . In the hall of the great council there is one vacancy among the portraits of the doges of Venice. On the sable veil that drapes the space is the inscription

Hic est locus Marino Falieri, decapitati pro criminibus.
(*Here lies Marino Falieri, decapitated for his crimes.*)

11. * * * *I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life.*

— THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858–1919),
26th President of the United States.

BEFORE the Hamilton Club at Chicago (April 10, 1899) the most energetic and versatile of all American Presidents thus summarized his own virile career. In this age of political dwarfs, and statesmen of little minds — of government leaders indifferent to the welfare of the masses, slothful of intellect, uncertain of purpose, evasive of speech, and fettered by malicious influences — the compelling figure of Roosevelt rises in retrospect in bold outline. "Malefactors of great wealth" had no terrors for him; thieves he denounced by their right name. For "weasel words" he felt the utmost contempt; "mollycoddles" he hotly detested. He talked straight, plain English; many of his trenchant phrases resound clearly today, and will live as long as the nation endures. "Ignoble ease"? What time had this giant of energy to indulge in it, even if he would? Statesman, writer, lecturer, rancher, soldier, hunter of big game, explorer, scientist — his was the most vivid personality of American history. He was many men in one — in action a regiment. Every year of his life was a glowing, inspiring chapter. Fearlessly he thundered at the corruptions of "big business." He understood the feelings of his countrymen — their hopes, their wrongs. His wholesome personal influence touched every corner of the land. Carrying immense power in brain and body, he was a leader — not a groper; an untiring toiler—not a shirker nor a hypocrite. Never since the Republic was launched has there been more urgent need than now for the extraordinary vigor of this man; his courageous virtues and honest faults; his aggressive patriotism; his remarkable foresight.

12. *Stand up, Guards!*

— Duke of Wellington, Arthur Wellesley (1769–1852), **British soldier.**

[The generally accepted version of Wellington's famous order at Waterloo is "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" but the duke himself, in answer to a letter of inquiry from John Wilson Croker, British statesman and author, dated March 14, 1852, wrote: "What I must have said, and possibly did say, was, 'Stand up, Guards!' and then gave the commanding officers the order to attack." Croker quotes this in his memoirs (page 544). Wellington's biographer, Sir Herbert Maxwell, also is authority for it.]

HIDDEN behind the hedges, the English Guards, tense and cool, awaited the whirlwind. The supreme moment was at hand. Napoleon, his army buckling all about him, his star already in eclipse, had launched the Imperial Guard, his pride, at Wellington's center. The catapult was coming. . . . . Crouched for the clash, the red-coated regiments of the duke fixed their eyes on the little rise in front. Already the ground under them trembled with the headlong rush of the French echelons. . . . . Closer and closer—a strident din—a terrifying clamor of galloping horses and shouting men. Then the tall hats of the first of the charging grenadiers—only fifty yards away. . . . . Were these fighting giants still invincible? Many a bloody field bore the marks of their devastation. . . . . The steaming nostrils of those splendid war-steeds were plain — the magnificent muscles of their heaving chests —

Stand up, Guards!

That short command from Wellington ended Waterloo. . . . . English bullets riddled the dashing ranks; English steadiness and courage were like granite. The catapult was stopped. . . . . The June sun sank — and with it the splendor of Napoleon.

13. ***Let them drink then.***

— Publius Claudius (d. about 246 B. C.),
Roman consul.

HAVING lost two fleets at the hands of the Carthaginians in the First Punic War, the Roman senate got together still another (249 B. C.) and gave it over to the command of Claudius, with orders to invest Lilybaeum. While lying before this fortress the young consul conceived the plan of surprising the enemy's navy in the Bay of Drepanum. As he was starting off from his station the *pullarii* hastened to him in great alarm: the sacred chickens on board had refused to eat their corn — an omen not to be lightly disregarded. Whether put out of sorts by his own breakfast, or believing in his conceit that his genius justified him in overriding any auguries however solemn, the headstrong Claudius, with the scornful words quoted above, had the fowl tossed, squawking, into the sea. Disaster followed fast; but it was probably due less to the consul's contemptuous act of sacrilege than to his lack of secrecy and skill. Forewarned, the Carthaginians bore down in mass upon the side of the Roman column, and of the 220 ships in the brand-new Roman flotilla only thirty escaped destruction. The recklessness of Claudius in defying the oracles cost him his post; in three years more he was dead, undoubtedly by suicide. There is a story that his sister Claudia was heavily fined (246) because she publicly expressed the wish that Publius could rise from the grave and lose a second fleet, thereby leaving fewer men to crowd the streets.

14. ***There is no royal road to geometry.***

—EUCLID (3d century B. C.),
Greek mathematician.

PTOLEMY I, king of Egypt (323-285 B.C.), mixed self-culture with his wars. He founded the famous Alexandrian library and made the great city near the mouth of the Nile a new Athens. To that centre of Greek thought came Euclid, to found the mathematical school. The king, in his reach for knowledge, took a fancy to geometry, but the idea of wading through the thirteen parts of Euclid's "Elements," the standard textbook of the day, lessened his ardor. So he intimated to Euclid that a short cut to the science would be much more agreeable to the royal mind. "There is no royal road," replied Euclid, with the decisiveness of a real pedagogue—so much as telling Ptolemy he could take it or leave it. Whether Ptolemy, making the best of it, girded up his loins with a sigh and settled down bravely to the task of learning all the problems and theorems of Euclid's formidable treatise, we know not. If he did, he probably wished more than once that Euclid and his school were well sunk in the middle of the Mediterranean. . . . . To this day parts of the first six books of the "Elements" are used as a limbering-up process for the real study of geometry. Innumerable boys and girls of the twentieth century would like to know if Euclid was responsible for the proposition that "a straight line is a straight line" — which involves the industrious use of a piece of chalk and a blackboard to prove something that can be demonstrated a great deal more speedily and pleasantly by regarding a piece of taut string intently for five or six seconds.

15. ***Paete, non dolet.***
(Paetus, it does not hurt.)

THIS memorable utterance of a heroic Roman matron has come echoing down to us through the ages with the vibrant ring of clean steel. Though centuries old, the story of Arria, wife of Caecina Paetus, still carries an inspiration to sublime deeds. Paetus, arrested for entering into armed conspiracy with Scribonianus in Illyria against Claudius, was brought to Rome and ordered by the emperor to commit suicide. Arria, having vainly sued for the life of her husband, appealed to him to carry out the death sentence himself and thus escape the shame of falling into the hands of the executioner. When he hesitated while holding the dagger, she snatched it from him and plunged it into her own breast, giving him back the bloody blade with the noble words of encouragement which stiffened him to emulate her. As she fell dead at his feet, he gave himself the mortal thrust and expired by her side. . . . . According to Pliny (in a letter to Nepos), Arria's family were alive to her purpose of self-sacrifice and her son-in-law, Thrasea Paetus, said to her, "Would you then advise your daughter to die with me if my life were to be taken from me?" She replied, "Most certainly I would, if she had lived as long and in as much harmony with you as I have with my Paetus." Events proved that Thrasea's question was born of a premonition, for he was afterward condemned to self-destruction by Nero.

16. ***Nous dansons sur un volcan.***
(We are dancing on a volcano.)

— Narcisse Achille Salvandy (1795–1856),
French politician.
(See 371.)

ON the evening of June 5, 1830, the duke of Orleans gave a grand ball at the Palais Royal to his brother-in-law, the king of Naples. Charles X, the French monarch, beneath whose throne already rumbled the popular discontent which was so soon to shake him off, bestowed his royal presence upon the occasion. Two thousand guests disported themselves in the salons and under the trees in the gardens festooned with lights. At the height of the gaiety Salvandy, former minister to Naples, turned to his host and remarked casually, "You are giving us quite a Neapolitan fete." Then he added, seriously and in an undertone, the warning that this heedless throng were making merry on the crater's edge (as the Italian peasantry were given to dancing carelessly on the slopes of Vesuvius). . . . . A few weeks later (July 28) the volcano erupted. The people rose in arms, and at the end of the three-day revolution Orleans found himself lieutenant-general of the realm. Upon the abdication of Charles not many days afterward he was hailed as Louis Philippe I, king of France.

17. ***Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot see the shadow.***

— Helen Keller (1880–).

THIS beautifully optimistic admonition, written in prose that is almost poetry, might well come from some eminent philosopher, purged by his contact with the world's sorrows and disappointments; some great man of trade, safe at the peak because of his faith in the bright things of life; some eloquent orator, climbing to a climax of glorious assurance that everything is right that is. Not so. She who wrote these inspiring words, in brave, square letters, in the curious autograph album of Lafayette E. Cornwell, of Yonkers, N. Y., had walked in the profoundest darkness since her second year — in a shadow that never lifted. The pink bloom of the dawning — the softening opal of the fading afternoon — the bliss of beholding these was denied her. To move forever in impenetrable midnight — that was her lot. Yet Helen Keller, deprived of hearing and speech as well, had her own inner radiance when she set down this cheery sentence: a glowing presence of light outshining the sun. In still another inspired line, in her book "My Religion" (1927), she reveals the secret of this uncomplaining resignation:

I feel the flame of Eternity in my soul!

18. ***My men, yonder are the Hessians. They were bought for seven pounds and ten pence a man. Are you worth more? Prove it. To-night, the American flag floats from yonder hill or Molly Stark sleeps a widow!***

— Gen. John Stark (1728–1822),
American soldier.

THE noble limestone obelisk, 301 feet high, at Bennington, Vt. — the loftiest victory monument in the world — is a perpetual reminder that Stark's stirring appeal to his Green Mountain Boys and New Hampshire and Massachusetts militia was not in vain that day in 1777 (Aug. 16) when he led them to a triumph at a crucial turn in the Revolution. Far from being a weeping widow when the stars came out, the comely Molly was the possessor of a husband whose market value as a fighting man had risen a thousandfold since morning. With an improvised force of untrained volunteers, he routed 1200 hired German soldiers, half of them veterans, mortally wounding their leader, Col. Friedrich Baum, then turned on Col. Breyman's grenadiers and sent them flying too. But this "Battle of Bennington" (in reality fought seven miles from the town, two miles over the New York border, in Hoosic, Rensselaer county) was far more significant than that. It thwarted Burgoyne's plan to cut off New England from the western part of the theatre of war, weakened his army, and led to his surrender at Saratoga by bringing thousands of recruits to Gage's standard. Furthermore, for the first time in the war, raw American troops had made the priceless discovery that they could charge regulars in entrenchments and behind breastworks, and lick them. George III paid altogether too much for the mercenaries of the duke of Hesse that were manhandled by Stark's force that day and left a thousand stands of arms behind when they ran.

19. ***Judith went out of the city adorned with a marvelous beauty which the Lord had given her for the deliverance of Israel.***

(See 150.)

ON the morning of July 11, 1793, Charlotte Corday quietly left the gloomy mansion of her aunt at Caen and started for Paris to kill Marat. After she had departed there was found on her bed a Bible open at a famous passage, quoted above, in the apocryphal Old Testament book of Judith. All the night long perhaps, again and again, had she read the dramatic tale: how the beautiful and pious widow of the Tribe of Simeon won entrance with her charms to the tent of the Assyrian general Holofernes, and with his own sword struck off his head as he slept. Fictitious it might be, but to her it was the absorbing truth; it newly inspired her for the tragic task to which she had solemnly dedicated herself. For five years Charlotte Corday had dwelt with the aged Mme. de Breteville within sombre walls. Left mostly to herself, she spent the long hours brooding over the barbarities of Marat and eagerly thumbing her Bible for sanctified messages to fortify her in her designs upon the tyrant's life. Ten years in the seclusion of the convent Abbaye aux Dames had made her intensely religious. Judith's exploit fired her holy zeal to the point where no longer did she feel the smallest doubt of the justice of her cause. The open pages of the Book on her bed were her warrant for the execution which should avenge her beloved country. When she mounted the diligence that was to carry her to Paris she was an incarnation of the heroine of Bethulia, and glowed with the same sublime courage. . . . . The days of Jean Paul Marat were numbered.

20. **** * * But sing, sing, for the world, for your voice is the voice of an angel!***

— Franz Liszt (1811–1886),
Hungarian pianist and composer.

"YOU *must* hear her," the master of the conservatory at Lemberg was saying to Liszt (in Weimar, 1874). "But there are so many—" protested the great musician, not unamiably. "Ah. but this pupil of mine—she is—." So Liszt consented—he was always doing that. . . . . She was a Galician girl, from the village of Wisniowczik; sixteen, and with a charm. "And what do you wish that I should play?" she asked simply. Liszt was quietly skeptical: "You have a repertory?" Before he knew it he was listening to his own Hungarian Rhapsody—one of his favorite compositions. She saw him smile. "And what next?" he asked. This time she took up her violin. . . . . Yes, he mused, she rendered those Polish melodies with grace and skill. His smile was a gleam now. "Anything more?" He could not hide the eagerness in his voice. And then she sang for him—freely, fully, as not ashamed. . . . . The master sat rapt.

"There were so many"—but . . . .

She had finished, and still palpitating with the earnestness, the feeling, of her endeavor, she stood before him — what would his comment be?

** * * Sing * * * for your voice is the voice of an angel!*

. . . . So Praxede Marcella Kochanska kept on singing—and became Madame Marcella Sembrich; star of grand opera, and successor to the fame of Patti.

21. ***Date obolum Belisario!***
(Give an obolus to Belisarius!)

THE story runs that Belisarius, the most famous general of the Byzantine Empire, conqueror of the Vandals in Africa and the Ostrogoths in Sicily, was treated with gross ingratitude by Justinian after forty years of heroic and loyal service, being reduced to begging his bread in a public square of Constantinople. It is certain that the emperor took from him not only one fortune but two; it is equally true that he was held under guard in his own palace on the charge of treason. Tzetzes, a twelfth century writer, adapts the tale accordingly: — Belisarius would let down a bag from his cell-window with the appeal,

> *Give an obolus to Belisarius, who rose by merit and was cast down by envy!*

(An obulus was a small silver coin worth about three cents.) Marmontel, in his romance "Belisaire" (1767), goes further, representing the old blind soldier groping pitifully about the streets. Historians scoff at the plausibility of the beggary and the blindness; but, fiction or fact, the tradition has served French art a good turn. It gave Jacques Louis David the inspiration for his first important painting, "Date obolum Belisario," exhibited at Paris in 1780; and provided the subject of the celebrated picture "Belisaire" by Francois Gerard (1795). . . . . The prestige of Belisarius and his popularity with the soldiers excited Justinian's enmity. After he had been held prisoner six months the emperor, convinced of his innocence, freed him (July, 564), received him back into favor, and restored some of his fortune — probably not too much. But it did Belisarius little good; eight months after his deliverance he died (March, 565), at the age of sixty.

22. ***Go, and be happy.***

— Richard Nash (1674–1762),
English dandy.

WITH this benediction, "Beau" Nash often handed over his winnings at the gaming-table at Bath to some impecunious gentleman behind his chair. His habit became known throughout the fashionable watering-place, where he was manager of the public balls, and many a society shyster, short of shillings, would hang about as the noted fop played, and when he raked in a tempting sum, would put on a woe-begone face, sigh deeply, and exclaim wistfully, "How happy I could be with all that!" Nash would turn, and if the signs of distress were obvious enough, would thrust the money into the hands of the parasite. When parliament abolished gambling (1745), and Nash was forced out of an easy way of living, he had to give up the chariot-and-six, the lackeys and horns with which he used to parade, and undoubtedly regretted that he had given way so freely to his sentimental generosity. His big white hat and his richly embroidered suits, his snuff-boxes (of which he had many), and other trinkets went at bargain prices to enable him to live. None of the bread he had cast on the waters ever came back. He passed his old age in poverty, though he had put the town of Bath under marked obligation to him by making the dances decent, doing away with dueling, building a fine assembly-room, and improving the streets.

23. ***Aut Caesar aut nihil.***
(Either Caesar or nothing.)

— Motto of Cesare Borgia (1476–1507),
Duke of Valentinois and Romagna.

THIS son of the depraved pope Alexander VI so thirsted for power that he brutally swept the members of his own family out of his path. He murdered his brother Giovanni and his brother-in-law, the duke of Bisceglie, and stabbed to death Alexander's favorite, Peroto, as he huddled in terror at the pope's side, muffled in the pontifical robe. He made himself master of Rome and lorded it over the Church. All Italy shuddered at his name. Then his father died, and Cesare's evil star began to sink. After surrendering all his castles he was arrested for conspiracy against the Vatican, but escaped from his prison in Spain and took up arms for his brother-in-law, the king of Navarre, against Castile. While besieging the castle of Viana (March 12, 1507) an iron pike was thrust into him, and he died blaspheming God. His faithful henchman Michelotto, seeking him by torchlight after the battle, found his stark body on the field. At last it was "nothing" for Cesare Borgia. Alexandre Dumas, in "Crimes of the Borgias," paints him in his true color—crimson.

24. *You are too far away; come closer. * * * You are still too far away; you had better come still closer.*

—Gen. Alfredo Rueda Quijano,
Mexican soldier.

QUIJANO with his 26th cavalry regiment joined the Gomez-Serrano revolt against the Calles government in 1927. He was captured, court-martialed, and executed at the San Lazaro military prison in Mexico City (Oct. 6, 1927). As he took his stand before the old gray wall where so many other soldiers had met a like fate, he brushed aside the blindfold, spurned the bands for his wrists, and keenly surveyed the spectators in the courtyard to distinguish his friends. "Good-by! Goodby!" he called cheerily in English to the group of newspaper correspondents, and waved his hand. The platoon picked to be his executioners lined up in front of him. Quickly judging their distance, Quijano enjoined them to "come closer." . . . . They advanced a few paces. He was not satisfied. "You are still too far away," he said. His voice was clear and steady. . . . . A second time the squad moved forward. Now the bullets had only fifteen feet to travel to the mark. Quijano nodded: he was assured of speedy death. . . . . The riflemen were visibly affected by the cool valor of this man about to perish, whose authority they had so strangely heeded. They showed more than customary concern about their aim: this was an unusual traitor they were made to shoot. . . . . Quijano drew himself erect to his full height of more than six feet—a splendid figure of a man. . . . . The warm sun of near-noon was bathing the stone at his back. . . . . All his muscles firm—not a tremor in his clear-cut, clean-shaven features—he faced the rifles like a statue. . . . . Then the volley.

25. *I have nothing to ask but that you would remove to the other side, that you may not, by intercepting the sunshine, take from me what you cannot give.*

— DIOGENES THE "CYNIC" (412?–323 B. C.),
Greek philosopher.

DIOGENES was not in Athens, nor in his tub—though the story persists—when he returned his famous answer to Alexander the Great; but in Corinth—perhaps at the home of Xeniades, who had bought him from the pirates that captured him on a voyage to Aegina. In all likelihood he had long before relaxed his austerity sufficiently to rest on a couch occasionally, for Xeniades took such a liking to him that he was made a free man, appointed tutor to the two children of the household, and treated like one of the family. His fame had reached Alexander: how he rolled in snow in the winter and in hot sand in the summer, ate the coarsest of food, wore the plainest and scantiest of clothing. So when the conqueror came to Corinth for the Isthmian games he naturally desired to see this sage who had such a lofty contempt for bodily comfort. If Alexander did not meet Diogenes at the house of Xeniades, he would find him at the festival lecturing to a large crowd, as was his custom. The king got in the first word:

I am Alexander the Great.

Unimpressed by this pompous introduction, the philosopher replied, as proudly:

And I am Diogenes the cynic.

Then, according to the ancient forms of royal condescension, Alexander asked what petition he had to offer. When Diogenes bade him take himself promptly out of the sunlight, the monarch smiled and graciously complied: such is inferred from his subsequent remark:

If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes.

26. ***In my opinion, the grand object of music is to touch the heart, and this end can never be obtained by mere noise, drumming, and arpeggios; at all events not by me.***

— Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach (1714–1788),
German musician and composer.
(Compare 185.)

THE pronounced contempt of this gifted son of the great Johann Sebastian Bach for any and all music which did not possess harmony and form would undoubtedly have swelled into open indignation had his ears ever been assaulted by the din and discord of modern jazz, which, so far from appealing to the finer emotions, is frankly designed to throw feet and legs, shoulders and hips, into a barbaric frenzy of motion. But Karl Bach lived in a day when neurotic music was unknown; like his eminent father, he composed for the heart-strings of a responsive people—not for their sinews and muscles. His repute was very high in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Mozart said of him, "He is the father, and we are the children"; referring particularly to his sonatas and symphonies. His oratorio "The Israelites in the Wilderness" remains a solid masterpiece even yet. Bach was chamber-musician to Frederick the Great, and *Kapellmeister* at Hamburg. His favorite instrument was the clavier, which he first brought into popularity in Europe. . . . . Was jazz jolting the established order of society in Athens five centuries before Christ? There comes the grave voice of Plato:

> *The introduction of a new kind of music must be shunned as imperilling the whole State, since styles of music are never disturbed without affecting the most important political institution.*

27. ***Cammina!***
(Go on, then!)

— MICHELANGELO, Michelagniolo Buonarroti (1475–1564), Italian painter.

IN the piazza of the Capitol at Rome stands the only bronze equestrian statue that has been preserved from the ancient days of the empire, though such memorials to the emperors and military commanders of distinction were common. It shows Marcus Aurelius mounted in easy posture on a steed of sinewy limbs and superb muscles. The neck of the horse is proudly arched, his noble head keenly alert; his ears are straight with attention. It is not difficult to fancy the fire in his eyes, the quiver of the wide nostrils, the restive champing of the open mouth. His right fore leg is raised, his left hind leg just leaving the ground for the advance—another minute, and he will be away! There is such a lifelike air about the whole animal—the appearance of motion is so manifest—that when Michelangelo was standing before the statue one day he made an involuntary exclamation urging on the charger. The Roman government prized this sculpture so highly that an officer was appointed expressly to care for it.

28. ***Let me be given to the wild beasts, for through them I can attain unto God.***

— IGNATIUS,
Bishop of Antioch after 69 A. D.

WHEN Ignatius entered this ringing passage in his Epistles he had been sentenced to death for his religion and was being taken to Rome by a band of soldiers. He was in no doubt as to the nature of his approaching martyrdom. The "poor devil," as Trajan called him, was to be given to the wild animals "for the amusement (*ad delectationem*) of the people"—so ran the imperial command. Yet in his extreme Christian zeal Ignatius eagerly welcomed this fate. At Troas he sent an inspiring message to his younger colleague Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna:

Stand like a beaten anvil.

Then he went on with his guards, to make sport for the Roman populace. He was cast into the amphitheatre (107 or 116 A. D.), and the snarling lions, mad for meat, came leaping at him. . . . It is easy to imagine how heroically he perished, this pious spirit who could write, on his journey to the torture:

> *Come fire and cross and grapplings with wild beasts, wrenching of bones, hacking of limbs, crushings of my whole body; only be it mine to attain unto Jesus Christ.*

29. ***For more than fifty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear.***

— Sir Henry Havelock (1795–1857),
British soldier.

HAVELOCK uttered these serene words to his commander-in-chief, General Sir James Outram, just before he died at Lucknow (Nov. 24, 1857) at the end of the short and glorious campaign by which he crushed the great Indian mutiny and made himself illustrious. Forty-two years he had been in the British army, undistinguished, till the Sepoy uprising brought him his one shining chance—and the grave, but not its oblivion. His rapid succession of victories in two months made his countrymen marvel why such a brilliant military leader had so long been kept in obscurity; now they rebuked themselves for the lukewarm interest, even skepticism, they had shown in the announced selection of this plodding division commander to put down the rebellion. Lady Canning, wife of the governor-general of India, had made this half-hearted entry in her diary: "General Havelock is not in fashion, but all the same we believe that he will do well. No doubt he is fussy and tiresome, but his little old stiff figure looks as fit for use as if he were made of steel." Of a truth the man who defeated overwhelming forces eight times between July 12 and August 16, and crowned it all by capturing Lucknow, did have steel in him—the steel of fortitude, with "the rapidity of Napoleon and the foresight of Wellington," and a character so deeply religious that he wasted no time in anxiety over what his end might prove to be.

30. ***There will be time enough to finish the game, and then we'll go out and give the dons a thrashing!***

— Sir Francis Drake (1545?–1595),
English admiral.
(See 324.)

THE Spanish Armada was beating up the English Channel (July 19, 1588). Sir Francis Drake, vice-admiral of Elizabeth's fleet, as bold and skillful a sea-dog as ever roved the main for his queen, was having a game of bowls behind the Pelican Inn at Plymouth as the sun went down. It was nip-and-tuck, and the onlookers pressed the alley eagerly. There was the lord high admiral, Lord Howard (as Ewald relates it); the debonair Raleigh; Grenville, Frobisher, Sir John Hawkins, and other big lights of the navy. Drake was about to deliver the bowl at a critical stage of the count when there was a startling interruption. An old salt pushed panting into the group, crying, "They're coming—off the Lizard—full sail —hundreds of 'em!" The imperturbable Drake nonchalantly announced to his chief Howard his intention of completing the game and then attending to the Spaniards—and sent the ball down the alley with good aim. Such insouciance was quite characteristic of Sir Francis—though some modern writers argue with comical soberness that the story is implausible. Of course, Drake would drop the bowl on his toes forthwith and run his hardest for his ship! But that was the age of romance such as the world has never since seen; the heroes of the ocean took their adventures more or less gaily: they were far from the nervous hysteria of the twentieth century. Drake calmly finishing his turn at the bowls and refusing to be thrown into excitement by the near approach of the towering galleons that "darkened the water" is a scene which deserves to live. And let it not be forgotten, either, that when he got around to it he did his sturdy bit in giving the dons their "thrashing."

31. ***Ave, Caesar! morituri te salutant!*** *(Hail, Caesar! they who are about to die salute you!)* Or,

Ave, Imperator! te salutamus! *(Hail, Emperor! we salute you!)*

(See 140).

[Authorities differ as to the version most commonly used by the Roman gladiators. Modern writers quote one as freely as the other.]

A CLAMOROUS multitude, high-born and rabble, fills the tiers of the vast Coliseum. One hundred pairs of gladiators are billed to fight to-day—a pretty program indeed. The gates to the dungeons under the amphitheatre swing back: here they come!—the helmeted Samnites, with short sword and oblong shield; the Thracians, a curved dagger their weapon, a buckler their defense; the Dimachaeri, bearing not one blade but two; the Secutor, his trident in his left hand. There are barbarous Britons, in their war-chariots, and Andabates, on horses; Moors, armed with scimitars; colossal Negroes from Africa—prisoners of war, slaves, criminals condemned to death—all caught in the net and doomed to butchery "to make a Roman holiday." Around the arena they pass in motley procession. They stop beneath the royal box where sits the emperor; over him an awning of rich purple, around him the sensuous perfumes of his women. *"Ave, Caesar!"* rises the cry to his ears. The trumpet gives its peremptory blast; a tremendous tremor of exhilaration sweeps the seats; the carnage is on. Once more a Caesar makes sport for the populace and pricks anew his own jaded appetite.

32. ***And the cold marble leapt to life a god.***

— Henry Hart Milman (1791–1868),
English poet, historian and ecclesiastic.

THIS famous line, describing in language seldom equalled for vividness the most celebrated of ancient statues, is a part of Milman's poem on the Apollo Belvedere which won for him at Brasenose College, Oxford (1812), the Newdigate prize of twenty-one guineas for English verse. The Apollo that Milman took for his subject is called the Belvedere from the gallery where it stands in the Vatican; it was placed there by Pope Julius II, who bought it after its discovery at Frascati (1455). The figure is seven feet tall, and naked but for a cloak hanging from the neck in graceful folds over the left arm. Only a master (his name is conjecture) could have achieved the look of triumphant disdain on the features. The statue has been acclaimed as expressing the loftiest ideal of manly beauty.

33. ****** A beau in my books. ******

— Adam Smith (1723–1790),
English economist.

NO dandy of the period was more particular about his finery than the famous author of "The Wealth of Nations" in his selection of the volumes which were his close companions. For Smith hobnobbed with his books and sought quality in them as in his friends, who included such celebrated men of letters as Gibbon, Burke, Turgot, d'Alembert and Helvetius. When he was appointed a collector of customs in Scotland (1778) and took a house in Edinburgh the larger means of his new position enabled him to increase his small but excellent library, one of his principal sources of enjoyment during the quiet last years of his life. After his death (July 17, 1790) the collection happily escaped dispersal and is still preserved in the family.

34. *I have very little of Mr. Blake's company; he is always in Paradise.*

— CATHERINE BLAKE,
Wife of WILLIAM BLAKE, English poet (1757-1827).

WHEN Catherine Boucher, daughter of a market-gardener at Battersea, married William Blake (1782) it is doubtful if she suspected that in after years he would compose poems of such weird imagination, so incoherent sometimes for all their obvious beauty and delicacy of expression, as to make his very sanity debatable. He was constantly seeing visions and conversing with angels; he even claimed that spirits dictated what he wrote. Yet, with all his illusions, this remarkable poet-painter made an affectionate husband. But Mrs. Blake could not forbear on one occasion a wistful remark, not without its humor, which revealed her longing that he might devote a little more time to her and a little less to ghosts.

35. *One orator in a family, nay even in a city, is enough.*

— QUINTUS TULLIUS CICERO (102?–43 B. C.),
Roman praetor.

LIKE his brother, the famous Cicero, Quintus was trained for public speaking, but he never practised it. Perhaps he was discouraged by the overshadowing genius of Marcus. It has also been suggested that Marcus tried out his orations on the family before delivering them in the Roman senate and that Quintus was so surfeited with these rehearsals that he acquired a lasting prejudice against haranguers in general! However, in other directions he was by no means obscure. He distinguished himself as a soldier under Julius Caesar, wrote epic poems and tragedies, and translated plays of Sophocles. After Caesar's death he was proscribed and met the same tragic fate as his eminent brother.

36. ***O liberté! que de crimes on commet dans ton nom!***
(O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!)
— MADAME ROLAND, Marie Jeanne Philipon (1754–1793),
French Revolutionist.

UNMOVED by the shrill taunts of the brutal mob that hemmed in the scaffold in the Place de la Revolution at Paris (Nov. 8, 1793), the cultured priestess of the Girondists bowed in irony before the clay statue of Liberty at whose base stood the platform of execution, and uttered the famous apostrophe which has been echoed by countless voices through the years, the force of its tragic reproach undiminished. Then, with the dauntlessness that had never forsaken her, she yielded her beautiful head to the block. So perished one of the most intrepid spirits ever imprisoned amongst the horrors of the Abbaye or Sainte-Pelagie. Madame Roland was a true child of the Republic, mingling stoical firmness and tender sentiment; she was gentle and violent by turns. Wholly feminine in her attractiveness, there was masculinity in her courage. She could magnetize with her calm dignity and repel with her egoism. All her talents, all her full-blooded energy, she cast into the Girondist cause. Her many-sided character stamps every page of her "Memoirs," composed while she was a prisoner. . . . . The unfaltering valor of Madame was lacking in her husband, Jean Marie Roland, who had occupied a seat in the Girondist ministry. He evaded arrest by fleeing to Rouen. On hearing of his wife's condemnation, he wrote a few farewell lines of horror and cast himself upon the point of his sword-stick.

37. Our mission is to hold this position at all costs. No falling back.

— Maj. Charles White Whittlesey,
American soldier.
(See 800.)

ONE of the stirring epics of the World War is the narrative of Whittlesey and his "Lost Battalion." Following precise orders from Maj. Gen. Robert Alexander, "to advance behind the barrage regardless of losses," Whittlesey led his command, the Second Battalion of the 308th Infantry, 77th Division, A.E.F., into the forests of the Argonne (Oct. 2, 1918). By noon the next day he realized that he was cut off from all communication with the main forces in the rear. The Americans were caught in a pocket in the dense woods and underbrush, encircled by the Germans, who sprayed them with machine gun fire and hurled hand grenades upon them from the surrounding ridges. They had gone into the trap with a single day's rations; enemy guns were trained on the spring at the bottom of the ravine. They were at the mercy of the bitter cold, for blankets and overcoats had been left behind by regimental command. Already the casualties amounted to one-quarter their effective strength; there was no surgeon with the outfit; their bandages were exhausted. They were shelled by their own artillery, through miscalculation of range. In this desperate situation Whittlesey issued his "no falling back" injunction to his company commanders. It was heroically obeyed. For five days and nights the battalion held out under odds which would have overwhelmed a less devoted band. When relief came at last 194 officers and men were able to walk down the valley to regimental headquarters; 107 had been killed, 190 wounded. . . . . Whittlesey disappeared from a steamer on the way to the West Indies, Nov. 19, 1921.

38. ***It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.***

— Edward Gibbon (1737–1794),
English historian.
(See 128.)

THUS Gibbon, in his "Memoirs," recalls the twilight hour, during his first Italian pilgrimage, when the vestiges of the Eternal City's ancient glories gave him the inspiration for his masterpiece, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" —probably the greatest achievement of any historian. But he was so awed by the grandeur of the theme that for more than three years he merely revolved it in his thoughts, not venturing a closer approach. Not until 1768 did he settle seriously to the design of his immense work. In preparation for the task he devoted himself to prodigious research, packing his memory, which was remarkably retentive, with the facts and philosophies of countless authorities; even studying Blackstone's "Commentaries" three times. He was four years collecting his material; finally (October, 1772), in his London library, he began to compose his history, which spans thirteen centuries of the civilized world with a magnificent bridge of timeproof prose over the black rift between decadent Paganism and flowering Christianity. With such a mass of matter had he surrounded himself that more than once he well-nigh gave up hope of effecting an orderly arrangement of chapters out of the chaos, and was tempted to cast away all the precious harvestings of his reading and reflection. But the pull of his ambition prevailed; the first volume was published in February, 1776, and there was an unprecedented clamor for it. Gibbon had crossed the Rubicon of literature to his triumph.

39. ***Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither freedom nor justice can be permanently maintained.***

— James Abram Garfield (1831–1881),
20th President of the United States.

GARFIELD, like Lincoln, was one of the sturdy alumni of the Log-Cabin School, and when he wrote these words (July 12, 1880), in his letter from Mentor, O., accepting the Republican nomination for President, he probably recalled his own hard struggles for learning. In his home in the Ohio wilderness he received his earliest instruction from his widowed mother, who did not let privation swerve her from the noble purpose of cultivating the mental development of her four small children with earnest care. There at her knee, or, as he grew older, sitting at the table of plain pine, James acquired a love for books and a passion for memorizing them which never left him. At fourteen he had a fair knowledge of arithmetic and grammar, and was apt in American history; at eighteen he put in one winter term at Geauga Seminary in Chester; then, by working as teacher, carpenter, and farm-hand, he paid his tuition at the Institute in Hiram (afterward Hiram College), and came back there one year after his graduation from Williams College in Massachusetts to become its president. Garfield's education was simply but solidly founded; in building it up he added no useless intellectual frills. All the public schools in Christendom could have done no more for him in a practical way than that plain little class-room—snow-swept and sun-blistered by turns—where he got a sound and sure start for the White House to which he was destined. And what specializing professor, however profound and famous, would have been such a faithful, patient and solicitous tutor as the devoted mother to whom he recited his early lessons?

40. ***Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini.***
(What the barbarians have not done, the Barberini have done.)

THE Barberini gave a pope (Urban VIII) and two cardinals to the Vatican, but they are not remembered so much for that as for the frank way they went about gratifying the family craving for wealth and magnificence. It was a very simple matter, too; Alaric and Attila, those ravaging devils, had done it; so had the Roman tribunes. There were many finely-stocked old buildings around Florence—more than in Tuscany, where the Barberini came from early in the 11th century. Into these the Barberini went, without so much as a visé of admission, selected the pictures, plate, carvings, and furniture that struck their fancy, and bore it all off to their own palaces, where they lived luxuriously amidst their rich plunder. Taddeo, to whom his uncle the pope made a present of the principality of Palestrina, bade fair to carry home everything except the ponds and the hills; but his career as a looter was summarily stopped by the duke of Palma, Odoardo Farnese, who thrashed the troops that Urban sent to his nephew's aid. Taddeo fled to Paris, and the male line of the family ran out with his death. There still survives, however, the old saying that the Barberini outdid the barbarians themselves in wholesale larceny; and the splendid Barberini palace and library in Rome are to be seen yet.

41. ***Madame, I am the king!***

— MICHEL (1921–),
King of Rumania.

OF course, when six-year-old Michel received the title to the throne the Rumanian ministers hardly expected him to assert his kingly prerogatives in earnest for some time to come. They let him wear the crown once in a while so that he might get accustomed to feeling it on his head, and they greeted him with grave courtesy; but Michel tired of all that. His royal desires ran in other directions, as his mother, Princess Helen, learned one day while riding with him through the streets of Bucharest in the royal coach. Suddenly Michel discovered some youngsters at play; they were noisy and rough, but he shouted in glee and was for clambering out at once and scampering off to join them. When Princess Helen forbade such an escapade, the boy-king rose to the full height of his titular dignity and importance and reproached his mother indignantly because she had forgotten the rank he occupied in the realm. Perhaps he had his way—and came back to the coach with a limp, and a lump over his eye, but proud that he had won out with his fists.. Such would be the happiest ending to the story; but the Bucharest newspaper *Dimineata,* in relating the incident (Nov. 22, 1927), unfortunately neglected, consciously or otherwise, to tell the best part of it.

42. * * * *Just Abraham Lincoln, George Pickett's old boyhood friend.*

— Abraham Lincoln (1809–1863),
Sixteenth President of the United States.

ONE April day in 1865, soon after Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, "a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man" knocked on the door of the home of Gen. George E. Pickett (1825-1875), one of the bravest of the Confederate commanders, at 6th and Leigh Streets, Richmond. When Mrs. Pickett, her baby in her arms, responded, he asked, "Is this George Pickett's place?" "Yes, sir," she replied, "but he is not here." "I know that, ma'am," said the stranger, "but I just wanted to see the place. Down in old Quincy, Illinois, I have heard the lad describe the home. I am Abraham Lincoln." "The President?" Mrs. Pickett gasped. "No, ma'am," came the gentle answer; "just Abraham Lincoln." The baby, surrendering to the tenderness in the haggard, careworn face, reached out his tiny hands to the great man, and when taken into Lincoln's arms printed an affectionate kiss on his lips. Giving the little boy back to his mother, the President said, smiling,

Tell your husband, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes.

Mrs. Pickett related this story in her old age, in a letter to Charles U. Gordon, of Greenville, Miss., expressing to the Southern States Republican League her regret that she could not attend a celebration of Lincoln's birthday anniversary. The incident was retold in the Illinois State Register (November, 1927) by its publisher, Thomas Rees. . . . "Pickett's Charge" at Gettysburg, in a supreme last effort to break Meade's lines, was one of the most spectacular episodes of the Civil War. (See 232.)

43. ***O! what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions — Time!***

— DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (2nd), George Villiers (1628–1687), English statesman.

THESE were Buckingham's last words. With Death at the sill, the "Alcibiades of the seventeenth century" looked back remorsefully upon the precious days he had spent in the Tower (he was put there three times) because of treasonable intrigues and a disgraceful hair-pulling scuffle in Parliament. Mournfully he meditated upon his conspiracy to ruin Clarendon. He was tormented by the recollection of his scandalous liaison with the Countess of Shrewsbury and of the duel at Barn Elms when he killed her outraged husband. Again there rang in his ears the bitter words in the Commons charging him with promoting the French alliance, with popery, with arbitrary government. Plotting and profligacy, treachery and tumult—the shadows of his past were full of it. Well-favored in looks, by no means dull of intellect, what might he not have accomplished to his own honor and the glory of his country? Yet here he was, about to die, and his only hope for remembrance rested in some jocular sayings, a few verses and satires, his popularity as a follower of the hunt—and his unscrupulous conduct. Oh yes, and he had set up some glass works at Lambeth. This gloomy hour was not at all like those merry moments when he had written

Methinks, I see the wanton houres flee,
And as they passe, turne back and laugh at me—

but he must have thought of them again. Dryden hit Buckingham off rightly:

Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, but they had his estate.

44. ***It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred or one hundred, or of fifty boys, but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.***

— Thomas Arnold (1795–1842),
English school-master and author.

COMPELLED on one occasion to expel several pupils for breaking discipline, the famous head-master of Rugby improved the moment to summon all the classes together and make the declaration which summed up succinctly the one great ambition to which he devoted his whole heart: to send his boys out into the world with healthy characters—just, honest, truthful. The many who were started on the road to eminence by his instruction would make a brilliant honor-roll. In his fourteen years at Rugby (1828-1841) he preserved a high moral and religious tone which "changed the face of education all through the public schools of England." He was never a notable scholar, and he lacked tact, but his pupils venerated him for his Christian sincerity and his impartiality. To tell a lie at Rugby became abhorrent. Dr. Arnold is idealized in the schoolboy classic "Tom Brown's School-Days," by Thomas Hughes, who studied under him. Matthew Arnold has enshrined the memory of his beloved father in his reminiscent poem on Rugby Chapel (November, 1857), in which occurs the luminous phrase "Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

45. *Lasciate queste chiacchiere, siamo dell' istessa professione: non ci burliamo fra noi.*

(Stop that chatter, we are two of a trade: we need not play the fool to one another.)

— Don Ciro Anicchiarico,
Neapolitan brigand.

CIRO was a friar—presumably a jolly one—before he took to the road as a care-free robber. When he was at last captured and doomed to execution a brother priest was sent to him in prison to ease his final hours with the consolations of religion. The good father had hardly begun when Ciro angrily cut him short with a burst of brutal sarcasm which proved that in throwing off his cassock to become a cut-throat he discarded with it his respect for the holy orders—granting that he ever had any. Ciro was one of the choicest of the swarm of highwaymen who flourished in Italy during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when brigandage was in its heyday. In his villainies he ran a close second to the notorious Fra Diavolo. Ferdinand, on being restored to the throne of Naples after the fall of Napoleon, hired the English general Sir Richard Church (1817) to rid his kingdom of these murderous vermin, and Ciro was brought to justice. He took his trial indifferently; it was so tame that he was bored. Not without conceit, he admitted that he had slain some seventy people altogether.

46. ***The thicker the hay, the easier mowed!***

— ALARIC (370–410),
Gothic conqueror.

IN his first siege of Rome (408) Alaric cut off all provisions and thousands of the inhabitants perished with famine, which prowled into hovels and palaces alike. Unburied bodies filled the streets. When the misery culminated in a terrible pestilence the senate despatched Basilius and Joannes to obtain clemency from Alaric. These ambassadors declared loftily that the Romans would not sacrifice their dignity in any extremity; if they were denied fair and honorable terms of surrender, then Alaric would do well to prepare for the worst from "an innumerable and warlike people animated by despair." The Gothic chieftain laughed at such bombast and made a brutal retort, which is famous. Inside the walls, he knew, death and privation had decimated a populace already rotted by luxury before the bread and corn gave out. Under the circumstances his conditions were amazingly modest. What modern conqueror, with the capital of the world in his grasp, would have been satisfied with a mere quarter of a million sterling, and some bales of silk, leather, and cloth, and consented to reckon in three thousand pounds of vulgar "pepper" toward the ransom? The ministers thought Alaric rapacious, however; mournfully and meekly they asked him, "O king, what do you intend to leave us?" His terse answer brought them to terms:

Your lives!

47. *Now I am about to take my last voyage, a great leap in the dark.*

— Thomas Hobbes (1588–1679),
English philosopher.
(Compare 162.)

BOLD enough in forming his theories and expressing them, all through his long life Hobbes had a haunting dread of ghosts; it was the one pronounced weakness of the English speculator who held preeminence in the gap of time which separated the astute Locke from the erudite Bacon. Son of a country clergyman, naturally he would have been taught in his boyhood not to regard with horror any spirit-folk that might wander into his ken from the other side; but at the early age of four he was abandoned by his illiterate father. Perhaps now, having escaped harm from wraiths for ninety-two years, he realized how foolish had been his fear. Thorough philosopher that he was, he may even have welcomed the sublime opportunity at hand for research in an unknown realm far more profound than any of his investigations in this material world. Where he was going would he find one supreme power, as he had advocated of earthly governments in his "Leviathan," a treatise in favor of pure monarchy? The answer was before him; with all his learned capacities he could only guess it. For no real Christian religion had sanctified the Malmesbury vicarage of his unpleasant childhood. Thomas Hobbes spoke well at the end: it was veritably a "leap in the dark" for him when he closed his eyes for the last time upon his surroundings here and passed on into a mighty void.

48. ***Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.***
(If you seek his monument, look around.)

ST. PAUL'S cathedral stands as the crowning masterpiece of its designer, Sir Christopher Wren. His burial-place is under the choir, and on a tablet over the inner north doorway is the epitaph of the celebrated architect. The old cathedral was gutted by the great London fire (September, 1666), and in 1668 Wren was commissioned to prepare plans for a wholly new edifice. The first stone of the present St. Paul's was laid June 21, 1675; the choir was opened for use December 2, 1697; and in 1710 the last stone was set upon the lantern by the architect's son Christopher. Wren made two models; the second was approved, but he himself disfavored it and induced Charles II to let him alter it to his liking without showing the drawings to any one. Wren superintended the erection of fifty-two other churches in London, and public buildings without number. To his creative genius was due in grand measure the larger and statelier metropolis which rose from the ruins of the conflagration; and wisely has it been said that upon the gates of the capital itself, as well as above his tomb in St. Paul's, the motto of his epitaph might have been engraved.

49. ***I have married a nun rather than a queen.***

— Clotaire I (497–561),
King of the Franks.
(See 733.)

AMONGST the spoils taken by Clotaire when he defeated the Thuringians (529) was a rare jewel: the beautiful Radegunda, whose father, Berthaire, and uncle, Hermannfried, had been slain by the Franks. Educated in the Christian religion, her piety was remarkable for a girl of twelve. Clotaire waited till she had blossomed into maturity and then married her. Queen Radegunda showed no interest in the martial doings of her husband, but devoted herself so earnestly to religion and works of charity that the king loudly complained of being mismated and wandered about forlorn except when fighting. When Clotaire unjustly killed her brother, Radegunda fled, and found refuge with the bishop Medardus in Poitiers, where she established a convent and lived in it as a simple sister. There she died (Aug. 13, 587), more than a quarter of a century after King Clotaire, who succumbed to remorse because he had destroyed by fire his rebellious son Chram with his wife and children. Radegunda is on the calendar of saints. It was at her convent that the Italian poet Venantius Fortunatus composed the noble hymn "Vexilla Regis Prodeunt."

50. ***It is not I who have lost the Athenians, but the Athenians who have lost me.***

— ANAXAGORAS (c. 500–428 B. C.),
Greek philosopher.
(See 132.)

IT was not forward pride that prompted this remark by Anaxagoras while he was ending his days in exile at Lampsacus on the Hellespont, but the self-assurance of a great sage who was far ahead of his time. From Ionia he had brought to Athens the spirit of sincere scientific speculation; by his personal life he had set an example of ascetic dignity and strength. No philosopher before him or contemporary with him had so profound a knowledge of physical laws. His doctrine of the origin of the universe, predicated of one eternal infinite intelligence (Greek *nous*), was so close to Theism that the superstitious Athenians would have none of it: the many deities they adored with such awe must remain supreme. So Anaxagoras was charged with impiety toward the gods, and condemned to death; but through the eloquence of his illustrious pupil Pericles—who was the indirect target of the accusation—his sentence was commuted to banishment. If the old man suffered from regrets, no sign has come down to us. The six years that he lived in Lampsacus, opposite Gallipoli, were undoubtedly comfortable. He was honored by the citizens; the children were fond of him. Did he have a taste for superior wine?—the neighborhood was famed for its spreading vineyards; the grape-god Priapus was worshipped there. . . . . Anaxagoras died serenely (about 428 B.C.) in his seventy-third year. He had taken from Athens more than Athens ever could have given to him.

51. ***Mother of God! he shall wear it on his shoulders, then; for I will leave him never a head to set it on!***

— Henry VIII (1491–1547),
King of England.

WITH a vindictiveness seldom equalled in history, Henry carried out to the letter the brutal oath which he uttered against John Fisher, bishop of Rochester, when informed that Pope Paul III had sent him a cardinal's hat (May 30, 1535). One short month afterward the only English bishop who had dared resist the arbitrary will of this king died on the gallows. Fisher, always true to his religious conscience, had boldly cast his shadow in Henry's light more than once. He refused to sanction the divorce of Queen Catherine (1527) and championed her cause before the legates at Blackfriars; he opposed the acknowledgment of the king as head of the Church (1531), and refused to swear to the legality of his marriage with Anne Boleyn (1534). Then Paul unwittingly sealed his doom. His promotion to the cardinalate so infuriated Henry that he rushed Fisher to trial at Westminister on the charge of high treason (June 17, 1535), and he was beheaded four days later (June 22). The hapless bishop, sinking under age and sickness, was forced to walk to Tower Hill. As he tottered along he opened his Testament at random, and the crowds pressing about him heard him pray fervently that the book might give him some special message from his Lord to bolster his failing strength. . . . His eyes fell on the words of the Savior:

> *And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.*
>
> (John 17:3)

Repeating this passage over and over, as though oblivious of all else, he went on to the axe.

52. ***Furore Teutonico diruta***
Dono Americano restituta.
(Destroyed by German folly;
Restored by an American gift.)

WHITNEY Warren, of New York, the architect of the new university library at Louvain, Belgium, authorized this translation of the inscription which he had prepared for the building in compliance with the desire expressed by the late Cardinal Mercier, two months before he died (Jan. 23, 1926). The lines raised such a storm of controversy, however, that the façade was left blank when the dedication exercises were held (July 4, 1928). . . . . Opposition to the sentiment—which was freely rendered *Destroyed by German fury; restored by American generosity*—was led by Monseigneur P. Ladeuze, rector of the university, who criticised it as keeping alive the animosities of the World War. He had the support of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and a contingent of the Carnegie Peace Foundation. On the other hand, a large portion of the Belgian students and populace sided with Warren. Monseigneur Ladeuze proposed the words:

In bella reducta
In pace restituta.
(Destroyed in war;
Rebuilt in peace.)

. . . . After the entry of the German troops into Belgium (August, 1914) the old library was burned, with 70,000 volumes and 500 manuscripts. The new structure cost $2,000,000, of which one-half was contributed by Americans, while the Germans undertook to replace many of the books.

53. ***I do not believe there ever existed so masterly a genius.***

— Horace Walpole (1717–1797),
English man of letters.
(See 121, 141.)

WALPOLE'S tribute to Thomas Chatterton would have come from him with better grace had he not waited till after the boy-poet had committed suicide; but for his cold rebuff, the struggling young genius would probably not have surrendered to despondency and tragically cut short a life rich in promise of still more wonderful achievements. Little matters it that Walpole bitterly deplored for the rest of his days his neglect of Chatterton; the fact remains that after giving the poet reason to hope for his patronage he abruptly withdrew his encouragement and cast away the precious opportunity of aiding a literary intellect such as the world had never before known. Sorely in need of sympathy and help, Chatterton wrote to Walpole (1769) enclosing some verses of one "T. Rowleie, a priest in Bristol, who lived in the reigns of Henry VI and Edward IV." (This was all an invention; but was it not intimated that Walpole himself had sprung a spurious antique in his Castle of Otranto?) Walpole replied, with high praise for the verse, and offered to print some of them. Chatterton sent him more specimens, and hinted that material assistance in the way of a better position would be acceptable to him (he was then an illpaid clerk to an attorney). Walpole, by that time convinced that Chatterton was an impostor, bluntly advised him to stick to his job—but did not return the manuscripts. The poet had to write three letters to recover them. It was only a year later that he ended it all with poison.

54. ***Our country is the world—our countrymen are mankind.***

THIS was the signal that William Lloyd Garrison (1805-1879) flew at the masthead of his new anti-slavery journal the *Liberator,* which he started in Boston (Jan. 1, 1831) with his partner, Isaac Knapp (1804-1833), without a dollar or a subscriber, and kept going for thirty-five years, until slavery was abolished in the United States.

> *I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice,*

he announced to the public in that first number—and he was:

> *I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard.*

Almost every mail brought him threats of assassination. A Boston mob dragged him through the streets (1835). Yet the *Liberator* appeared every week. Its influence spread; and Garrison ("the courageous and single-minded apostle of the Abolitionists," as John Stuart Mill aptly called him) lived to see his cause march to victory on the bayonets of the Northern armies. . . . Garrison's slogan had been anticipated by Socrates, who remarked once that he was

> *not an Athenian or a Greek, but a citizen of the world.*

. . . . The Greek philosopher Aristippus (d. 356 B. C.) had much the same idea in his thoughts when he said:

> *A wise man's country is the world.*

55. ***There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight.***

—Woodrow Wilson (1856–1924),
28th President of the United States.
(See 113.)

THREE days after the steamship Lusitania had been torpedoed without warning by a German U-boat off the Irish coast (May 7, 1915), taking one hundred and fourteen American lives and nearly a thousand others, and while the country still rang with expressions of horror and condemnation, President Wilson in a speech at Philadelphia employed a phrase which bewildered the nation. Here was the occasion for an arraignment of the crime—in clear-cut, unequivocal words. The American people expected it from their Chief Executive. But Wilson left them dazed with the phrase "too proud to fight." In all his address he made no direct reference to the Lusitania or to Germany. This was the trend of his speech:

> *The example of America must be a special example. The example of America must be an example, not of peace because it will not fight, but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world, and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a man being so right that he does not need to convince others by force that he is right.*

. . . . Twelve years have passed; but it is still interesting to speculate, what would a Washington, a Jackson, a Cleveland, a Roosevelt have said on the 10th of May, 1915?

56. ***That is the work of Brauwer! No other artist could treat the subject in that style.***

— Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640),
Flemish painter.
(Compare 194.)

THE great Rubens in his prosperity never grew purse-proud. One day in Antwerp somebody came to him with a sketch which he was told had been drawn by a prisoner in the citadel who claimed that he was a painter, and not the spy they had taken him to be. (Spain and the Netherlands were at war.) Would Rubens expose the imposture? It was a picture of one of the citadel guards. Rubens quickly recognized the hand of Adrian Brauwer (or Brouwer), of the Flemish school—an artist of great talents. Fame and fortune beckoned to him, but at the prospect of drunken conviviality he was ready to throw down his brush and turn his back on his easel. Brauwer had wandered to Antwerp from Amsterdam, and had been seized by the soldiers, probably on account of his disreputable appearance. Rubens obtained his release and further befriended him. Brauwer repaid this generosity by secretly rejoining his low associates. Falling on evil days in Paris, he returned to Antwerp, and died there in the hospital (1640), at the age of thirty-two. The magnanimous Rubens paid for his interment in the Carmelites' church.

57. *Headquarters, 7 Aug. 1777.—Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.*—**Israel Putnam.**—*P. S. He has accordingly been executed.*

— Gen. Israel Putnam (1718–1790),
American soldier.

THE postscript of this letter from the bluff Putnam to Sir Henry Clinton at New York was well calculated to make the British commander writhe. Informed of the predicament of Palmer, who was a lieutenant in a royalist regiment, Clinton had sent a messenger under a flag of truce up the river to Putnam's headquarters at Peekskill, threatening vengeance upon the American general if he dared injure the prisoner. The American soldier who, as a lad of seventeen, had stumped his farm companions by going headfirst into the dark, narrow cave-lair of a savage she-wolf, terror of the countryside, shooting her at close range, and dragging her forth triumphantly, treated the pompous note of Clinton as so much rubbish. On what grounds anyway did the British leaders arrive at their reasoning that it was perfectly proper to shoot a Colonial caught spying, but that the person of a snooper for the king must be held inviolate? . . . . Putnam was a business-like fighter—he was also a man of humor. That ironic postscript!

58. **** * * I know that I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma of Spain, or any other prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm!***

— ELIZABETH (1533–1603),
Queen of England.

IT was in the days when the mighty Armada threatened England. Elizabeth went down to Tilbury on the Thames, the rendezvous of her land troops, to hearten them for the defense of the kingdom against the supreme blow of Philip of Spain. Her lords had urged her not to go but all the valor and vigor of the Tudors was in her. . . . . When the queen appeared at the muster-place and rode slowly along the lines on her white palfrey (Aug. 19, 1588), vociferous were the vows of loyalty to the death. As the soldiers pressed eagerly around her she checked her horse, and while the earls of Essex and Leicester held her bridle-rein she delivered as brave a speech as ever came from the lips of any woman ruler in one of history's most dramatic scenes. . . . . Holding her truncheon with firm hand and surveying her fighting men proudly, Elizabeth said:

> *My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you at this time resolved in the midst and heat of battle to live or die amongst you all—to lay down for my God, for my kingdom, and for my people, my honor and my blood, even in the dust. . . . . heart of a king. * * **

. . . . Even as Elizabeth spoke, the "invincible" galleons of invasion were in forlorn flight up the North Sea. (See 324.)

59. *Tarquin and Cæsar each had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third*

[shouts of "Treason!"]—

George the Third may profit by their example! If this is treason, make the most of it!

— Patrick Henry.

(See 473.)

IN the Virginia House of Burgesses (1765) Patrick Henry made the first open declaration heard in the Colonies for unqualified freedom from the legislative control of the English Parliament. . . . . Things were not going to Henry's liking at the session of May 29. He was burning for action that would show George III the error of his ways, but the rich planters who composed the large and influential element of the house were lukewarm. Some of them even went home. So the impatient young lawyer tore a fly leaf out of a book at his elbow, wrote off the famous Virginian Resolutions, which flatly denied the right of England to enforce the Stamp Act, took the floor and presented them. . . . . There was general consternation among the burgesses. The effrontery of their youngest member nettled them. He was denounced, and his safety even threatened, while his resolutions were violently attacked as unreasonable and dangerous. The opposition was led by Henry's particular rival, Edmund Pendleton; also ranged against him were Peyton Randolph and George Wythe, speakers of experience and no mean ability. The debate was "most bloody" (says Thomas Jefferson). But Henry, already recognized for his oratorical powers, made a speech which swept everything before it, rising to a climax that rang with impassioned defiance and intrepid patriotism. The speaker of the house broke in on him with "Treason!" and it was echoed all over the chamber; but, never faltering, he went on to the finish with swelling force. The effect was electrical. The resolutions prevailed, by a majority of one, and a great impetus was given the revolutionary movement. Henry now became the dominant figure in the burgesses and the popular leader against the aristocracy.

60. *God help the surplus!*

— Corporal James Tanner (1844–1927),
United States Commissioner of Pensions.

A SHELL took off both of Tanner's legs at the second battle of Bull Run, where he fought on the Union side; and this harrowing experience perhaps determined him, when appointed to the pension office by President Harrison (for whom he had stumped Indiana in the 1888 campaign), to make the national treasury recompense his comrades-in-arms to the limit for their sufferings in the war. His curt exclamation to the Washington correspondents upon assuming control (March, 1889) was significant of his policy. Under Cleveland the surplus had gone up, while the outlay on pensions had come down, and Grand Army posts were loud in their complaints. Tanner shoved the annual bill up to $117,000,000 (it was $87,600,000 when he took charge). The hard-hit surplus wilted rapidly; before six months had passed Harrison was at his wits' end—and so too his official money-changers. Tanner's resignation was clearly in order, and resign he did (Sept. 12, 1889), to open a law office in Washington. But even with his departure the pension bill kept going up, and while in Tanner's time the pensioners numbered 676,000, by 1902 they had increased to nearly a million! Tanner was one of the foremost of the soldier-politicians so influential in government following the Civil War. Though bereft of his legs, he was all grit, and remained in harness to the last. He died at the age of eighty-three.

61. ***Jacta alea est.***
(The die is cast.)

— Julius Caesar (102–44 B. C.),
Roman soldier and statesman.

WHEN Caesar, on a fateful day in the year 49 B. C., with this exclamation drove his war-horse across the Rubicon ahead of his faithful veterans, he switched the whole course of history. But for this step, so heavy with possibilities, would there have been, a scant twelvemonth later, a Pharsalia, and a murdered Pompey left to the beasts on an Egyptian shore? The chronicles might never have known, four years farther on, the tragic Ides of March, with Brutus' fatal blow, and all the momentous events which followed. On the instant when Caesar, with his men under arms, passed over the little river from Cisalpine Gaul into Italy he was branded by the Roman law as an enemy invader of his country; it was a declaration of war against the Republic. He had but a single legion of five thousand at his back; Pompey and the Senate had all the others and the fleet, the state treasure-box, the fighting men and the money of the Eastern dominions. For Caesar it meant complete triumph or utter overthrow; but what a superlative stake to win—all the Roman world! He dared it—and made "crossing the Rubicon" a proverb for posterity. Suetonius adds still more to the dramatic value of the occasion with a strange tale:—As Caesar hesitated on the bank, weighing the issue, a stranger suddenly appeared playing on a pipe. Amongst the soldiers who flocked to hear his notes were some trumpeters; he seized one of the trumpets, ran to the edge of the stream with it, and with a piercing blast sounded the advance. The happy augury decided Caesar:

> *Let us go whither the omens of the gods and the iniquity of our enemies call us. The die is cast!*

62. ***Hostilities will cease along the whole front at the 11th hour, French o'clock, on Nov. 11. Allied troops will not cross, until further orders, the line reached on that date and that hour.***

— FERDINAND FOCH (1851–1929),
French soldier.

THUS tersely did the generalissimo of all the Allied armies in the World War announce the armistice asked for by the German delegates at Rethondes two days before. This "most momentous document of modern times," as it has been fittingly termed, was a model of business-like brevity and expressiveness; but nothing else could well have been expected of a Foch. From end to end of the long embattled line of trenches the terrible tension of four sanguinary years relaxed. On the hour there fell a silence so overmastering, so unearthly, after the monstrous salvos of mighty siege pieces, the hideous rattle of murderous machine guns, which had shaken the souls of men and women over all the globe with their brutal reverberations, that soldiers on both sides were held trance-like, gazing at one another with wide eyes of unbelief. It was too heavenly a thing to realize at first; too tremendous a truth, too solemn, for acclaim. But the thunder and the crashing had ceased; the last scattered spatterings of bullets had died away; some batteries of 75's, as though reluctant to lay down the grim task for which they were created, sent out the final shots of the war. Gradually incredulity vanished; tongues were free again; from Verdun to the sea swept a great murmur of rejoicing, gaining momentum as it ran. Tired, hungry men, mud-grimed and caked with blood from the wounds they were too proud to have dressed, forgot in an instant the cold, sparse rations, the squalid dugouts, the agonies of the operating table, the terror of the hovering bombers aloft, which they had been cursing only the moment before. Armageddon was over! They were going home!

63. ***Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?***
(How long now, Catiline, will you abuse our patience?)
— MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO (106–43 B. C.),
Roman orator and statesman.

BEFORE breaking forth in his celebrated invective against the conspirator Catiline, Cicero toyed with him as an angler plays a trout. He knew all about the murderous designs of this impoverished debauchee, made reckless by his debts; that his own life was marked for the slaughter he was well aware—he had frustrated Catiline's plan to kill him in his own house only the day before. Fulvia, garrulous mistress of Curius, one of the cabal, had kept him fully informed of the course of the evil intrigue. He gave Catiline plenty of rope—and chose the most effective time and place to haul it tight. Cicero was more than a masterly orator: he was a shrewd detective, an accomplished prosecutor. What fitter spot to denounce this arch-traitor than before the whole senate, and to his face? Audacious with the apparent certainty of his success, Catiline appeared (Nov. 8, 63 B. C.). As usual, he was haggard from his dissipations of the night. When Cicero, singling him out with biting words, betrayed details of his treachery which he had fancied secret in his own guilty breast, his bloodshot eyes grew wilder, his face blanched with fear and fury. He made a half-hearted attempt to speak, but was smothered by the execrations of the roused senators. Cursing, he fled for refuge to Etruria, where his lieutenants had already raised the standard of revolt. There he perished a few weeks later. Cicero had ridden Rome of a traitor and driven to his death the man of whom he himself had said that he possessed "undeveloped germs of the greatest virtues," and that "it was the good in him that made him so dangerous"!

64. ***By the everlasting God, sir earl, you shall go or hang!***

— EDWARD I, King of England (1239–1307).

By the everlasting God, sir king, I will neither go nor hang!

— ROGER BIGOD, Fifth earl of Norfolk (d. 1306).

NORFOLK, who was the marshal of England, came of a line of stubborn vassals; more than one king had been defied by the House of Bigod. So in this bitter altercation (February, 1297) he stood toe to toe with Edward and cast his profane oath boldly back at him, when commanded to go and fight with the royal army in Gascony against Philip the Fair of France for the recovery of Guienne. Then, leaving the king almost alone, he marched out, with Humphrey Bohun, earl of Hereford, thirty bannerets and fifteen hundred knights. A few days later, when Edward embarked with such troops as he had kept together, Norfolk and Hereford stayed behind and promptly set about cramping the efficiency of his arms abroad by preventing the collection of war taxes. When Edward, after concluding a hurried truce with Philip, came home, these two irreconcilables demanded of him in full parliament at York (1290) that he sanction the charters he had been evading, and obtained his ratification.

65. ***That old man preaches as if Christ were at his elbow!***

— David Hume (1711–1776),
English philosopher and historian.

PROBABLY no more remarkable tribute was ever won by a clergyman than this striking estimate from Hume of the pulpit ardor and eloquence of John Brown of Haddington, in his time one of the most popular preachers in Scotland. Hume had been urged to go and hear Brown by Christian friends who perhaps dared hope that the Scotch divine might make a dent in the noted skeptic's mailed coat of unbelief. One day, likely enough to rid himself of their solicitations rather than in the expectation of getting any enjoyment or profit out of it, Hume wandered into the United Secession Church at Haddington, where Brown was stationed from 1750 till his death (June 19, 1787). He sat the sermon through, and afterward gave his appraisal of the preacher in a sentence which might well serve as a model application to any and all expounders of the Scriptures who are moved by genuine Christian fire. Brown picked up his own early education as a shepherd boy on the Perthshire hills, learning Latin, Greek and Hebrew while watching his flock. In later life he extended his knowledge to nine or ten languages, philosophy and theology. Before turning to the ministry he was a packman, a soldier and a school-master.

66. Pray, dear Doctor, alter your rule; and prescribe only for your enemies.

— Topham Beauclerk (1739–1780).

IT was one of the illusions of Oliver Goldsmith, author of "The Deserted Village," that he possessed medical skill. To be sure, in his twenty-sixth year he went to the University of Leyden to study physic (using Chaucer's good old English word), but only made a pretense of it, and so far from receiving a degree (though he insisted to the last that he had one) was lucky to come away with his clothes, in view of his reckless habits. Then he played tunes with mortar-and-pestle for London chemists, for little or nothing; lost a job in the medical service of the East India Company almost before he had it; and flunked the examination for hospital "mate." This last was a happy misfortune. In desperation he turned literary drudge, and thus started on the career for which he was naturally fitted. However, all through his later years he still liked to pose as a "doctor," and even endeavored to obtain patients, but they never came. Then it was that he remarked to his companion Beauclerk (famous as the most beloved friend of Samuel Johnson):

> *I do not practice; I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends.*

With his gentle wit, Beauclerk urged him to exercise his pills and potions on his foes. Whether from piqued pride or sheer recklessness, Goldsmith scorned this well-meant advice and took to doctoring himself. The result was alarming, and real physicians were summoned; but their prescriptions proved little more efficacious than his own, and his death was not long delayed.

67. Give 'em hell, Captain Bragg!

—Gen. Zachary Taylor (1784–1850),
12th President of the United States.
(See 837.)

TAYLOR'S hard-won victory over Santa Anna at Buena Vista (Feb. 23, 1847) clinched the triumph of the United States in the war with Mexico, and his "give 'em hell," polished down to "a little more grape" by the newspapers, provided him with such a boom for the Presidency that he defeated Clay, Webster, and Scott for the nomination and was elected (1848) over Cass, Van Buren, and Charles Francis Adams. It was at the crisis of Buena Vista that "Old Rough and Ready," as he was called by his soldiers, addressed himself so emphatically to Bragg. With only 5000 volunteers and 500 regulars he was fighting a Mexican army of more that 20,000. Santa Anna prepared for a final charge in numbers so overwhelming that Taylor ordered his battery withdrawn to save it from capture; but while on the retreat Lieut. Thomas, commanding a section of the flying artillery, suddenly unlimbered his guns, at the same time appealing to Bragg to "get the battery into action and save the day!" The position was advantageous; Bragg quickly lined up his pieces and shattered the advancing Mexicans at short range. Hardly had the discharge died away when Taylor, followed by his staff, came riding hard. He yanked off his shabby old straw hat (says Bragg) and swinging it round his head as he galloped past, yelled, "That's right! Give 'em hell, Captain Bragg!" The Mexican generalissimo already had hell enough and was in disorderly retreat. Braxton Bragg's conduct in this affair won him the brevet of lieutenant colonel; he afterward distinguished himself on the side of the South in the Civil War. George Henry Thomas, one of the leading Union generals, gained fame as the "Rock of Chickamauga."

68. *Aequanimitas.*
(*Tranquillity.*)

—Antoninus Pius (86–161 A. D.),
Roman emperor.
(See 525.)

THE Roman emperor Antoninus Pius lay dying of fever (March 7, 161) in a pleasure house at Lorium in Etruria, about twelve miles from Rome. It was night, and the tribune of the watch came to his couch to ask of him the password. Antoninus, the light even then fading from his eyes, replied with the one word which perhaps above all others best epitomizes his happy, peaceful reign and his own serene, generous character. His rule was a golden one of twenty-three years. He was motivated by the sincerest desire for the welfare of his people. He lived temperately, and was accessible to all his subjects regardless of class, ever ready to render justice to any complaint. He protected the Christians in all parts of his empire. He gave public office to none but upright men. He moderated many taxes, improved the laws, extended commerce, built roads. He encouraged literature, providing appointments for learned professors and drawing great intellects to Rome from all over the world. He drew liberally on his own private treasury to aid plague-stricken towns. "Father of the Human Race" was the title of gratitude given him by his contemporaries. The quiet passing of Antoninus Pius was a just earthly reward for his wise and benevolent stewardship over his vast dominions.

69. *God who placed me here will do what He pleases with me hereafter, and He knows best what to do.*

— Viscount Bolingbroke, Henry St. John (1678–1751),
English statesman and writer.

A LIBERTINE in his youth, unscrupulous in his schemings for political power in later years, assailing the Christian religion in his "Letters on the Study of History," Bolingbroke on his deathbed suddenly realized that a higher force than himself had something to do with the government of this world. With his last words, as recorded by Lord Chesterfield, he paid respect, for the first time in his life, to the God he had ignored and insulted. Yet in his utterance there was no indication of a change in heart; no sign that he had made peace with his conscience and was peering up past the stars with eyes of repentant faith. He died at Battersea (Dec. 12, 1751) and was buried beside his wife. Witty and versatile, with charming social manners that made him a most agreeable companion, Bolingbroke had an insincere character. No honest purpose, no great principle, ever led him on. To the follies of his diplomatic career he added brazen selfishness; his devotion to persons or parties could not be relied on. In some respects he was a genius; as an orator he shone above all others in Parliament. Yet when the inexorable shadows were closing over his head all his eloquence failed him. No trustful cry came from his lips; there was only a belated acknowledgment of his absolute dependence upon a Creator with whom he had never tried to be friendly.

70. ***She has seventy millions of throats to sing her praise, twice seventy millions of hands to fight for her; how then is Bengal powerless?***

— Bankim Chandra Chatterji (1838–1894),
Indian novelist.

THESE bold lines occur in Bankim Chandra's famous hymn the "Bande Mataram" (Hail to thee, Mother!), an invocation of the mother-land Bengal, and probably also of Kali, the Hindu goddess of death and destruction; it appeared in his most important novel, the "Ananda Math," which was inspired by the ideal of eventual restoration of a Hindu kingdom in India. Whether or not he foresaw its use as a political war-cry, eleven years after his death it was set to a stirring air known as the "Mallar-Kawali-Tal" and became a rallying song in the agitation which followed the partition of Bengal by Lord Curzon (October, 1905). Bankim Chandra was India's greatest novelist of the nineteenth century.

71. ***Non mi ricordo.***
(I do not remember.)

WHEN Queen Caroline was brought to trial before the House of Lords by her husband George IV on a charge of adultery (Aug. 17, 1820), among the more important witnesses were a party of Italian domestics who had served her during her sojourn on the Lake of Como in the company of Bartolomeo Bergami. One of these, to escape embarrassing questions concerning the conduct of the queen, repeatedly had recourse to *"non mi ricordo."* To this day the answer "I do not remember" is frequently the refuge of reluctant witnesses in the courts of England and the United States.

72. *No terms other than immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.*

— Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant (1822–1885),
American soldier and 18th President of the United States.

GRANT, who had succeeded in closely investing Fort Donelson on the Tennessee River after a hard campaign, returned this historic reply (Feb. 16, 1862) when the Confederate general, Simon B. Buckner—left in command by the cowardly desertion of Generals Floyd and Pillow the previous night—asked for an armistice till the next day at noon to negotiate terms of surrender. Grant's prompt and unequivocal ultimatum brought capitulation at once, and netted the Union arms one of the strongest key fortresses in the South, with 11,500 prisoners. The fall of Donelson revived the ebbing morale of the North, and the victor was given the popular sobriquet of "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

73. *Pauvres bêtes! il faut que la faim soit une chose terrible!*
(*Poor animals! what a terrible thing hunger must be!*)

— Sophie Arnould (1744–1803),
French opera singer.

SOPHIE Arnould, who reigned on the Parisian stage for twenty years, possessed besides an alluring voice and an attractive face and figure a ready wit, which she was likely to aim at any convenient target. Even the hapless Capuchin monk who, she heard, had fallen a meal to ravenous rats of unquestioning appetites, did not escape her cruel tongue. So entertaining was Sophie that celebrities like Rousseau and Diderot were among her satellites. She was the daughter of a hotel-keeper, who gave her a good education. A bust of Sophie Arnould as Iphigenia, executed by the French sculptor Houdon, is in the Wallace Collection, London.

74. ***Since you think good to kill the admiral, I will have it so; but kill all the Huguenots in France as well, that there may not be left one of them to reproach me with it afterwards. By the death of God, give the order promptly!***

— CHARLES IX (1550–1574),
King of France.
(See 552.)

ON the evening of Aug. 23, 1572, the young French sovereign—he was only twenty-two—pronounced this sentence of slaughter upon the Protestants of his kingdom and sealed for history his responsibility for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Soon after midnight on Sunday, Aug. 24, St. Bartholomew's Day, the pre-arranged ringing of the church bells in Paris let loose the Catholic populace. The orgy of blood raged throughout France till Oct. 3; the number killed being probably 50,000. Charles had been worked up to a pitch of fury by the insinuations of his mother, the notorious Catherine de Medici, against Admiral Coligny, who was the first victim. Catherine turned the weak and passionate nature of her son to her own vindictive ends. Haunted by nightmares in which the wraiths of his innocent victims rose to torture him, Charles died (May 30, 1574), less than two years after his infamous order. He cried to his nurse, in his anguish:

What streams of blood, how many murders!
What wicked counsel I have had! O, my God,
pardon me and grant me mercy!

75. ***I learned to smoke in the king's service: he will not take offence at it.***

— Jean Bart (1651–1702),
French naval commander.
(See 252.)

WITH this blunt remark to the finicky courtiers of Louis XIV, who had presumed to censure him for lighting his pungent pipe amidst the refinements of the waiting-room at Versailles, Bart went on blandly with his puffing, indifferent to the sensitive noses turned up in disgust. He had been summoned to the palace (1697) by the king, who in a personal audience a few minutes later made him admiral in recognition of his sea service against the Dutch and English. Bart's acknowledgment of his promotion to the command of a squadron was characteristic:

Vous avez bien fait, votre majesté!
(Sire, you have done well in this!)

The attendants were shocked, but Louis took it good-humoredly, knowing the worth of the man. As corsair, Bart had mercilessly harried enemy shipping with unfailing boldness. He became a popular hero. The town of Dunkirk, where he was born, the son of a fisherman, and where he died, has a statue of him, and the principal public square is the Place Jean Bart. His life was written by Richter and Vanderest.

76. If the king asks me for an account, I will make him a statement of kingdoms preserved or conquered, of signal victories, of successful sieges, and of sixty years' service.

— Duke of Alva, Fernandez Alvarez de Toledo (1508–1583), Spanish soldier. (Compare 157.)

PHILIP II had been so impudent as to ask Alva what he had done with the immense plunder he had seized in the looting of Lisbon (1581). At this distance the duke's irritation at such a request seems not unreasonable. Two years before, after all he had achieved for Philip with murder and rapine in the subjugation of the Netherlands, that ungrateful monarch had thrown him out of court and locked him up in the Castle of Uzeda because with true paternal concern he had tried to help his son escape the consequences of an unlucky amour with one of the queen's ladies of honor. Then Philip, when he wanted a captain to knock Don Antonio off the throne of Portugal, had recalled the aged and feeble Alva from Uzeda—where he was at least comfortable even if somewhat circumscribed in his movements—and sent him off to Lisbon at the head of an army. Always a quick and cruel worker with his soldiers, the duke soon had Antonio on the run for an outgoing ship; Portugal was cleaned up and Lisbon seized. With his habitual thrift Alva scooped up all the spoils in the city for himself, generously letting his troops steal outside at their own sweet will. And now Philip wanted him to turn in an expense account for all this! The king squirmed at Alva's haughty reply, but pressed the point no further. For one thing he feared a revolt of the army; and he probably figured that the duke—then seventy-two—had short lease of life left anyway and was not worth more bother. So it turned out: Alva soon died (January, 1583) in Lisbon, before he got much enjoyment out of the loot which he had packed up for himself.

77. You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!

—William Jennings Bryan (1860–1925),
American political leader.

WITH this famous flight of oratory Bryan won for himself the Presidential nomination at the Democratic national convention in Chicago in 1896. It was in reply to Senator David B. Hill of New York, leader of the gold-standard forces, who had made a brilliant appeal for ridding the party declaration of the plank written by Bryan espousing free coinage of silver. When Bryan took the platform he was in the prime of his speaking powers; his personality was impressive, his voice strong and clear. With an eloquence which he never afterward equalled, though he made hundreds of public addresses, he mounted to this climax:

> *If they dare to come out in the open and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we shall fight them to the uttermost, having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world. Having behind us the commercial interests, and the laboring interests, and all the toiling masses, we shall answer their demands for a gold standard by saying to them: 'You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!'*

The stirring peroration brought the convention to its feet. Bryan straightway became the idol of the "silver" majority and the next day was made the party standard-bearer.

78. *'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,*
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

—John Howard Payne (1792–1852),
American actor and playwright.

WHILE traveling in Italy, Payne received his inspiration for the celebrated "song of all nations." The tender air, an old Sicilian melody, first came to his ears from the lips of a peasant woman. He wrote the song and the eminent English composer, Sir Henry Rowley Bishop (1786-1855), provided the harmony. In his opera "Clari, the Maid of Milan" (produced at Covent Gardens in 1822), "Home, Sweet Home" was the principal song of the heroine. It swiftly rose to phenomenal popularity. Payne's fame rests upon this simple refrain. No prima donna has been too proud to lavish on it her finest expression; it has cheered disconsolate wanderers, far from their native soil; in almost every land mothers have crooned it to their cradled infants. Payne died at Tunis (April 9, 1852), and there, in the cemetery of St. George, the United States Government erected a monument to him—a fitting honor for the man whose strains have comforted a multitude innumerable.

79. ***Anch'io son pittore.***

(***I, too, am a painter.***)

— Correggio, Antonio Allegri (1494–1534),

Italian painter.

(See 117.)

THE genius of Correggio flowered so early in life that he was a master in his own style even before he had looked upon any works of the other great artists. After long expectancy he was gratified by the opportunity of beholding something of Raphael's—the "St. Cecilia" at Bologna (completed 1516). At the end of a long and earnest scrutiny he made the exclamation which showed that, so far from being cast down by mental comparison of his own progress with this glorious achievement, he retained full faith in the ability which lay within himself. Conceit, perhaps, but not without justification; for when only eighteen he had displayed even greater freedom of conception and treatment than the Raphael of corresponding age, in his large altar-piece of the Virgin enthroned among the saints which he did for the Franciscan convent at Capri (it is now in the Dresden gallery). Critics agree that in technical boldness and perfected execution Correggio was no whit inferior to the Raphael of any period.

80. ***'T is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases.***

— Sir Walter Raleigh (1552?–1618),
British explorer, poet and historian.

WHEN the last of Elizabeth's cavalier-heroes was brought to the scaffold (Oct. 29, 1618), he was absolutely without fear of the Death that he had hailed as "eloquent, just and mighty" in that splendid peroration written while he was locked in the Tower. He had received the sacrament and declared his forgiveness of his enemies. After breakfast he smoked his usual pipe of tobacco with cheer. Now he had come to the end of his earthly road. To the executioner he said:

> *Prithee, let me see the axe. Dost think, man,*
> *I am afraid of it?"*

The grim weapon was extended to him. Taking it firmly in his hand, he pressed his lips to the keen blade, remarking to the sheriff that it was "a sound cure." As he prepared to place himself upon the block he was asked to face toward the east. He replied:

> *If the heart be right, it matters not which*
> *way the head lies.*

. . . . In his prison the night before his death, Raleigh wrote eight memorable lines, the last product of his genius. They show how much strength of expression and feeling can be packed into a few short, simple English words:

> *E'en such is Time; who takes in trust*
> *Our youth, our joys, and all we have,*
> *And pays us but with age and dust;*
> *Who, in the dark and silent grave,*
> *When we have wander'd all our ways,*
> *Shuts up the story of our days.*
> *But from this earth, this grave, this dust,*
> *The Lord will raise me up, I trust.*

81. ***Aujourd'hui si la mort n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer.***

(***If death did not exist to-day, it would be necessary to invent it.***)

— Count Jean Baptiste Milhaud (1766–1833),
French general and Revolutionist.

IN casting his vote for the execution of Louis XVI in the Convention (Jan. 16, 1793), Milhaud took occasion to paraphrase something that Voltaire had said many years before. It is to be found in a letter to Frederick, prince royal of Prussia (afterward Frederick the Great):

Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer. (*If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.*)

On Nov. 10,1770, Voltaire wrote to M. Saurin, concerning this sentence:

I am rarely satisfied with my lines, but I own that I have a father's tenderness for that one.

. . . . Robespierre made a play on the same thought when he declared, in the midst of the Terror (1793-1794):

If God did not exist, we should invent him.
The belief in a deity is a necessary one.

He had already invented a God for his own purposes—the God of the Guillotine. And it mocked him at the last by murdering him. . . . . René Descartes took sharp issue with the idea that man out of his imagination, could "invent" God. He declared:

If God did not exist, I could not conceive him.

Only for the prior existence of the Deity, man would no more have a mind than a body; consequently, he would be utterly without the power to conceive anything. In this theory the French philosopher was anticipated by Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, who lived five centuries before him.

82. ***Open the third drawer on the left, and you will find the plan for the campaign.***

— Count von Moltke, Helmuth Carl Bernhard (1800–1891), Prussian field marshal.

NAPOLEON III had telegraphed to Berlin his declaration of war against Germany (July 19, 1870). Moltke, chief of staff of the Prussian army, was in bed and asleep when an aide came to him with the news. Without rising from the pillow, the great strategist—supreme during the latter half of the nineteenth century—merely pointed to a cabinet, and in a matter-of-fact tone instructed the aide what to do. Then, with a shrug of the shoulders, as though annoyed at being awakened, he turned his back on his visitor and resumed his slumber. In that cabinet were checkmates for every possible move of the French generals. Moltke had reduced all the details to systematic order; had provided for every contingency. *The third drawer on the left* put the enemy on the defensive from the start. The Germans had 520,000 men and 1170 guns ready in their allotted places. While Moltke was sleeping soundly, the French were already encompassed by defeat: Spicheren, Woerth and Gravelotte were won; Sedan and Metz captured; Paris was circled with impregnable steel. When the aide took out the designated document and strode away to put it into execution, the Franco-German war was in reality fought and ended. Moltke's "blue-print" of maneuvers remained the model for modern warfare until the World conflict, with its innovation of trench tactics, revolutionized military procedure.

83. ***Luca, fa presto.***
(Luke, work fast!).

ANTONIO Giordano, father of the noted Italian artist Luca Giordano (1632-1705), did some painting himself, but was slovenly and lazy at it. When the precocious Luca was only eight years old he surreptitiously drew a comely cherub into one of his father's pictures, thereby giving it some genuine merit. Thenceforth Antonio's course was clear: this talented child should support him in comfort. *"Fa presto,"* he kept saying, urging on Luca's brush till the boy became known as Luca Fa-presto (Luke Workfast). The young painter would not even pause for lunch, but munched from his free hand the food his mercenary father brought him. He worked with astonishing facility—and did not forget the trick of his childhood; for during his stay in Spain (Charles II was his patron for 13 years), he once satisfied the curiosity of Queen Maria concerning the appearance of his wife by painting the lady's portrait into the canvas on which he was working at the moment. Luca's swift industry made him immensely wealthy, which did not at all displease his father Antonio. He gave of his riches with free hand, bestowing large sums upon less fortunate artists. Despite his liberal charity he died in affluence (Jan. 12, 1705) at Naples. . . . . Giordano frankly followed (and throve on it) the theory that the mark of a good painter is popularity.

84. ***Thus didst thou serve the vase of Soissons!***

— Clovis (c. 466–511),
King of the Salian Franks.
(See 798.)

AFTER Clovis defeated Syagrius and his Gallo-Romans at Soissons (486) the fingers of the Frankish soldiers itched for loot. One of them was smitten with the charms of a beautiful vase in a church and took the ornament away with him. The bishop missed the treasure and appealed to Clovis for its restoration. The soldier not only refused to surrender it, but smashed it to bits with his battle-axe. To all appearances the king let it go at that; but some time later when he had his army drawn up before him for review he suddenly called the vase-stealer out of the ranks, rebuked him roundly for the careless condition of his arms, and knocked his axe to the ground. The chagrined man bent down humbly to pick it up, but never got his hands on it. For Clovis, who had a good right arm, raised his own blade and split the soldier's skull clean to his shoulders, with an exclamation which his victim probably had hardly time to hear. The Frankish ruler at the time was a pagan, but subsequently (493) he married the Burgundian princess Clotilda, a Christian, who finally converted him. He was baptized by St. Remigius at Reims (Christmas Day, 496) with three thousand of his followers, after a great triumph over the Allemanni at Tolbiac near Cologne.

85. *I'll bell the cat.*

—Archibald Douglas (1450?–1514?),
Fifth Earl of Angus.

ANGUS, one of the most intractable lords of James III, shared the anger of the other old nobles when the Scottish king raised his low-born favorite Thomas Cochrane, an architect (or possibly a mere mason of the trowel), to the rank of earl of Mar. They considered themselves disgraced by the intrusion of such a plebeian, who had bribed James to promote him. He put on airs, too, this vulgar interloper: wore a riding suit of black velvet, hung his horn around his neck with a gold chain, and had an escort of 300 mounted men in livery. James had led his army to Lauder to repel the invasion of Edward IV (1482). The nobles in his train, conscious of their power in the camp, met in secret in Lauder church to debate plans for putting the objectionable minion of the king out of the way. Lord Gray half-humorously referred to the fable of the mice who wanted to tie a bell on their arch-enemy, the cat, to warn them of her approach. "But none of the mice had the courage to fasten the bell on the cat's neck," he concluded. Instantly the fiery Angus jumped up and said he would "bell the cat." Promptly he made good his word. He captured Cochrane and had him hanged over the Lauder bridge with other captives. Cochrane asked to be hanged in a silk cord. Instead they looped a halter of horse-hair round his throat. Ever after this episode Angus was known as "Bell-the-Cat."

86. ***Ingrata patria, non possidebis quidem ossa mea.***
(Thankless country, thou shalt not possess even my bones.)

— EPITAPH of SCIPIO AFRICANUS, the Elder,
(237 or 235–183 B. C.),
Roman general and statesman.

AFTER illustrious deeds, Scipio, embittered by the aspersions cast on his honesty in the senate, retired to his native country-seat at Liternum on the coast of Campania, where he spent his last days. He was the greatest Roman general before Julius Caesar. He conquered all Spain by overwhelming Hasdrubal, the son of Gisco, at Ilipa near Corduba (206 B.C.); freed Rome from the menace of Hannibal's army by a counter invasion of Africa, and defeated that leader decisively at Zama (Oct. 19, 202), forcing humiliating terms on Carthage. Yet, on the very anniversary of that victory, he was accused (185) of taking bribes from Antiochus III, Syrian monarch. He broke up his trial by a stirring speech, reminding the citizens of Zama, and they deserted the court in a crowd to follow him to the Capitol and pray that they "might always have leaders like him." But rather than struggle against the hostility of the oligarchy Scipio left Rome and passed the rest of his life in gloomy seclusion.

87. *O mon Dieu, conserve-moi innocente; donne la grandeur aux autres!*

(*O God, keep me innocent; make others great!*)

— Caroline Matilda (1751–1775),
Queen of Denmark.

THIS ill-fated girl, who was married at the age of fifteen to the dissipated and weak-minded Christian VII, was indeed innocent when with a diamond she scratched the above prayer on a window in the royal castle of Fredericksborg. That was before Johann Friedrick Struensee, the young physician, came into her life and availed himself of her passionate attachment to take the reins of government out of the hands of her torpid husband. . . . . It was a tragic game she played—this lovely and vivacious queen, sister of George II of England. Struensee, with her connivance, rode high in power for three years. Then the axe took off his head (April 28, 1772). Caroline Matilda was divorced by Christian and banished to the castle of Celle in Germany, where she died broken-hearted (May 11, 1775). . . . . While in her prison at Kronborg before going into exile she learned that Struensee had confessed. Heroically she asserted that the blame was not his, for "she had been the temptress."

88. *Damn the torpedoes!* * * * Go ahead!

— David Glasgow Farragut (1801–1870),
First admiral of the United States Navy.

FEAR was unknown to Farragut; like Nelson, he thrilled to close combat. When he attacked the defenses of Mobile Bay (Aug. 5, 1864) he climbed into the rigging, trumpet in hand, to see the better above the smoke of the battle. As the smoke mounted, so he did; until Drayton, captain of the flagship Hartford, alarmed at the thought that Farragut might be struck and fall maimed to the deck, sent a quartermaster aloft to lash him to a shroud. The Confederates had stretched a double line of torpedoes three miles long from Fort Morgan to Fort Gaines, leaving but a narrow channel for their blockade-runners. The leading monitor, the Tecumseh, steering too far to one side, struck one of these, and immediately sank. The Brooklyn, just ahead of the flagship, stopped, and fatal confusion threatened the whole line. "What is the trouble?" roared Farragut through his trumpet. "Torpedoes!" came the dread answer. He thundered back:

Damn the torpedoes! Captain Drayton,
go ahead! Jouett, full speed!

The Hartford passed into the lead; the fleet swept up the bay, and destroyed or captured the enemy's ships, among them the formidable ram Tennessee. A few days later the forts surrendered.

89. ***It is difficult to see anything more beautiful in the world; this statue joins the grandeur of Pheidias*** **[Phidias]** ***to the expressive manner of Puget.***

—Victor Hugo (1802–1885),
French author.

HUGO had looked upon Pierre Jean David's monument to Bozzaris at Mesolonghi, and his enthusiasm ran high. The figure of the fair young girl, pale with her sorrow, shown at the tomb of "the Leonidas of Modern Greece"—her wistful longing to restore him to warm life again—brought to Hugo's lips a comparison to gladden any molder of marble, master or beginner. Phidias, sculptor supreme of Greece the Ancient; and Pierre Puget, luminary of the seventeenth-century France, who as a boy of fourteen was carving the ornaments on the proud galleys of his native Marseilles: has not the Louvre his "Perseus and Andromeda," his "Alexander," and "Diogenes"? David himself was fonder of "Reviving Greece," the Bozzaris work, than any other of his many sculptures save the statue of "Barra, the drummer boy of La Vendee." It throbs with the force of expression which was his preeminent merit. David d'Angers (as he is most usually known, after his birthplace) was patronized by some of the most celebrated men and women of Europe. He died (Jan. 4, 1856) with the reputation of having executed more than five hundred medallions.

90. ***Why, truly, I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms!***

— John Radcliffe (1650–1714),
English physician.

RADCLIFFE was always frank with his patients. When he was court physician (1699) William III showed his gouty ankles to the doctor one day and asked what he thought of them. Radcliffe's blunt answer pleased the king so little that he straightway got another physician. Queen Anne continued to consult Radcliffe, however, and when she was seized with her last illness he was summoned to attend her, but sent back word that he had taken too much physic to leave his country-house at Carshalton. On account of this the Londoners blamed him for the queen's death (August, 1714) and he durst not show his face again in the metropolis, but stayed cooped up in the village. He was taken off himself soon afterward (Nov. 1) and, as it happened, by the same gout on which he had practised his rough wit so unfortunately when William had it fifteen years before.

Early in his career Radcliffe attracted notice by some remarkable cures, and he became the most popular physician of his time. He endowed Radcliffe Library, Radcliffe Infirmary and Radcliffe Observatory, at Oxford, and bequeathed much of his wealth to University College and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

91. ***Damn them! They will not let my play run, but they steal my thunder!***

—John Dennis (1657–1734),
English dramatist and critic.

AS critic Dennis achieved not a little notice, but his plays had short runs. "Appius and Virginia" was no exception, though he introduced in it the novelty of a strange kind of thunder. Up to that time the approved method of making the clouds roar back stage was with the big mustard bowls of the day. Dennis improved on this by employing troughs of wood with stops in them, which produced a terrifying racket at the proper cue. Soon after "Appius and Virginia" had been sent to the storehouse for lack of patronage he dropped in to see a performance of a rival production, (it may have been "Hamlet," as Spence says; "Macbeth," as another authority has it; or neither). It was an unhappy moment for him when suddenly there smote his ears a prolonged crash of his own thunder. There could be no mistake about it: such an uproar never came out of mere mustard bowls. Before the noise had died away Dennis leaped to his feet in the pit and startled the still tremulous audience with an outburst of rage.

92. *There goes a few millions; but there are many Charles Carrolls, and the British will not know which one it is.*

CHARLES Carroll (1737-1832), Maryland member of the Continental Congress, had just put his signature to the Declaration of Independence when he overheard this remark by another delegate at his elbow, whereupon he immediately added after his name the words "of Carrollton," that King George and the world should have no doubt of his identity. Ever afterward he was known as "Charles Carroll of Carrollton." Carroll was not elected to the congress till the day the Declaration was adopted, and so did not reach Philadelphia to sign it till August 2. The offhand reference to his millions was quite pertinent, for he was considered the richest private citizen in all the Colonies. He was of high character and great ability, and rendered valuable services during the Revolution.

93. *I can never preach again.*

— Robert Hall (1764–1831),
English clergyman and writer.

A FLUENT and fervent speaker himself, Hall made this gloomy utterance while still under the spell of Dr. John Mitchell Mason (1770-1829), known in America as "the prince of pulpit orators," whom he had just heard for the first time in London (1802). Mason had gone to England to raise money for his new enterprise, the Union Theological Seminary, New York (opened 1804), of which he became the first president. It was Mason's most celebrated sermon, "Messiah's Throne," to which Hall listened. Mason (the son of a preacher) was one of the founders of the American Bible Society.

94. *It is nothing to her whether her husband be a cobbler or an artist.*

— Franz Joseph Haydn (1732–1809),
Austrian composer.

HAYDN'S wife, the subject of this crestfallen comment by the distinguished composer late in life, showed no pride in his profession, no interest in the high reputation he was attaining when he took her off the hands of her father, a Viennese hairdresser named Veller. About the time of the marriage (1759) Haydn had been engaged as conductor of the private band of Count Morzin, at a salary of two hundred florins; his bride showed plenty of enthusiasm over the florins but none whatever over the honor. Her sole ambition was to squander his earnings. If Haydn contracted the union out of gratitude to Veller, who had befriended him in his days of poverty, he was ill requited by the daughter; for his domestic unhappiness drove him to a separation, though he continued to support her till her death in 1800.

95. *Actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you preachers too often speak of things real as if they were imaginary.*

— Thomas Betterton (1635–1710),
English actor.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury had sought from Betterton, one of the most celebrated players of his day, the reason why actors had so little difficulty in making an impression on their audiences, while preachers frequently left their hearers cold. In reply Betterton let him into a secret which perhaps applies as snugly today as it did two and a quarter centuries ago. Betterton was as conspicuous for his clean life as for his dramatic force.

96. *Now it is time to die.*

— EPAMINONDAS (*c.* 418–362 B. C.),
Theban general and statesman.

MORTALLY wounded at Mantineia, after he had broken the Spartan phalanx, Epaminondas was borne off the field to a wooded height, with the point of a javelin sticking in his breast; the physicians told him its extraction would mean his speedy death. Covering the wound with his palm, he inquired for the safety of his shield, which had been lost in the melée. When it had been recovered and brought to him, and he was assured that his army was victorious, he said, "Now it is time to die"; tore out the iron with his own hand, and passed away serenely. "Verily," says Montaigne, "we should steal much from him if he should be weighed without the honor and greatness of his end." Epaminondas overthrew Sparta's predominance in the Peloponnese and raised Thebes to eminence. He has been extolled as "the ablest commander, the noblest citizen, the most stainless character, even if not the greatest statesman of the Hellenic world"; and his moral purity and his justice were as highly lauded by the ancients. Avarice he had none · he did not leave enough to pay his funeral expenses.

97. *Veni, vidi, vici.*
(*I came, I saw, I conquered.*)

— Julius Caesar.
(Compare 313.)

IN three famous words did Caesar concisely describe his victory over Pharnaces, barbarian king of the Bosporus, in the bloody battle at Zela (spring of 47 B. C.); "having all the same cadence," remarks Plutarch, they "carry with them a very suitable air of brevity"—a brevity consistent with the rapidity and thoroughness of Caesar's success. With three legions, in five days he totally vanquished Pharnaces, scattered his army, and drove him out of Pontus. According to Merivale, Caesar's announcement was made to the Roman senate; but Plutarch says it was addressed to "Amantius, a friend of his at Rome." It has been plausibly suggested that Amantius, which is not a true Roman name, was Caius Matius, Roman knight and Epicurean philosopher, who is emphasized in history as one of Caesar's closest intimates. When the Zela triumph was later celebrated at Rome a tablet inscribed with the striking phrase was displayed in the ceremonies.

98. ***Alas! tragedy is abroad in the streets; if I step outside of my door, I have blood to my very ankles. I have too often seen Atreus in clogs, to venture to bring an Atreus on the stage.***

— Jean Francois Ducis (1733–1816),
French dramatist.

AS became the respectable son of an honest linen-draper, the amiable and devout Ducis, well known for his adaptations of Shakespeare to the French stage—shuddered at the unbridled savagery of the Revolution which made Paris a shambles. And in this passage of his "Memoirs," which was written during the supremacy of the Terrorists, he showed the measure of his abhorrence by referring to Atreus, legendary king of Mycenae, as a type of the bloodthirsty bourgeois. Atreus, tricked into killing his own son by his brother Thyestes, with whom he was at feud, schemed a diabolical revenge. Shamming reconciliation, he invited Thyestes to a banquet, slew the two sons of his guest, and served their flesh to their own father as the *piéce de resistance* of the feast. Then, in the midst of the meal, he suddenly produced the skeletons. The horrified Thyestes, before he fled the foul place, delivered himself of a curse, which eventually brought retribution on the house of Atreus. The trilogy of tragedies which Aeschylus created out of this weird theme rank among the supreme productions of all literature.

99. ***I can surely affirm that I have as my constant companions the dolphin and the anchor. I have accomplished much by holding fast and much by pressing on.***

— ALDUS MANUTIUS, Aldo Manuzio (1450–1515),
Venetian printer and founder of the Aldine Press.

ALDUS, by cutting dies of the Greek types, in 1501, created the pocket classics, which sell to-day by the millions. They were distinguished by the device of an anchor entwined with a dolphin, generally accompanied by the motto *"Sudavit et alsit"* —swiftness of execution and firmness of purpose. He invented the italic, first introducing it in place of the clumsy Gothic in his "Virgil" (1501), now very rare. He cut the elegant type which bears his name for his Italian and Latin editions of Bembo, Plutarch, Dante, Quintilian and other authors (between 1495 and 1514). The typographic beauty of his works has made them priceless to the book-collectors. He was frequently interrupted by wars; his workmen went on strikes; piratical printers harassed him by forging his trade-mark and reaping profit and glory from their brazen pilferings. Yet he labored on with untiring zeal. He died poor in goods but rich in having achieved perhaps the most important revolution in the form of books since the invention of printing. With all the care and cost that he devoted to his classics, he aimed to sell them as cheaply as possible. The price of his eight-volume set of Aristotle was about forty dollars.

100. ***I mean by a picture a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light better than any lights that ever shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire—and the forms divinely beautiful—and then I wake up, with the waking of Brynhild.***

— Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898),
English painter and designer.

THUS Burne-Jones expressed his mystical objective, in a letter to a friend. Impossible ideals? Have it so; but he faithfully pursued them to genuine success, regardless of critics who harped on the absence of realism in his paintings. It has been said that his earth, and sky, and rocks, and trees are not of this world; that his men and women are dreamers. He was strongly influenced by the imaginative Rossetti; he has been compared with Botticelli. For the pleasure of his romantic mind he should have been born in an earlier century, when Romance was in full flower. His subjects are beguiling to the fancy: "Days of Creation," "Mirror of Venus," "Pan and Psyche," "Pygmalion and the Image," "Arthur in Avalon," "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," "The Depths of the Sea,"—the two latter perhaps his masterpieces.

101. ***Fortune, talent, health—he had everything; but he was married.***

— Marc Charles Gabriel Gleyre (1806–1874),
French painter.

GLEYRE had but one love—his art; and he never sullied it to gain popularity or riches. Not only did he shun matrimony himself, but he considered it undesirable for his friends. His lament over one of them carried a mournful irony, as though in becoming a bridegroom his old companion had cast away everything by one disastrous step.

102. ***I am innocent, I forgive the authors of my death; I pray God that France may never suffer for the blood which is about to be shed; and you, unfortunate people—***

— Louis XVI (1754–1793),
King of France.

THE stern roll of drums broke in on Louis and made inaudible his last words to his countrymen from the edge of the scaffold in the Place de la Revolution on that dark and foggy morning (Jan. 21, 1793) when he paid with his life for the mistakes and duplicities of his disastrous reign. He was seized by the executioners and thrust on the block; the knife fell, and shouts of "Long live the republic!" greeted the gory head as it was held up before the crowd. Louis was the last king of the French; in many respects the weakest. In view of his pitiful subservience to his queen Marie Antoinette, his vacillations, his resort to headlong flight to escape the doom which overshadowed him, we must admit that the dignity and fearlessness he displayed when he came to the guillotine were remarkable; naturally a dullard, the sublime passion to which he rose in his farewell outburst was equally astonishing.

103. ***Young man, thy words are like the cypress, tall and large, but they bear no fruit.***

— Phocion (c. 402–317 B. C.),
Athenian general and statesman.

PHOCION, who was noted for his prudent councils as well as for his military sagacity, addressed this reproof to Leosthenes, another distinguished general of Athens, who was a firebrand in the democratic cause and given to violent speeches. Notwithstanding Phocion's criticism, Leosthenes left a high reputation for his defeat of the Macedonian Antipater.

104. ***Nympha pudita Deum vidit et erubuit.***
(The conscious water saw its God and blushed.)

Literally translated, ***The modest nymph saw the God and blushed.***

— RICHARD CRASHAW, "the divine," (c. 1613–1650),
English poet.

THERE comes to mind the picture of the Christ at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, the scene of his first Miracle. His mother Mary tells him they have no wine; then she says to the servants to do his bidding. The six waterpots of stone are set out, and filled with water until they brim—at Jesus' command.

> *"Draw out now, and bear unto*
> *the governor of the feast."*

And what they bore was no longer water—but wine that sparkled. Crashaw, in one remarkable line of his Latin poems, condensed the account of the sacred incident related in the Gospel of John, (2:1-2). . . . . The poet Cowley, a Protestant, composed an elegy for Crashaw the Catholic which well expressed the feeling left on the minds of contemporaries, regardless of creed, by his character:

> *His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might*
> *Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right:*
> *And I, myself, a Catholic will be,*
> *So far at least, dear saint, to pray to thee!*

105. ***Would you that the Lord should find me idle when He comes?***

— John Calvin (1509–1564),
Swiss religious reformer.
(Compare 485.)

LONG after most men would have surrendered to the bodily sufferings which afflicted his last years, Calvin persisted in his activities. His constitution shattered by many diseases, he struggled on in his occupations with undiminished zeal. When his friends urged him to give up his work he sternly rebuked them. He was able to complete his "Christian Institutes" (1558-1560) only by fighting off collapse with his indomitable force of will. With shortened breath he preached his last sermon (Feb. 6, 1564), and though unable afterward to take any part in the service insisted several times upon being borne to his Geneva church. Even after he was forced to relinquish public labors he continued to attend to all possible private duties. Cheerful in his agony, he received the Genevan ministers, wrote his last letter, and then, his strength quite gone, lay back and gave himself up to prayer. In the arms of Theodore Beza, one of his most loyal friends, he died serenely (May 27, 1564). Calvin imposed the most arduous tests upon his physical and mental powers. He took little sleep, and for diet contented himself with a scant meal of bread-and-water once in each thirty-six hours. Human existence was to him stern business—almost a tragedy; and he disciplined himself accordingly. He gave his extraordinary intellect slight rest. His great work, the "Institutes," reveals a marvelous compass of learning. His simple burial in the common cemetery was in keeping with his plain habits and unaffected character.

106. ***It is the soul of a friend of mine, whom I recognize by his voice.***

— PYTHAGORAS (6th century B. C.),
Greek philosopher.

WHILE walking along the street one day Pythagoras heard the howlings of a dog that was being beaten. To judge from the appeal he made to the striker to let up, he must have carried the doctrine of transmigration to a point never approached by its modern devotees, the most zealous of whom does not go so far as to maintain that when a man's spirit enters a new tenancy—be it cat or terrier, owl or crow—it retains the voice of its former possessor. Or did the philosopher mask his wit in fitting solemnity for the occasion, to end a brutal performance? He is said to have once asserted that he himself had lived in other animal forms and that he could clearly recall those stages of his existence; so not unlikely his plea for the abused cur was uttered in all sincerity. Pythagoras taught his disciples that the soul was immortal, and purified in the processes of transmigration.

107. ***My name is Catherine. Beware of my contents. I punish injustice*** * * *

(Compare 579.)

SUCH is the inscription on a curious specimen of the German bombard—the earliest kind of cannon, which threw heavy stone-shot—in the remarkable collection of artillery of all ages in the Museum des Invalides at Paris. This gun was used by Sigismund, King of Hungary and Bohemia, against the Turks, whose expulsion from Europe was his paramount ambition. The inscription states also that "Catherine" was founded by George Endarfer in 1404.

108. ***Life is a jest, and all things show it;***
I thought so once, and now I know it.

— JOHN GAY (1685–1732),
English poet and dramatist.

THE tomb of Gay in Westminster Abbey bears an epitaph by Pope, but Gay's own mocking couplet is the more famous. Gay had his ups and downs, his successes and failures, like most mortals, but on the whole life was pretty fair to him. He lost a fortune in the South Sea Bubble (1720), but recovered from that disaster with the help of such loyal friends as Pope, Congreve, Arbuthnot, and several earls, and his "Beggars' Opera," produced in London by Rich (Jan. 29, 1728), "made Rich gay and Gay rich." The subsequent action of the lord chamberlain in barring "Polly" from the stage proved such excellent advertising that when published by subscription it brought Gay more than a thousand pounds. From 1729 till his death (Dec. 4, 1732) he had a comfortable home with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. Gay's ballad "Black-eyed Susan" is by no means forgotten, nor are his "Fables in Verse" for children.

109. ***If the Medes obscure the sun's light, we shall fight them in the shade, and be protected from the heat.***

— DIENECES THE SPARTAN.
(See 216.)

LITTLE we know of Dieneces except that he was one of the immortal three hundred Spartans under Leonidas who with their allies defended the pass of Thermopylae against the myriads of Xerxes. They were waiting the onset of the foe when a certain Trachinian observed with apprehension that the multitude of Persian arrows would darken the sun. Dieneces calmly rebuked this anxious soldier by pointing out the advantage to the Greeks of such a possibility.

110. ***Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.***
God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.
Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.
Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians.

— Book of Daniel, 5 : 25–28.

THE terrible indictment of the arrogant Belshazzar by the writing on the wall, "against the candlestick," amidst the revels in the vast banqueting-hall of his palace, is perhaps the most moving dramatic scene in all the Scriptures—as in the Crucifixion is compressed the tragedy of all time. Nothing in the secular literature of any age has been sketched in more direct and vivid prose. Where is the playwriting mind, ancient or modern, with the genius to imagine this majestic setting? . . . . Dominating all, stands the prophet—a sublime figure—before the Babylonian king and "his thousand lords, their wives, and their concubines." Stern is his denunciation; but they greet it with loud mirth as they profane with their wine the golden vessels ravished from the temple at Jerusalem . . . . Daniel's voice, supremely inspired, gradually overawes this crowd of blatant roysterers. The laughter dies. The clatter of the drinking-cups is stilled. And then he renders to them the most awful message that ever broke in upon the ribald feasting of any monarch—a death sentence straight from the skies . . . . Daniel arrived at the three phrases of his interpretation logically enough. Each of the ghostly words on the wall signified a weight or measure. "Mene, mene," ("mina") he translated as a process of numbering; "shekel," the act of weighing; "upharsin" (from "peres," a half-mina), the operation of dividing into fractions. . . . . The Hand vanished. The prophet was gone.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain,
And Darius the Median took the kingdom.

111. ***Il faut être bien héros pour l'être aux yeux de son valet-de-chambre.***

(***A man must indeed be a hero to appear such in the eyes of his valet.***)

— Nicolas Catinat (1637–1712),
Marshal of France.

CATINAT said much in little here. But he had been anticipated many centuries previously by Antigonus Gonatas (319?-239 B.C.), king of Thessaly, who expressed the same sentiment with more humor. To Hermodotus, who addressed him in a poem as "son of the sun, and a god," Antigonus observed:

My valet-de-chambre sings me no such song. . . . .

The form of the saying most commonly quoted is attributed to Madame de Cornuel, Anne Bigot (d. 1694):

Il n'y a pas de grand homme pour son valet-de-chambre.
(*No man is a hero to his valet.*)

. . . . Madame de Sevigne (1626-1696) is credited with almost the same words:

No one is a hero to his valet.

. . . . Goethe reversed it thus:

Es gibt für den Kammerdiener Keinen Helden.
(*To a valet no man is a hero.*)

. . . . Montaigne, in his essays, enlarges upon it:

Tel est miraculeux au monde, auquel sa femme et son valet n'ont rien seulement de remarquable; peu d'hommes sont admirés par leur domestiques.
(*Such a one has been, as it were, miraculous in the world, in whom his wife and valet have seen nothing even remarkable; few men have been admired by their servants.*)

112. ***La Convention, Monsieur, a le droit de mettre hors la loi: elle n'a pas le pouvoir de mettre hors de l'humanité; vous resterez!***

(The Convention, sir, has the right to go beyond the law: it has not the power to go beyond humanity; you will remain here!)

— MADAME VERNET,
French gentlewoman.
(See 265.)

IN the downfall of the Girondists Marie Jean Condorcet, their literary and philosophic head, was branded *hors la loi* (beyond the law), and fled for his life (October, 1793). Friends sought refuge for him in the house of Madame Vernet, the widow of the sculptor Louis-Francois Vernet, at 21 rue Servandoni, Paris. "Was he an honest man?" she asked. "Then let him come," she said, without even inquiring his name. While Condorcet was concealed there the executions began, and realizing the terrible peril that hung over his protectress for harboring him, he resolved to seek another asylum. He told her:

> *La loi est positive: si on me découvrait dans votre demeure, vous auriez la même triste fin que moi: je suis hors la loi, je ne puis rester.*
>
> *(The law is positive: if they discover me in your house, you will meet the same sad end as myself: I am outlawed, I must not stay.)*

Madame regarded him reproachfully, then made the memorable reply ending with the reassuring "*vous resterez.*" Later Condorcet, suspecting that the house was watched by spies, slipped away by an artifice—and thereby unwittingly contrived his own death.

113. ***The world must be made safe for democracy.***

—Woodrow Wilson.

(See 55.)

CASTING aside at last his affirmations of neutrality, President Wilson came before both branches of Congress, assembled in extraordinary session at his summons (April 2, 1917), and in a speech before absorbed legislators and tense galleries asked for a declaration of war against Germany. The whole nation was now at his back, except for an insignificant minority —waiting restively for the strong, decisive utterance which would set the phalanxes in motion. *Safe for democracy* was caught up as a timely slogan. There was a general feeling with the President that America was to take the plunge into the vortex with knightly purpose—to hurl the crown off the head of the mailed monarch Militarism and for all time make the masses of every nation secure from the hideous menace of War. Such was Wilson's text on that momentous April day, surcharged with tremendous possibilities:

> *The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war—into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But Right is more precious than peace. . . . .*

It is more than nine years since the German peace commissioners, in Marshal Foch's railroad car on an obscure railroad siding near the village of Rethondes, at five o'clock of a dun November morning, signed the Armistice. Is the democracy of the world any the safer to-day?

114. ***O Lord God, let me not be disgraced in my old days. Or if Thou wilt not help me, do not help these scoundrels, but leave us to try it ourselves.***

— Leopold I, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau (1676–1747),
General field-marshal in the Prussian army.

THE doughty "Old Dessauer" was a devout Lutheran and always lifted his voice in prayer before going into an engagement. His most famous invocation was uttered at the battle of Kesselsdorf (Dec. 14, 1745), his last field. There, at the age of seventy, he closed his most brilliant campaign with an overwhelming victory over the Saxons, which decided the war. It marked a splendid jubilee for the veteran, for fifty years before he had begun his military service under the Brandenburg arms in the Netherlands. After Kesselsdorf Dessauer retired to his estate at Dessau, where he died (April 7, 1747).

115. ***I have beat 'em! Beat all the Americans!***

— George III (1738–1820),
King of England.

GEORGE had great news from America. Burgoyne had captured Ticonderoga (July 5, 1777), and the Revolution was done for—so thought the king as he suddenly appeared in the room of Queen Charlotte at Windsor Castle and danced about excitably. But George was absurdly ignorant of the map of war in the Colonies; and the fact escaped him that Burgoyne had come into possession of an empty fortress—a hollow prize. St. Clair in losing a post "had saved a province," as he truly remarked. . . . . George was to learn to his sorrow that there were still plenty of Americans to beat. It was some time before he again startled Charlotte out of her siesta in his exultation over the smart doings of his regulars across the Atlantic.

116. ***Venez voir comment meurt un maréchal de France!***
(Come and see how a marshal of France can die!)

— MICHEL NEY (1769–1815),
Marshal of France.
(Compare 411.)

THE fiery Ney blazed out sublimely in the wreck of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo. Five horses were shot under him. On the sixth he planted himself across the Brussels road, and, courting extermination, strove to check the rout. For the moment he had the spirit of a Hercules, but he was powerless. The Grand Army, a running rabble, swept him along with it. There was a welcome for death on his lips. "Come and see how a marshal of France can die!" he shouted. But of such glory he was cheated. Fated to fall under the bullets of his own French, he perished before a firing squad (Dec. 7, 1815), in the Luxembourg Gardens, as a traitor to the tri-color.

117. ***Reverse the cupola, and fill it with gold, and even that will not be its money's worth.***

— TITIAN, Tiziano Vecellio or Vecelli (c. 1477–1576),
Italian painter.
(See 79.)

AS Titian stood beneath the lofty cupola of the Cathedral of the Assumption at Parma gazing up at Correggio's fresco "The Assumption of the Virgin," his praise was unstinted. This vast work, begun about 1524, was not completed till 1530. Though seen only in light reflected from below, the host of saints and seraphs seem hovering so near in the clouds that but little fancy is required to hear their celestial chorus echoing amongst the arches. Yet it was jeered at as a "hash of frogs" (*guazzetto di rane*) by some critics, to whom the verdict of the great Titian was a vigorous rebuke.

118. ***Call back that fellow, or he'll do something rash!***

— Horatio Gates (1728–1806),
American general.
(See 124.)

"THAT fellow" was Benedict Arnold; and it was at the second battle of Saratoga (Oct. 7, 1777). Arnold had acquitted himself so brilliantly in the first battle (Sept. 19) that the jealous Gates (who had already blocked his promotion to major-general) relieved him of his command. But the fiery soldier, his bravery quickened by his indignation at his unjust treatment, rushed into the thick of the fighting. Without orders, he led on the Americans in the final assault which settled the fate of Burgoyne's army. Gates, from his camp chair, was greatly disturbed by the reports that were brought to him of Arnold's impetuous behavior, and endeavored to "call him back." Arnold was shot in the leg that was wounded at Quebec, and while he was laid up in the hospital Congress gave him the rank ungraciously withheld from him so long. . . . Saratoga marked the glorious peak of Arnold's military career. Had a British ball pierced his heart there, he would have died with honor unsullied, and his country would have escaped the shame of his treason. But if his heart had not been embittered by ungenerous acts, perhaps history would never have had to name him "the Traitor."

119. ***Another victory like this will send me back without a man to Epirus.***

— PYRRHUS (c. 318–272 B. C.),
King of Epirus.

THIS gloomy exclamation came from Pyrrhus after his costly victory over the Romans at Heraclea in Lucania (280 B.C.), where the Roman legions had their first encounter with the phalanxes and the elephant squadrons of Greece. The soldiers of the consul Laevinus found the phalanxes impregnable, and his cavalry tactics failed because the horses, never having seen elephants before, stampeded among the infantry, completing the rout. Pyrrhus drove the Romans back across the river Siris, but the battlefield was thick-strewn with his own dead. Over the spoils which he offered in the Temple of Jove at Tarentum he had this inscription placed:

Those who had ne'er been vanquished yet, great
Father of Olympus,
Those have I vanquished in the fight, and they
have vanquished me.

From this "Pyrrhic victory" (a proverbial phrase) Pyrrhus learned how formidable was his foe, and began negotiations for an advantageous peace.

120. ***Mourant de faim, mourant de froid.***
(Dying of hunger, dying of cold.)

— Francois Noel Babeuf, "Gracchus" Babeuf (1760–1797),
French politician and journalist.

THIS song served as a rallying cry for the masses in Paris (1796) when the economic misery became appalling under the Directory. Set to a popular air, it was sung in the cafés to a furious applause, and made Babeuf the more confident in his plot for an armed rising of the Jacobins and Socialists to obtain the restoration of the Constitution of 1793. But the government nipped the conspiracy. Babeuf was arrested, with many of his associates, and guillotined at Vendome (April 27,1797). Babeuf was the first to propound Socialism as a practical policy.

121. ***Paint me an angel, with wings, and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world.***

— Thomas Chatterton.
(See 53, 141.)

LIVING in a strange world of fancy all his own, the boy Chatterton's answer to his sister, when she asked him what he would like painted on a bowl which was to be given to him, revealed the ambition for distinction that possessed him even before he was ten years old. "He clung around old walls like the ivy, and haunted twilight ruins like the bat," and was considered a dull child because of his frequent moods of abstraction. But "the fate-marked babe" became the greatest prodigy in the whole history of literature. Had he written nothing more than his "Ode to Liberty" and "Songs of Aella," they would have trumpeted his fame abroad in never-dying tones.

122. ***War and steel!*** **Also given:** ***War to the knife! (Guerra al cuchillo!)***

— Jose De Palafox Y Melzi (1780–1847),
Governor of Saragossa.

THE French besiegers of Saragossa had breached the antiquated walls and poured into the city (Aug. 4, 1808). In the streets they fought fiercely with the Spaniards. Marshal Lefebre sent to Palafox the insinuating message: "Peace and capitulation?" Though Palafox commanded only a body of crudely-armed citizens, and his chief lieutenants were a priest and two peasants, he returned a defiant reply which has given him lasting fame. The French withdrew, but again invested Saragossa in December, and took it (Feb. 22, 1809). After pledging the liberty of Palafox, they faithlessly imprisoned him in the dungeons at Vincennes until December, 1813. He was subsequently the captain-general of Aragon.

123. ***Here lies Nolly G——, for shortness called Noll,***
Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll.

— David Garrick (1717–1779),
English actor and theatrical manager.

WITH this impromptu epitaph on his friend Oliver Goldsmith, Garrick wittily alluded to the marked failure of the author of "The Deserted Village" as a conversationalist. Goldsmith was richly privileged in his companionships. Johnson and Burke, Garrick and Beauclerk, received him into their circle. No ordinary intellect could keep pace with their clever talk, and "Noll" was ingloriously outdistanced. They treated his silly chatter generously, though it annoyed them at times. . . . . Upon reading Garrick's jest, Goldsmith retaliated with this humorous couplet:

Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar and saltness agree!

124. ***Let me die in the old uniform in which I fought my battles for freedom. May God forgive me for putting on any other!***

— Benedict Arnold (1741–1801),
American soldier (the "Traitor").
(See 118.)

THE man who sold himself to the enemies of his country for the sum of 6315 pounds in English currency (about $31,575), and a brigadier-general's commission in the army of King George, died wretchedly in a London lodging-house (June 14, 1801), tortured by remorse. Of his bribe-money not a shilling remained. Two continents despised him. Only his faithful wife (Margaret Shippen, cultured daughter of a royalist), who had followed him overseas, attended him. "Let me die in the old uniform," he exclaimed, shortly before his end. Struggling to his feet, he arrayed himself once more in the faded Continental blue which he had honored so brilliantly at the storming of Quebec and at Saratoga. He had clung to it from the day of his treason. . . . . Five of Arnold's seven sons proved their military prowess—not, it is true, as Americans, but in the British service. Two died fighting like heroes.

125. ***He knew much of heaven, and nothing of earth.***

HENRY, Marquis of Villena, a Castilian savant in the reign of John II, drew this sarcastic comment from a wit of the day by studying astronomy so intently that he lost all run of his worldly affairs. His blind neglect of his financial concerns cost him all his possessions and reduced him to extreme penury in his last years. He was suspected of necromancy, and at his death (1434) the king's ecclesiastical agent threw more than a hundred of his precious books into the flames, as being branded by the black art.

126. *I will give her such a hank that she shall not find the end of it in her lifetime.*

— NARSES (478?–573),
Roman general and statesman.

THIS lame eunuch rendered distinguished service as military governor of Italy for Justinian I, emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire, but Justin II recalled him to Constantinople on the complaint of the Romans that he was a hard taskmaster (567). With the summons came an insulting message from the empress Sophia, who sent Narses a distaff of gold and advised him to leave arms to men and go spin wool in the apartments of the women of the palace. He exclaimed angrily that he would give her a tangle of yarn which she could not readily unravel, and he made good his pledge with a vengeance. Dispatching some of the choicest fruits of Italy to the king of the Lombards in Pannonia, he insinuated that the country so richly favored with orchards and vineyards offered plenty of desirable land for the taking. The artifice succeeded. Alboin, his cupidity excited, invaded Italy (568) and wrested most of it from Justin's empire. Narses never returned to Constantinople.

127. *If an angel from heaven commanded me to obey a mandate so absurd and sinful, I would not do it.*

— ROBERT GROSSETESTE (c. 1175–1253),
Bishop of London.

GROSSETESTE made this audacious answer (1253) to a letter from the papal nuncio in Rome ordering him, with threats, to promote a nephew of Innocent IV to the first vacant canonry in the cathedral of Lincoln. So far from taking the bishop to task for his defiance, the pope upon receiving his reply not only rescinded the mandate but adopted measures to reform such abusive appointments.

128. ***I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.***

— Edward Gibbon.

(See 38.)

IN the beautiful Swiss city Lausanne Gibbon completed his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." In the house La Grotte for four years he had devoted all his energies to this task—a veritable prisoner of his ambition. On June 27, 1787, the last line was written—and for the first moment since 1783 he had his liberty again. The midnight hour was drawing on when he put aside his pen, and went out of his summer house in the garden on the terrace. Walking back and forth in an avenue bordered by acacias, he gradually cooled his fever of mingled emotions: delight in the successful outcome of his great literary adventure, and regret that the child of his brain had reached maturity and had passed forever from his affectionate care. As he lingered there in the moonlit night, conscious that his work was done, did his memory carry back to the October evening, almost twenty-three years before, when he had found the inspiration for his History while meditating in the ruined Capitol at Rome? . . . Gibbon had taken those uprooted columns and arches and shrined them for all time in pages which endure as a monument to his intellect, capacity for condensation, and perseverance.

129. ***From the glow of enthusiasm I let the melody escape. I pursue it. Breathless I catch up with it. It flies again, it disappears, it plunges into a chaos of diverse emotions. I catch it again, I seize it, I embrace it with delight. * * * I multiply it then by modulations, and at last I triumph in the first theme. There is the whole symphony.***

— Ludwig Van Beethoven (1770–1827),
German musical composer.

THUS the great weaver of immortal harmonies enthusiastically described his exciting pursuit of perfection in the creation of his celebrated "Eroica Symphony" (published 1806), which was so nearly lost to the world. It was written in honor of Napoleon, and Beethoven had just completed it (1804) when the news came that Napoleon had made himself emperor. In his resentment the composer would have torn the precious score to bits, but friends restrained him. Had he given way to his impulses it would have been an irreparable disaster to the world of music. The wonder of this symphony grows with the knowledge that while Beethoven was laboring over its development and building up the splendid structure from the pages of details that filled his sketchbook the deafness which eventually shut out altogether the notes of the piano keys from his ears had settled upon him. He was withdrawing into a world of his own fancy, where he found the brilliant tonal colors and emotions which he shaped and re-shaped with the finest care until the full design flowered. As outward sounds became fainter to him, the more distinctly did he hear the throbbing of melodious beauty within his brain.

130. ***Faust is the oldest, but I was younger; Romeo is the youngest, but I was older.***

— Charles Francois Gounod (1818–1893),
French musical composer.

UNLESS able to explain this enigma, admirers of the two operas upon which Gounod's fame principally rests can only speculate as to where his preference lay. The first production of "Faust" (March 19, 1859) was eight years ahead of "Romeo," which was given its introductory performance on April 27, 1867. The Theatre Lyrique in Paris was the scene of both premières. The success of "Romeo" was instant; "Faust" was slower in gaining favor, but fixed Gounod's fame securely—and, indeed, "Faust" alone is Fame. . . . .Gounod could have added an interesting page to the literature of music by revealing how youth inspired him to give a Faust and a Mephistopheles operatic setting, while the ardencies of a Romeo and a Juliet stimulated the creative faculties of his maturer years.

131. ***I shall die, then, for her!***

— Adam Lux.
(See 150.)

THIS young German republican deliberately sacrificed himself under the guillotine in Paris that he might follow a phantom love into Eternity. On the morning that Charlotte Corday went to her execution he walked behind the tumbril. Her beauty, her courage, lighted in his heart on the instant a flame of devotion which determined him to share her martyrdom. A few days afterward he published the "Apology of Charlotte Corday," in which he claimed association with her in the murder of Marat. As he wished, he was promptly seized and imprisoned in the Abbaye. "I shall die, then, for her!" he exclaimed eagerly as he entered. A few days later, with a happy smile, he laid his head on the block.

132. ***Take it back: if he wished to keep the lamp alive, he should have administered the oil before.***

—ANAXAGORAS.
(See 50).

WHEN Anaxagoras was near the end of his days, at Lampsacus on the Hellespont, whither he was banished by the Athenians, Pericles sent him some money, having heard that he was dying in poverty. Anaxagoras rejected the donation with a picturesque phrase. Such is the old story, and it may be true; but it is difficult to believe that the aged philosopher had been neglected all the years of his exile by Pericles, one of his most illustrious pupils back in Athens, who had eloquently defended him against the charge of impiety toward the gods and won for him the commutation of the death sentence. As for finishing his life in want, Anaxagoras was a favorite of the people of Lampsacus from the day that he came among them, and it is unlikely that his lot there was unhappy.

133. ***Je cherche un passage que je ne saurais trouver.***
(I am looking for a passage which I do not find.)

— FRANCOIS DE BASSOMPIERRE (1579–1646),
French courtier.

WHILE confined in the Bastille at the instance of Richelieu, Bassompierre was engrossed in the Bible one day when his secretary, curious at seeing him thus employed, inquired what he was looking for. Bassompierre, a courtier of humor, made a response which contained a hidden meaning. He did not find "the way out" till Richelieu's death (1643), twelve years from the first day of his imprisonment. Bassompierre was charged with complicity in the plot to overthrow the cardinal on the "Day of Dupes" (1630). In the Bastille he occupied himself in writing his "Memoirs." They are spirited in style and important as reflecting the history of his time. Bassompierre carried to excess his gallantries among the ladies. It is said that when he was arrested he destroyed six thousand love-letters.

134. ***Ce que nous connaissons est peu de chose, ce que nous ignorons est immense.***

(***What we know is of small amount; what we do not know is enormous.***)

— MARQUIS DE LAPLACE, Pierre Simon (1749–1827),
French astronomer and mathematician.

LAPLACE, who very nearly equalled Newton in his extraordinary grasp of mathematical astronomy, is said to have spoken these words just before he died (March 5, 1827), in the hearing of his fellow-worker, Alexis Bouvard, and his physician, Dr. Majendie, who were at his deathbed at his Arcueil country-place. According to another version, his last utterance was:

Man pursues nothing but chimeras,

addressed to his favorite pupil Poisson, who had just brought him the news that Bessel had verified his theoretical discoveries on Jupiter's satellites. Either saying would have been in harmony with the giant intellect of Laplace. With all his remarkable disclosures concerning celestial revolutions, he undoubtedly realized the futility of attempting to complete "the science of the skies" (though Baron Fourier remarked of him that he would have completed it, "had the science been capable of completion"—an awesome thought).

135. ***Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?***

— Thomas Ellwood (1639–1714),
English author.

BUT for this chance remark of Ellwood to John Milton, he

Who erewhile the happy garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost

never would have pictured

Recovered Paradise to all mankind. . . . .

The incident occurred at the cottage in Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire (still standing) which Ellwood had obtained for Milton that he might withdraw with his family to the country and escape the Great Plague of London. After Ellwood's release from Aylesbury jail, where he was imprisoned in 1665 for his Quakerism, Milton gave him the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" to read; now he had come to return it. His observation was not lost on the poet. Long afterward, in London, Milton surprised Ellwood by showing him "Paradise Regained" (published 1671), and said:

This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont.

136. *Here lies Copenhagen,*
Born 1808, Died 1836.
God's Humble Instrument, Though Meaner Clay,
Should Share the Glory of That Famous Day.

— Epitaph of WELLINGTON'S WAR-HORSE.

THE commander-in-chief of the allied armies at Waterloo had a noble charger under him that day. Copenhagen bore Wellington for eighteen arduous hours without faltering and felt so jubilant over the great victory that he pranced off to his oats at ten o'clock at night with proudly tossing head. Wellington never forgot the loyalty and courage of his handsome chestnut steed. After the war Copenhagen lived in uninterrupted comfort and serenity at Strathfieldsave, the Wellington estate, and his memory is preserved in the inscription placed on his stone by the second duke of Wellington after horse and master had both gone on. Copenhagen was born at the siege of the city for which he was named; his mother, Lady Catherine, was a famous war-horse. Wellington bought him when he was five years old, for four hundred guineas (about $2000).

137. *In silence.*

— ARCHELAUS OF MILETUS (c. 450 B. C.),
Greek philosopher.

ARCHELAUS was about to get a hair-trim. How would he have it? the shearer inquired, hovering impatiently about his head. The philosopher was not a spendthrift with his words; he chose two for his answer—and perhaps they sufficed. Evidently there were garrulous barbers then, and Archelaus had writhed under their pratings. This time he did not propose to suffer.

138. *We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.*

— Sir Humphrey Gilbert (c. 1539–1583),
English soldier and navigator.

SIR Humphrey began the plantation of the first English colony in North America, landing in Newfoundland (Aug. 5, 1583) and taking formal possession of the country in the name of Elizabeth. He started back for England on the wretched little ten-ton frigate Squirrel, refusing to sail aboard her consort, the stancher Golden Hind. For this gallantry he forfeited his life. The two craft were caught in a tempest off the Azores, and on the night of Sept. 9, 1583, the Squirrel was swallowed up by the sea. Shortly before, Sir Humphrey, seated abaft with a book in his hand (undoubtedly the Bible), cried out to those in the Hind astern: "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land." From his noble character and unselfish service to his queen, he has been called "one of the chief ornaments of the most chivalrous age of English history." Sir Walter Raleigh was his step-brother.

139. *Then let her make her ministers sing.*

— Elizabeth Billington (1768?–1818),
English opera singer.

MISS Billington was unrivalled during her career from 1786 to 1809. Her fame reached Catherine II, who instructed her ambassador in London to engage the singer for the theatre in St. Petersburg. Miss Billington demanded a sum which the envoy considered exorbitant. "The empress of all the Russias does not give more than that to her ministers," he said, loftily. The spirited reply that he received ended the interview, and caused much chagrin to the proud Catherine.

140. ***Habet!***
(He is wounded!) **or** ***(He has it!)***

(See 31.)

THE Retiarus displayed remarkable agility in the gladiatorial combat, and the Coliseum crowd roared with delight at his dexterity. If he could only entangle the Secutor in his cast-net, then he could bring his trident into play for the finish. But his short tunic—his only garment—was no protection against the wicked short sword of the fully-armed Secutor. He must keep circling and dodging, feinting and weaving. . . . . The sands were slippery; he felt giddy. He would make one last throw. . . . His eyes were blurred: the *jaculum* fell far short. Before he had his balance again the Secutor lunged full at him. His side laid open cruelly, he was prone under the buskin of his conqueror, who, blade raised, looked up at the benches for the verdict—life or death? . . . . *Habet!* came the thunder. The Retiarus lifted up his forefinger: his appeal for mercy, for the waving of handkerchiefs. . . . . Clemency? There was no mood for it. Forty-five thousand thumbs were turned downward. The Secutor struck.

141. ***To the memory of Thomas Chatterton. Reader! Judge not. If thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a Superior Power. To that Power only is he now answerable.***

— Epitaph of THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752–1770),
English poet.
(See 53, 121.)

ONLY about four months before Chatterton, discouraged and starving, wearily climbed for the last time to his lonely garret in Brooke Street, London (Aug. 24, 1770), tore up some of his manuscripts, stretched himself on the bed, and swallowed the arsenic that he had bought with his last shilling, he wrote his Will and Testament: "executed in the presence of Omniscience, the 14th of April, 1770." It is preserved in the British Museum. From this curious document was taken the inscription for the monument erected to his memory in Redcliffe Churchyard. Whether Chatterton's body ever lay there is uncertain; his interment was in a burying-ground attached to Shoe Lane Workhouse in St. Andrew's parish, Holborn. Be as it may, the youth who has been called the greatest prodigy in literature died a suicide, when only eighteen.

142. ***I pray you, though my head be not long to stand on my shoulders, take the same pains with it as you were wont to do.***

— CHARLES I (1660–1649),
King of England.

IT was the day set for the king's execution (Jan. 30, 1649). He arose before dawn and went about his toilet as calmly as though preparing for some ordinary event. But his attendant Herbert was far from composed. As he began to comb his master's hair his agitation was noticeable. He was showing less care than usual. Charles gently chided him, adding:

> *I will be dressed like a bridegroom to-day. This is my second marriage day; I would be as trim as may be; for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus.*

In the course of dressing he asked for a second shirt (the weather was clear and cold), with the explanation:

> *The season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation; I fear no death. I bless my God that I am prepared.*

It was in this placid spirit that Charles at the appointed hour walked to the scaffold with head erect and looking frankly about him all the way. He took his own unhurried time in arranging himself for the block, and after he had laid his head upon it held out his hands steadily as the signal for the executioner. . . . "Nothing in his life became Charles like the leaving it," remarks Philip Chesney Yorke, M. A., of Magdalen College, Oxford, in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. (It is an interesting coincidence that these same words are used by James White, in his History of France, in referring to the death of Henry III.)

143. ***Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive!***

— Pieter Adriaanszoon Van der Werff,
Burgomaster of Leyden.

THE Dutch city was in its fifth month of siege by the Spaniards (September, 1574). Pestilence and famine were cutting off thousands; for seven weeks there had been no bread. Yet the people held out resolutely, their hopes fixed on Admiral Boisot. The great dikes had been cut by order of the Prince of Orange, and the flotilla had passed through for the succor of the town; but the Kirk-way, at North Aa, was too shallow for the ships (owing to an adverse wind that piled back the waters), and they lay stranded. As the burgomaster walked the streets he heard mutterings from the few faint-hearted among the populace; they even reproached him openly for persisting in defense. One day, he took his stand at the town hall and waved his hat for silence. When the thronging crowd was mute, he cried:

> *I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God; my life is at your disposal: here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you!* * * *

A great shout of approval rose as he finished; he had inspired new courage. Then, on the night of Oct. 1, came a sudden shift in the wind. The waves of the North Sea overflowed the Kirk-way; Boisot's keels floated free, and on Oct. 3 the fleet entered the city. "The ocean had been brought to Leyden." A park there bears the name of Van der Werff, and in the Church of St. Pancras (Hooglandsche Kerk) is his monument. His heroic address to his people lives in a great work by the Flemish artist Bree; painted in 1816, the picture is in the Leyden town-house.

144. ***Helmholtz has unfolded to us a new world!***

— Albrecht von Grafe (1828–1870),
German oculist.

VON Grafe was taking his first look through the ophthalmoscope, which had just been invented by Herman Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz (1812-1894), celebrated scientist, to whom the idea occurred while he was lecturer on physiology at Konigsberg in 1851. It was like viewing a new and astonishing realm; no wonder von Grafe spoke excitedly as he saw the retina of a living human eye revealed for the first time with startling closeness—optic disc and blood-vessels—by the magic of this brilliant contrivance which was to prove of inestimable worth in ocular treatment. (The instrument throws light into the eye by a mirror, which is usually concave, and the interior may then be examined with or without a lens.) Helmholtz later made important discoveries in eye-focus, color-vision, and other branches of physiological optics. Von Grafe himself became eminent in ophthalmology through his new methods of operating for cataract and treating glaucoma.

145. ***If the children of the slums can be removed from their surroundings early enough, and can be kept sufficiently long under training, heredity counts for little, environment for almost everything.***

— Thomas John Barnardo (1845–1905),
English philanthropist.

THIS theory of the founder of "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" for destitute children in the United Kingdom had substantial warrant. From 1867 to his death (Sept. 19, 1905) nearly 60,000 children had been rescued, trained and placed out in life under his plan, and of the thousands sent to Canada less than two per cent proved failures. Barnardo gave up surgery to make the reclamation of unfortunate boys and girls his life-work.

146. ***An American kneels only to his God.***

— Col. William Crittenden (1823–1851),
American soldier.

CAPTURED while fighting with the Venezuelan filibusterer Narisco Lopez in Cuba and brought before a firing platoon in Havana (Aug. 16, 1851), Crittenden with noble hauteur scorned the command to kneel with his back to the Spanish riflemen. Out of admiration for his brave bearing, or because of a desire to get the job done promptly, the officer in command of the squad used no compelling measures, and the Kentuckian died standing erect, looking straight at his executioners. The surviving members of his troop were shot with him. The same sentence was carried out upon Lopez, whom Crittenden had tried to save from defeat by a forced march with one hundred men from the coast into the interior. On the collapse of the invasion, Crittenden fled on a vessel bound for the United States, but was overhauled by a Spanish warship.

147. **** * * And then to think that an army contractor makes eight hundred pounds in a day!***

— Voltaire.

VOLTAIRE was reflecting indignantly upon the comparatively meager pittance which his friend Denis Diderot received for his enormous labor in the preparation of the celebrated "Encyclopaedia," the enduring reminder of his industry and versatility. For thirty years Diderot toiled at this task—the last seven years alone, for his co-editor D'Alembert abandoned the enterprise. He wrote several hundred articles himself, re-shaped the manuscript of the other contributors, and spoiled his eyesight correcting proofs. And his recompense was an average annual salary of about one hundred and twenty pounds sterling (six hundred dollars)!

148. ***Défendez-moi de mes amis; je me puis défendre de mes ennemis.***

(***Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.***)

Also rendered:

Sire, je vais combattre les ennemis de votre majesté, et je vous laisse au milieu des miens.

(***Sire, I am going to fight the enemies of your majesty; I leave you in the midst of my own.***)

— Claude Louis Hector de Villars (1653–1734),
Marshal of France.

WHEN Villars, one of the most illustrious generals of French history, made this remark to Louis XIV on starting away for one of his campaigns, he paid his ironic respects to the envious intriguers against him at court. Rude and blunt, given to boasting of his brilliant successes in the field, he was cordially hated by the ministers and the ladies, though they were forced to acknowledge his martial prowess (even his great adversary the Duke of Marlborough paid him that condescension). While keen for honors and wealth, Villars' loyalty to France was never in doubt; nor was there a blot on his physical or moral courage. Above the unimportant courtiers who resented his cold aloofness from their scandals he towered like an oak. It is more than likely that while he was about the hard business of winning the king's battles he wasted few thoughts on his foes at Versailles. . . . . Napoleon Bonaparte, when he left Paris for Chalons-sur-Marne (Jan. 25, 1814) to face the armies that were descending upon him from all sides, remarked to Talleyrand, who was standing by as he took leave of Marie Louise:

> *I am well aware that I have in Paris other enemies besides those I am going to fight.*

He suspected Talleyrand's designs in the council of state, while doubting the sincerity of his brother Joseph Bonaparte and the queen, who were entrusted with the regency during his absence.

149. ***The black man who cannot let love and sympathy go out to the white man is but half free. The white man who retards his own development by opposing a black man is but half free.***

— Booker Taliaferro Washington (1859?–1915),
American Negro educator and reformer.
(See 839.)

IT fell to the lot of a former Virginia slave boy to deliver the oration at the dedication of the Saint-Gaudens memorial to Col. Robert Gould Shaw that stands at the head of Boston Common. By his eloquence and earnestness in Music Hall, Boston, on May 31, 1897, Booker Washington once again justified his position as the leader of his race in America. . . . . Born in a one-room cabin with dirt floor, the negro boy at the age of thirteen made his way five hundred miles on foot to the Hampton Institute; worked out his education as janitor, and in three years was graduated with honors. This child-toiler in salt furnace and coal mine grew into a man of distinction. From Harvard he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts (1896). He was respected by captains of industry. Theodore Roosevelt welcomed him to break bread at the White House table. He was president of the great school at Tuskegee, Alabama, which he had started in a little church shanty (July, 1881). . . . . Washington believed that the most promising path of progress for the American black man was instruction in practical trades. This faith, to which he devoted his career, was the keynote of his peroration in his laudation of the gallant Shaw, who fell leading his colored soldiers against a Confederate fortress:

> *The full measure of the fruit of Fort Wagner, and all that this monument stands for, will not be realized until every man covered by a black skin shall, by patience and natural effort, grow to that height in industry, property, intelligence, and moral responsibility where no man in all our land will be tempted to degrade himself by withholding from his black brother any opportunity which he himself would possess.*

150. ***They shall all go to the guillotine!***

— JEAN PAUL MARAT (1743–1793),

French Revolutionary leader.

(See 19.)

ON a bright summer morning in 1793 (July 13), a beautiful young girl of Normandy was romping with the children in the gardens of the Palais Royal in Paris, occasionally pausing to listen to the birds and smile wistfully at their songs. All the way from Caen she had come, on an errand which was to rock France. The hounded Girondists were her friends; for them she had consecrated herself to a supreme deed. The birds? Keener were her ears for the shutters of the tradesmen to rattle open. When they did she went into a shop, paid two francs for a dinner knife, and thrust it carefully into her bosom. . . . . Jean Paul Marat, the tyrant, sat in his steaming bath. There had come to him a letter, in a girlish hand—a firm plain hand (no fear there):

> *Have the goodness to receive me. I will put you in a condition to render a great service to France.*

(There was splendid irony in that last.) Twice the girl had called, and been repulsed. Now Marat heard her voice again. Perhaps she could point him to new victims. He called out that he would see her. . . . . She told him of happenings at Caen—mentioned some names. He smiled gloatingly. "They shall all go to the guillotine!" he muttered— and reached for a towel. . . . . Her hands went to her bodice. . . . . A cry of terror and pain came from the tub. . . . . The blade of Charlotte Corday had found its mark.

151. ***Soldiers of Italy, will you be wanting in courage?***

— Napoleon I, Bonaparte (1769–1821),
Emperor of the French.

IT was a wretched huddle of soldiers, ragged and half-starved, the Directory gave Napoleon for the conquest of Italy—his first big job of campaigning. In amongst this disheartened, disorganized mass came Bonaparte (March, 1796). So this was his army!—27,000 altogether; more of them in bare feet than in shoes; hundreds with no fighting tools but their fists. They were sullen too, these miserable men; their mutterings boded no good. . . . . On leaving Paris, Napoleon had sworn that within a month he would either be wholly victorious or utterly done for—anyway, the business would be over. It looked bad for the young artillery officer. But. . . .

> *Soldiers, your patience, your courage, do you honor, but give you no glory, no advantage. I will lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. There you will find great towns, rich provinces. There you will find honor, glory and riches. Soldiers of Italy, will you be wanting in courage?*

. . . . Promise men "glory and riches," and they forget their miseries. Early in April, Bonaparte led forth 40,000 spirited soldiers—snugly shod now, solidly armed, smartly disciplined. They won for him, one day after another, Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego—three of his most celebrated victories—and swept him into Milan (May 15), as the conqueror of Lombardy and Piedmont. . . . . Napoleon knew when to talk—and how to strike.

152. ***Dilexi justitiam et odivi iniquitatem: propterea morior in exilio.***

(I have loved justice and hated iniquity: therefore I must die in exile.)

— GREGORY VII,
Pope from 1073 to 1085.

GREGORY was one of the most celebrated popes in the history of the Catholic Christianity of the West. He died at Salerno (May 25, 1085), renounced by the Romans and abandoned by his most trusted coadjutors, and lamenting the melancholy reward of his endeavors for the Church. He was deposed by Henry IV, in 1076. Gregory's life was an incessant struggle to establish the papacy as a monarchy over all lands. Of the austerest virtues himself, he sternly fixed the moral duties of the priesthood. He projected the scheme of the First Crusade.

153. ***Let no one weep for me, or celebrate my funeral with mourning; for I still live, as I pass to and fro through the mouths of men.***

— QUINTUS ENNIUS (239–170 B. C.),
Latin poet.

IN composing these lines to be put under his bust after his death, the author of "Thyestes" and more than a score of other tragedies made it plain that he felt a dignified satisfaction in his accomplishments. Yet there is no evidence that his head was filled with conceit; according to Horace, he was cheerful and companionable, ready for enjoyment, though sometimes grave in mood. He was admired by Cicero, Lucretius, and other great Roman writers; and he "still lives" in the fragments of his tragic and narrative poetry, especially his "Annales." His epitaph only illustrates how an efficient workman, whether in literature or mechanics, may justly show pride in his perfected product.

154. ***No gentleman can be without three copies of a book: one for show, one for use, and one for borrowers.***

— Richard Heber (1773–1833),
English book-collector.

THE booksellers throve on the purse of Heber, who was a half-brother of the celebrated hymn-writer, Reginald Heber. He amassed such a mountain of volumes (probably more than 150,000) that after he had crammed eight houses with them, in England and on the Continent, there was still an overflow. His stupendous collection is said to have cost him over 100,000 pounds, and after his death his English stacks brought upward of 56,000 pounds. Heber began his accumulations while attending Oxford, and became the "fiercest" of bibliomaniacs. He was a close friend of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the founders of the famous Athenaeum Club in London.

155. ***If you were to give him the whole of Great Britain and Ireland for an estate, he would ask the Isle of Man for a potato garden.***

— Lord Frederic North (1732–1792),
English statesman.

THIS famous witticism of Lord North was directed at the Irish lawyer John Hely-Hutchinson (1724-1794), who, from all accounts, was such an insatiable hunter for office that he would have been in the van of the greedy professional politicians of the present century. He was successively member of the Irish parliament, privy councillor, prime sergeant-at-law, provost of Trinity College, secretary of state, then back in the House again. However, Hely-Hutchinson differed in several noteworthy respects from a large proportion of the party parasites who loaf around to-day waiting for "soft jobs." He was able and honest, and a brilliant debater in the parliament.

156. ***To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.***

— Gen. Henry Lee (1756–1818),
American soldier and statesman.

IT was most appropriate that after the death of Washington "Light Horse Harry," one of the most gallant and efficient officers of the Revolutionary forces, should be appointed to deliver the eulogy on the great patriot in Congress. His impressive oration before both houses (Dec. 26, 1799) contained one eloquent phrase in particular which is celebrated in the history of the nation. He had but recently been elected to a Congressional seat as a delegate from his native Virginia. As the dashing leader of Lee's Legion, a picked troop of hard-riding horse, Lee distinguished himself at Guilford Court House, Camden, and Eutaw Springs, and as a major his brilliant surprise attack on Paulus Hook, N. J., earned him a gold medal, the only instance in the war that the honor was conferred upon any officer below the rank of general. It is to be regretted that no adequate biography of Lee exists.

157. ***The money is spent, the Highlands are quiet, and this is the only way of accounting between friends.***

— John Campbell (c. 1636–1717),
First Earl of Breadalbane.
(Compare 76.)

BREADALBANE returned this impertinent answer when requested to give a reckoning for the large sum of money entrusted to him by King William's government to obtain the submission of the unruly Scottish clans. His mission he had accomplished, but by threats and promises, keeping his own hands on most of the funds. Thereby he squared with the laconic characterization of him by a contemporary authority:

> * * * *cunning as a Fox, wise as a Serpent, and supple as an Eel.*

158. *You call Thomas a "dumb ox," but be assured that one day the noise of his doctrine will be heard all over the world.*

— Albertus Magnus (1206?–1280),
Scholastic philosopher.

THE companions of Thomas Aquinas (1227?-1274) at the school of the Dominican convent in Cologne plagued him with the humorous nickname "dumb ox" because of his reticence and his plodding industry in the pursuit of his studies. One day, to test him out, the master Albert questioned him keenly before a large assemblage of the students on very profound matters. The replies of Thomas were so wise that Albert rebuked the other young men clustered about his chair and made a prophecy which was borne out to the letter in subsequent years. For Thomas Aquinas became one of the most influential of the scholastic theologians and by his vast learning and his eloquence won the titles of "Doctor Angelicus" (Angelic Doctor), "Doctor Mirabilis" (Wonderful Doctor), and the "Second Augustine."

159. *Où étais tu, Crillon?*
(Where wert thou, Crillon?)

— Louis De Berton Des Balbes Crillon (1541–1615).
(See 1008.)

CRILLON ("Le Brave"), redoubtable warrior of the Middle Ages, uttered this cry and brandished his sword while listening at church in his old age to an account of the Crucifixion. For the moment he forgot his solemn surroundings as the martial fire which had inspired him to so many valiant deeds once more blazed up within him. Crillon acquired such glory as a soldier that the whole French army chorused his praises. He died pious and penitent (Dec. 2, 1615) in retirement at Avignon.

160. ***Louis has just received his baptism of fire.***

— NAPOLEON III (1808–1873),
Emperor of France.

NAPOLEON III staged a scene of opera bouffé at Saarbrucken, Germany (Aug. 2, 1870), to start off the Franco-German war with an èclat which should impress his people. Historians dignify it as a battle, but it was only a spectacular show of force against an absurdly inferior foe. Count Gneisenau, with a thousand men, left the unfortified city to the 30,000 French after a respectable resistance. Napoleon was there with his son Louis, fourteen years old, and sent to the empress Eugenie his "baptism of fire" telegram, though the prince imperial was never exposed to the guns. The dispatch excited a frenzy of exultation in Paris, which was rudely dashed four days later when the Prussian war-machine fairly got under way. . . . . Prince Louis did not receive his real military christening till nine years afterward, in the Zulu war, where he was killed (June 1, 1879) while accompanying the British troops.

161. ***If Caligula had intended to bribe me, he should have offered me his crown.***

— DEMETRIUS OF SUNIUM,
Greek philosopher.

DEMETRIUS was a friend of Seneca and enjoyed wide prestige. The emperor Caligula was desirous of his favor, and to win it sent him a bountiful present. The scorn with which the philosopher rejected it showed his indifference to material gain. This Cynic thrust his barbs under the hide of two other Roman despots. To the angered Nero, who threatened him with death, he said (according to Epictetus):

It is Nature who threatens You.

And when Vespasian ordered him banished for his cutting speech, he laughed in the emperor's face and mocked his wrath, starting on his exile with a jest.

162. ***Now comes the mystery.***

— Henry Ward Beecher (1813–1887),
American preacher and reformer.
(Compare 47.)

BEECHER died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., (March 8, 1887), with these words on his lips. Many years have passed since he was laid in Greenwood cemetery, but his fame as a preacher is still secure. His wonderful work with Plymouth Church is sufficient in itself to perpetuate his name. On the bronze medallion bust of Beecher in the vestibule of the church he served so long and so vigorously (unveiled Jan. 13, 1893) is this inscription in bas-relief:

> *I have not concealed Thy loving kindness and*
> *Thy Truth from the great congregation.*

His congregation was the world. His faults were human—his merits immortal.

163. ***We are ready: so ready that if the war lasts two years, not a gaiter button would be found wanting.***

— Edmond Leboeuf (1809–1888),
French minister and marshal.

IF this was not merely a boast, then Leboeuf's ignorance of the real condition of the French army in 1870 hastened the debacle of the fortunes of Napoleon III. The emperor wavered between war and peace; Leboeuf was eager to set the dogs on Germany. He would have a chance for glory with his new marshal's baton. So he gave the positive assurance (April, 1870) before a committee of the *Corps Législatif* that the equipment of the troops was in top-notch condition. War was declared by Napoleon (July 19), and the empire plunged to disaster. After the peace Leboeuf had much explaining to do in Paris before the investigators of the conduct of the war.

164. ***We ask no quarter and shall give none.***

— Col. Christopher Greene (1737–1781),
American soldier.

THAT was the curt answer Count von Donop and his twelve hundred Hessians received when they appeared before Fort Mercer at Red Bank, N. J., on the Delaware (Oct. 22, 1777), and demanded its surrender by Greene, who was defending it with two Rhode Island regiments about 470 strong. If the fort fell, the British fleet would get up the river. Washington had emphasized to Greene the necessity for holding it—and Greene held it. His cannon, loaded to the muzzles, were masked behind cut tree branches. He let the charging Hessians get so close before opening up with grapeshot and musket-balls that some of them were pierced by the gun-wads. They fled before the slaughter, abandoning their dying commander. Greene afterward commanded a post on Croton river, Westchester County, N. Y. In a surprise attack by a force of Tory refugees (May, 1781), he died fighting single-handed in a ring of his foes. He never knew that Congress had voted to present him a sword for his gallant defense of Mercer, almost four years previously.

165. *Wenn so viel Teufel zu Worms waren als Ziegel auf den Dachern, so wollt' ich hinein.*

(*Tell your master I am resolved to enter Worms although as many devils should set at me as there are tiles on the housetops.*)

— Martin Luther.

(See 408.)

LUTHER had been summoned to Worms by Charles V to appear before the Diet and justify his attacks on the Church of Rome. He was eager for this hearing; he burned to declare himself to the assembled sovereigns of Germany. Though he had been pledged a safe-conduct by the emperor, his friends feared treachery and endeavored to dissuade him from the journey. Luther was still resolved to go, whatever might befall. As he approached the imperial city (April 16, 1521), he was met by Spalatin, the secretary of his good friend Frederick the Wise, elector of Saxony, with the entreaty not to trust himself in a town "where his death had already been decided upon." Luther promptly dismissed the warning, and went on into Worms. The danger to his life proved imaginary.

166. ***All right, just give me some wedges and a mallet, and half a dozen men of my own choosing, and I'll soon take her for you.***

— Israel Putnam.

BESIDES bravery, Putnam possessed a good store of shrewd Yankee inventiveness. As lieutenant-colonel in command of a regiment he accompanied the British general Amherst on the expedition from Oswego, N. Y., to Montreal (1760) during the war against the French. Blocking Amherst's boats in his descent of the St. Lawrence river was Fort Oswegatchie, which was covered by two schooners, the larger mounting twelve guns. The general was greatly vexed. "I wish there was some way of taking that infernal schooner!" he exclaimed. Putnam, who was standing by, promptly volunteered to do the job. Though incredulous, Amherst assented, and that night Putnam with half a dozen men, in a light boat with muffled oars, rowed out to the schooner. Drawing up under the stern, they drove wedges so tightly between rudder and stern-post that the helm was rendered unmanageable; then rowed noiselessly back, after cutting the vessel's cable. Of course she drifted ashore; in the morning, helplessly stranded, she struck her colors, and the fort was captured.

167. ***Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying.***

— John Woodward Philip (1840–1900),
American naval officer.

CERVERA'S armored squadron, penned in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba for six weeks by Sampson's fleet, was at last making its desperate dash for the open sea (July 3, 1898)—one of the most spectacular episodes of the Spanish-American war. The battleship Texas, commanded by Philip, concentrated its batteries on the Maria Theresa; the storm of metal was overwhelming, and the fleeing cruiser, riddled and battered, was run on the beach—a forlorn mass of junk. The deadly American fire took a terrible toll in dead and wounded. Jubilant at the decisiveness of their aim, the sailors on the Texas broke into huzzas as the Spanish ship, pounded into helplessness by the might of their guns, went aground a wreck. It was at that moment Capt. Philip quietly rebuked them for their thoughtless exultation over the melancholy plight of their vanquished foes. Seven months later (Feb. 4, 1899), Theodore Roosevelt, then governor of New York, presented to Philip, who had but recently assumed command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a handsome sword in commemoration of his important part in the victory of Santiago Bay—a testimonial of his admirers. Philip was rear-admiral when he died.

168. ***My men have become women; my women, men.***

— XERXES (d. 465 B. C.),
King of Persia.
(See 263.)

SEATED in a great chair of gold on the promontory of Mount Aegaleos, overhanging the sea, Xerxes with rage and chagrin saw the Greek triremes sink and scatter his immense armada at Salamis, on a September day in 480 B. C. Among the ships of his subjects that took to flight were the five of Artemisia, queen of Halicarnassus and Cos. She had fought gallantly until disaster was certain, then sought to escape with the rest. Another Persian vessel blocked her own; whereupon without compunction she rammed the trireme of Damasithymus, the Carian prince, sinking it with all on board, thereby making passage for herself and getting away. For the Athenians believed her an ally and quit pursuit. The stirring incident was noted by Xerxes and his companions, who recognized the ship of Artemisia, but in the confusion thought the Carian craft a Greek. One said to the king with enthusiasm, "Master, seest thou not how well Artemisia fights, and how she has just sunk an enemy's ship?" Xerxes, without taking his eyes from the remnants of his fleet, replied bitterly: "My men have become women; my women, men." . . . . This bold queen subsequently threw herself off the lofty Leucadian cliff because her love was scorned by a youth named Dardanus.

169. ***God the almighty liveth.***

— Gustavus II Adolphus (1594–1632),
King of Sweden.

FIRM believer in his own destiny and relying upon a just Deity for a fair deal after death, Gustavus fought fearlessly at the head of his troops in battle. So recklessly did he expose himself in his campaign against the Prussians that his venerable chancellor Oxenstierna earnestly remonstrated. Gustavus calmly reminded him that God still lived. . . . . In the thick mist of an autumn morning (Nov. 6, 1632), on the broad plain of Lutzen near Leipsic, Gustavus threw his army at Wallenstein. After a stirring appeal to his soldiers he ordered the charge, and led them on waving his sword above his head. The Swedes rushed to the attack singing Luther's hymn, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gotte," and another composed by the king himself. Gustavus, with the right wing, drove the Prussians out of their trenches and captured their cannon. Then he turned to ward off a fresh squadron of Croats. . . . . The mist was thicker. A riderless horse was seen dashing away. . . . . The duke of Saxe-Weimar completed the brilliant victory. Some hours after the body of the hero-king was found among the ten thousand dead and wounded that littered the field. That night his faithful servant, Jacob Erichsson, marked the spot with a stone; later the German people raised a monument there.

170. ***By Allah, he that is weakest among you shall be in my sight the strongest, until I have vindicated for him his rights; but him that is strongest will I treat as the weakest, until he complies with the law.***

— Omar I ben al-Khattab (c. 581–644),
Second caliph after Mohammed.
(See 262.)

ADDRESSING his people at Medina, the Mohammedan capital, immediately after his accession to power (in the same mosque where, ten years later, he was assassinated by a vengeful Persian slave), Omar proclaimed the policy of inexorable justice to which he strictly adhered throughout his reign. His words have never been lost—and that is well. They form one of the most valued sayings of this caliph, who zealously protected the humblest and poorest of his subjects from oppression by the wealthy or those high in station. Omar's cane is historic. He carried it wherever he went, and with it belabored any officer, of whatever rank, whom he detected in a guilty deed. Thus originated the Moslem adage:

Omar's cane is more terrible than
the sword of the bravest warrior.

. . . . Omar was a great conqueror. But he is more worthily remembered for the legal impartiality of his government.

171. ***Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow.***

— Gen. James Wolfe.
(See 269, 300.)

THE gallant Wolfe had just closed his recital of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"—to a strange audience and in an unusual place. Some of his officers around him, he sat in the stern of one of the boats that was bearing his British soldiers down the St. Lawrence river on the ebb tide. It was a daring stratagem which he had devised for them: to scale the cliffs and surprise Montcalm and his French on the plains before the fortress of Quebec. Wolfe was pale and weak; he had but just left a sickbed. He spoke the celebrated verses in a tone that was low, but deep with feeling.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

On that sublime line he lingered. Did he have a premonition that before another midnight his voice would be stilled forever? Up the wooded precipice lay his "path of glory" and his grave. But at this moment, in the calm and starlit night, while the gently flowing water murmured beneath the keel, the greatest general of his time could solace his soul with poetry. Such rare composure prepares a man for any fate.

172. ***I do not love you, Dr. Fell,***
But why, I cannot tell;
But this I know full well,
I do not love you, Dr. Fell.

— Thomas Brown (1663–1704),
English satirist.

BROWN wrote these famous lines under extreme pressure. He was a student at Christ Church, Oxford, under Dean John Fell (1625-1686), who disciplined the young men strictly. Brown, for some prank, had been sentenced to expulsion; but Fell relented (probably because of Brown's promising talents) and agreed that he might stay on one condition: his translation extempore of Martial's 33rd Epigram:

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

Brown made short work of it; though with a facetiousness which might have caused his hasty departure only that the dean chanced to be in a more indulgent mood than usual. A prolific writer of poems, dialogues and lampoons, Brown is best remembered by his "Letters from the Dead." A farmer's son, he was honored with burial in the cloister of Westminster Abbey.

173. * * * ***Such laws do rightly resemble the spider's cobwebs: because they take hold of little flies and gnats which fall into them, but the rich and mighty will break and run through them at will.***

—ANACHARSIS (c. 600 B. C.),
Scythian philosopher.
(See 330.)

THIS keen-thinking Scythian was laughing at his good friend Solon for presuming that merely by inserting some new laws in the Athenian constitution he could make men generous and honest. Anacharsis believed that Justice had a tricky way of peeking out from beneath her blindfold to see whether the person on trial before her looked as though he had riches or political influence. (Not a few thoughtful cynics of the twentieth century will agree with him.) Solon gravely argued in return that he had so tempered his laws as to insure ready obedience; but, as Plutarch comments drily, "matters proved rather according to Anacharsis' comparison, than agreeable to the hope that Solon had conceived." . . . . On another occasion, while at a public meeting in Athens, Anacharsis sarcastically expressed his wonder that

> * * * *wise men propounded matters,*
> *and fools did decide them.*

Many sagacious proverbs are credited to him, and some authorities place him among the Seven Sages of Greece.

174. ***He who may no better be must be a monk.***

— James, Ninth Earl of Douglas.

WITH a remark of mournful resignation, this intractable subject of James II, worsted after long years of bitter conflict with the monarchy, received the royal command at the castle of Stirling (1484) banishing him to a cloister for his remaining days. His bold passages-at-arms mere memories now, the aged captive submitted to taking the cowl rather than lay his head on the block, and died in the abbey of Lindores (April, 1488). With him passed forever the formidable house of the Douglases. The earl, while an exile in England, had invaded his native Scotland in league with the duke of Albany, a proscribed noble like himself. He was defeated and taken prisoner at Lochmaben in Dumfriesshire, before he could make good his oath to use the high altar on Saint Magdalen's Day. When brought before the king, it is said that he showed a last flash of his old pride by turning his back upon his conqueror.

175. ***Dieu me pardonnera. C'est son métier.***
(God will pardon me. It is His trade.)

— Heinrich Heine (1797–1856),
German poet.

FOR the last eight years of his life Heine was bedridden with a spinal disease which caused him intense suffering, but through it all he retained a certain cheerful cynicism, as is attested by this quip, uttered the night before his death in Paris (Feb. 17, 1856). A friend had asked him if he "had made his peace with God." Heine told him to have no anxiety on that score. Whether or not the great writer underwent genuine spiritual purification in those days and nights of torment is matter of controversy. In his will he forbade any religious ceremony at his funeral, but was careful to add that this was "not the weak fancy of a freethinker."

176. ***Desponsamus te, mare.***
(We wed thee, sea.)

THIS was the formula used by the doges of ancient Venice in the picturesque "Marriage of the Adriatic," a ceremony of Ascension Day that symbolized the maritime dominion of the flourishing republic. Originally of a supplicatory character as established by Orseolo II (about 1000 A. D.), it was made nuptial by Pope Alexander III (1177) when he bade the doge cast into the sea each year a consecrated ring, and set the precedent with one from his own finger. The ceremonial was accompanied by a splendid water procession of gondolas and feluccas led by the doge and other notables in the Bucentaur, the gorgeous state galley, one hundred feet long and manned by one hundred and sixty-eight rowers. This "golden bark," which bore as a figurehead the Lion of St. Mark, was used on no other occasion.

177. ***He is dead, and I, too, am dead.***

— Rodrigo Calderon, Count of Oliva (d. 1621),
Spanish courtier and adventurer.

PHILIP III was dead, and the bells of Madrid were tolling for his soul (March 31, 1621). The solemn sound penetrated into a prison cell, and roused the curiosity of Calderon, an unscrupulous and rapacious court parasite, condemned for murder. When the warder told him the king was gone, Calderon, well aware that his own death was near, expressed himself in the words quoted. Up to that hour he had clung to the hope of a pardon. The new ruler, Philip IV, more energetic than his listless father, was not long on the throne when he turned Calderon over to the executioner (Oct. 21, 1621). To give the insolent courtier his due, he met his fate without a whimper, and even with a grave show of piety. He is the hero of Lord Lytton's story "Calderon the Courtier."

178. *It is time to speak out; for, sir, you are about to appear before a Judge who is no respecter of persons.*

— WILLIAM SANCROFT (1616–1693),
Archbishop of Canterbury.

CHARLES II was on his deathbed (Feb. 5, 1685). The prelates who were gathered around deemed it their duty to implant a last-minute fear of God in the failing heart of the monarch whose reign had been unjust and immoral. Sancroft, honest and outspoken, leaned over and reminded him brusquely that it was high time he should prepare reverently for his end, as he was soon to face a far different court from his own profligate one. But the burning fire in his vitals of which Charles complained was not the blaze of repentance, though he did concede his regret for "what he had done amiss" —and he had indeed done enough. Not till the duke of York brought in the Benedictine monk, John Huddleston, did "the Merry Monarch" rouse from his apathy for things divine.

179. *He had no soul—not even that of a tiger, which at least pretends to be pleased with what it devours.*

THE verdict pronounced by his countrymen upon Antoine Quentin Fouquier-Tinville (1746-1795), the notorious public prosecutor of the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris, was no more heartless than the man himself. The cruelty with which he carried out the orders of the Committee on Public Safety with mock show of legal form excited general horror. Fouquier holds a place in history as one of the most sinister figures of the Terror. He it was who drew up the act of accusation which sent Marie Antoinette to the guillotine. Ruthlessly he doomed Robespierre, who had appointed him to his post. His own head was cut off (May 7, 1795) after the collapse of the Terrorists; and he perished a whimpering coward.

180. ***War is hell.***

— Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman (1820–1891),
American soldier.

THIS phrase is inseparably connected with Sherman's name, though he never could remember having uttered it. It was vouched for by John Koolbeck, of Harlem, Iowa, who was aide-de-camp to Gen. Winslow in Grant's army before Vicksburg. Koolbeck claimed that he overheard Sherman say it while watching his 15th Corps cross a pontoon bridge over the river Pearl. Whether or not justified, the Iowan unwittingly provided a text for countless philippics on the evils of armed conflict. . . . . An equestrian statue of Sherman by Saint-Gaudens (unveiled in 1903) stands at Fifth Avenue and 59th Street, New York. It gave Henry Van Dyke inspiration for a poem, in which occur the lines:

This is the soldier brave enough to tell
The glory-dazzled world that 'war is hell.'

181. ***Voilà mon plat à barbe!***
(See my new shaving-dish!)

WHILE the Austrians were trying to break into the French town of Lille by pounding it with artillery fire (October, 1792), the inhabitants, though sorely harassed, played pranks with the bombs which came dropping among them. A barber excelled all others in nerve (his name should have been preserved). When a bomb went off beside him, breaking neatly into halves, he took one of the pieces, mixed lather in it and there in the street shaved fourteen men while bombs that were far from dead bounced about his improvised shop. It straightway became the fad to collect these "*plats à barbe.*" The Austrians gave up in disgust trying to subdue a people like them.

182. ***God's death! This fool went out a soldier, and has come home a divine.***

— ELIZABETH,
Queen of England.

A BRAVE sea-rover was Sir John Hawkins, but greedy and unscrupulous. After Elizabeth had knighted him for his services against the Armada, she sent him to the coast of Portugal to capture the Spanish treasure fleet (1590), but it eluded him. Summoned into the presence of the queen to explain his failure, the rude old mariner gravely repeated the text:

Paul doth plant, Apollo doth water, but
God giveth the increase.

His show of piety had small interest for Elizabeth at that moment. She was thinking of the precious galleons of gold that had escaped her through the blundering of Hawkins. Sarcastically she commented to her attendants upon his solemn avowal. Hawkins was the first Englishman to traffic in African slaves.

183. ***They say kings are made in the image of God. I feel sorry for God if that is what He looks like.***

— FREDERICK THE GREAT (1712–1786).

FREDERICK, in his old age, was studying himself in the glass. He saw a lean, slovenly figure; the breast of his old blue uniform with its faded red facings (his favorite garb) was smeared with Spanish snuff; there were hollows in his cheeks; teeth he had few; the fingers that used to make music with the flute were now knotted with the gout. . . . . He heaved a grim sigh as he thought of himself in his prime—solid, vigorous, sure of his seat on his horse. O, well, even kings had their day!

184. *Ah, ma foi! je n'en sais rien; moi je suis mon ancêtre.* (*Ah, sir, I know nothing about it; I am my own ancestor.*)

—Andoche Junot.
(See 202, 245.)

WHEN Junot had been made duke of Abrantes and governor of Portugal as a reward for his swift and brilliant dash to Lisbon, he became an important figure at the new court of Napoleon. Naturally the noblemen of the old school chafed at his presence among them on even terms. After all, he was only a soldier—brave, to be sure, but rough and truculent, and given to crude dissipations. So one of the titled courtiers, habited in the conceit of gentility, asked him with mock politeness about his forebears. Junot's ready response was a concise essay on the emptiness of pedigree and a well-merited rebuke to the impertinent curiosity of a "gentleman" lacking in the manners of one.

185. *Modern music is as dangerous as cocaine.*

— Pietro Mascagni (1862–),
Italian operatic composer.
(Compare 26.)

THE composer of the popular "Cavalleria Rusticana" laconically expressed his displeasure with jazz when interviewed in Berlin for a German newspaper (December, 1927). It had corrupted the youth of the day, he asserted, until they knew nothing whatever of classical music, of Bellini, of symphonic beauty. He added:

Music must be tune, and not noise.

His masterpiece, the "Cavalleria," was swept into favor by its catchy melodies and tuneful intermezzo, simple and clear in rhythm. Mascagni's denunciation of the discordancies in modern music seems almost like an echo of an observation by a master composer of an earlier century, Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach, on the same subject.

186. ***Lord, spare the green and take the ripe.***

— Richard Cameron (1648?–1680),
Scottish nonconformist.

CAMERON, a Presbyterian preacher, stopped to offer this prayer before leading his little band of Covenanters into battle against the troops of Charles II at Aird's Moss (July 20, 1680). It was a hopeless issue for him. Gallantly fighting vastly superior forces, he was defeated and slain. His head meant profit to the victors, for the government had put a price of 5000 merks on it; so they cut it off, with his hands, and affixed it to the Netherbow Port in Edinburgh. The religious sect Cameronians which he founded survived as the Reformed Presbyterians, who merged with the Free Church of Scotland (1876). Those of Cameron's soldiers who escaped at Aird's Moss were granted amnesty by William III, and from them was formed the Cameronian Guard (1689), now the First Battalion of the Scottish Rifles (26th Infantry) in the British army.

187. ***We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the party.***

— Thomas Gainsborough.
(See 214.)

THE great Van Dyck had been dead 147 years when these last words were spoken by the eminent Gainsborough as he expired (Aug. 2, 1788); but the English painter was still enthusiastic for his art and thinking of the Flemish master to the study of whose works his own superiority was largely due. Always generous of heart, in the closing moments of his agonizing illness (he was afflicted with cancer of the neck) he half-humorously expressed his confidence and gratification that he should have the company of his brother artist in Paradise.

188. ***Other musicians do with notes what they can, Josquin what he likes.***

— Martin Luther.

HARSH theologian that he was, Luther had a true ear for good music, and his tribute to the facile genius of Josquin Des Pres would alone be sufficient guarantee of the high rank of that French composer; but we have also the praises of Josquin's contemporaries. Undoubtedly the master harmonist of the sixteenth century, particularly in sacred music, it is one of the quirks of fate that the records of his life are so scant and vague. Twenty of his masses are preserved in the papal chapel at Rome. First a choir-boy, he became a pupil of Ockenheim and his reputation grew rapidly. He was chief singer of the royal chapel of Louis XII, and at his death (Aug. 27, 1521) a canon of the cathedral of Conde.

189. ***The blood of criminals fertilizes the soil of liberty and establishes power on sure foundations.***

— Joseph Fouche, Duke of Otranto (1763–1820),
Statesman of the French Revolution.
(See 909.)

HIS hands red with the blood of a multitude of his countrymen, who had been murdered with an ingenuity of torture worthy of a Nero or a Caligula, the man Fouché stood before the Committee of Public Safety (April, 1794) and with this declaration attempted to justify the ruthless policy he had followed in directing the massacres at Lyons and Toulon. The "criminals" were in reality peaceful, industrious people who had revolted against the barbarism of the Jacobin tyrants. Upon them Fouché, with the ferocious Collot d'Herbois, executed the vengeance of the Convention with guillotines and cannon. . . . . One historian finds palliation for Fouché in the fact that after the horrors were over he "exercised a moderating influence." Even his masters had sickened at his operations and recalled him.

190. ***There is a time for preaching and praying, but also a time for battle, and such a time has now arrived.***

— PETER MUHLENBERG (1746–1807),
American preacher and soldier.

On this Sunday in January, 1776, the Lutheran church at Woodstock, Virginia, was crowded, and the many who could not get inside filled the yard. Pastor Muhlenberg was preaching his last sermon, but all were in the dark as to his reason. The Revolution with its clash of arms was hastening on apace. Did that have something to do with it? He had almost finished; still he had not satisfied their curiosity. Now he was emphasizing the duties of patriots. With a fervor which carried his voice to all the throng without, he exclaimed:

* * * *There is a time for battle,*

and solemnly pronounced the benediction. Then, throwing off his gown, he stood before them no longer a clergyman but a soldier of his adopted country, for beneath his clerical robe he wore the uniform of a colonel of the Continental Army. He read his commission, and descended. "Strike up!" he said to the drummers in the yard. They beat for volunteers; the men in the congregation joined the muster by scores. Before night three hundred recruits had been taken into Muhlenberg's regiment, the 8th Virginia. Muhlenberg fought bravely with his soldiers on more than one field, and at Brandywine covered the retreat of General Greene's division, saving it from destruction by Cornwallis. He retired at the close of the war with the rank of major-general.

191. ** * * Thou canst make rough things smooth; at Thy Voice, lo, jarring disorder*
*Moveth to music, and Love is born where hatred abounded. * * **

— From the HYMN of CLEANTHES (c. 301–232 or 252 B. C.).

CLEANTHES was a miracle. . . . . Here was a professional boxer in the public games of his native town, who had a whim that he would go to Athens and become wise. So he went, with three drachmae (about half an American dollar) in his girdle. Through many long nights he bore water for a gardener; during many long days he shouldered heavy loads — servile work, which brought only servile pay. He was so patient about it that he was nicknamed "the Ass"; but little heed Cleanthes gave to that. Was he not absorbing the sage thoughts of Zeno? He pilfered enough time to hear the great Stoic, and paid him at each lecture an obolus (two pennies) out of his scanty earnings. For nineteen years, day after day, he sat attentively in class (men slide through a modern college in three or four years); and when Zeno died (263) he became the master of the school. So it happened (and here the miracle began to flower) that this one-time boxer of the Troad came to be the teacher of a king—Antigonus of Macedon; mingled with the distinguished writers and thinkers that monarch gathered around him; and from his royal pupil received two thousand minae ($3,800,000)! Yet, with all his good fortune, Cleanthes kept his moral code and dressed so simply that once when the wind whisked his *pallium* aside he was revealed with no other garment upon him. . . . . One day, "the Ass" wrote a Hymn to Zeus, which has been preserved to us in all its solemn stateliness. . . . . The miracle was complete.

192. *Your pretended fear lest error should step in is like the man who would keep all wine out of the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge.*

— Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658),
Lord Protector of England.

CROMWELL'S comment is being echoed almost word for word by those who have focused their attention on this phase of the prohibition question. If he had been lording it over America when the Eighteenth Amendment was contrived, it would never have seen daylight. "He preferred that Englishmen should be free rather than sober by compulsion." Cromwell was by no means a sour-faced ascetic. The Puritans were shocked at some of the statues he kept in Hampton Court Gardens, and murmured about them—but there they stayed. He patronized music and art, and never insisted on solemn and sedate fugues or moralistic paintings. The advocates of "beer and light wines" would have claimed a stanch ally in Oliver Cromwell.

193. *Most men are bad.*

— Bias.
(See 272.)

AS one of the Seven Sages of Greece, Bias had this sententious saying inscribed in the Delphian Temple. So broad an indictment of mankind by no means applied to Bias himself, however. He was renowned for his noble character and unselfish patriotism. He was an eloquent speaker, and many of his aphorisms gained wide circulation among his countrymen, who gave him a splendid funeral and dedicated a sanctuary to him called "Teutamium," (he was the son of Teutamius).

194. ***He will recognize me by this.***

— APELLES (4th century B. C.),
Greek painter.
(Compare 56.)

WHILE in Rhodes Apelles paid a visit to the house of Protogenes, a rival artist, but his close friend. Protogenes was absent; on an easel he had left a large black panel prepared for the paints. With a brush Apelles drew upon it an exceedingly fine line, and took his leave, without giving his name to the servant. When Protogenes came back and saw the clue left by his visitor, he said straightway;

> *That is Apelles. No one else could have executed so perfect a work.*

The challenge was obvious. So, with a still finer line in a different color, Protogenes divided the line of Apelles lengthwise. Apelles returned, and using a third color, drew still another line, so delicate and true that it lay within that of Protogenes. Thereupon Protogenes admitted that he was outdone.

195. ***Mes amis, croyez que je dors.***
(My friends, believe that I sleep.)

— CHEVALIER BOUFFLERS, Stanislas Jean (1737–1815),
French statesman and man of letters.
(See 508.)

TO judge by the words which Boufflers dictated for his epitaph (quoted above) shortly before his death (Jan. 18, 1815) at Paris, he was not quite certain how his soul would fare when released from its cell of clay. He hoped for undisturbed rest, however, and desired that his friends should not worry about him. The inscription was placed on his monument. . . . . Witty and amiable, Boufflers was disinclined throughout his whole varied career to regard life, or death, with marked seriousness.

196. *Ne supra crepidam sutor judicaret.*
(A shoemaker should not judge above his shoes.)
— APELLES.

THE most celebrated painter of antiquity thought more of the opinion of the man on the street, to use a modern phrase, than the judgment of acknowledged critics, and had a shrewd way of obtaining the popular verdict on his work. He would exhibit a new picture in a public spot and hide behind it to listen to the expressions of the passers-by. One day a shoemaker remarked that the shoes in the painting were one latchet short—consequently not up with the mode. The next day he passed that way again, and was so proud at seeing that his criticism had been heeded by the artist that he proceeded to point out a defect in the leg of the figure. Apelles, irritated for once, popped out from concealment and sharply put the man in his place with a rebuke which has been made into the common proverb:

The shoemaker should stick to his last.

197. *If that crown* [the English] *would give me all the millions possible, I would not furnish it two small files of my troops to serve against the colonies.*
— FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN no uncertain manner Frederick showed his contempt for the Hessian soldiers who, under English hire, went over to America to fight the Revolutionists. He barred them from passing through his territory, and exerted himself to discourage the barter of recruits in the other German states—in accordance with the promise he made to the French government in encouraging a war between France and England to further embarrass George III. Hundreds of these Hessians were kidnapped outright, even though fathers of families, and herded to their ships like cattle. The Landgrave of Hesse made a staggering profit by selling his subjects into the wars of other nations.

198. *You have not one man to spare; a woman will not be missed in the defense of the fort.*

— Elizabeth Zane (c. 1759–c. 1847),
American pioneer.

IN 1782, the blockhouse Fort Fincastle, on the present site of Wheeling, West Virginia, was attacked by more than two hundred British soldiers and Indians. The ammunition ran out; the magazine was forty yards distant, in the house of Ebenezer Zane (Zahn). Zane's sister Elizabeth proved her heroism and her fleetness of foot. Darting out of the fort, she so surprised the besiegers by her daring that she actually reached the house before a shot was fired at her. Zane, who had chosen to defend the magazine, tied a tablecloth around her waist and emptied into it a kegful of the precious powder. Loaded down as she was, Elizabeth ran the gauntlet of fire and regained the blockhouse safely, but with bullet holes in her clothing. She saved the fort. A monument in her honor stands in the city of Wheeling.

199. ** * * The wisest fool in Europe.*

THIS terse characterization of James I of England (VI of Scotland) is generally attributed to the duke of Sully, but perhaps the historian, Gardiner, does not err in crediting it to Sully's royal master, Henry IV of France. James mixed the most absurd by-play with serious dissertations; wrote meditations on the Scriptures, and tipped many a bottle. Beaumont, the French ambassador at his court, wrote home of James:

> *He does not care what people think of him or what is to become of the kingdom after his death.*

His kingdom reciprocated by giving little concern to whether James' death (March 5, 1625) brought him torment or felicity of soul.

200. ** * * Ireland is now a nation.*

— Henry Grattan (1746–1820),
Irish statesman.

BY his telling speeches and an unswerving devotion to his aim, Grattan emancipated the Irish Parliament from the constitutional fetters which held it in bondage to the whims of the English Privy Council. Soon after the Volunteer Convention of Protest at Dungannon, county Tyrone, while ranks of Volunteers surrounded the Parliament house in Dublin, Grattan rose (April 16, 1782) and moved that the Irish Parliament be declared independent. The vote was passed. He declared:

> *I found Ireland on her knees. I watched over her with a paternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift, spirit of Molyneux, your genius has prevailed!*

A month later the English government yielded.

201. *I have always belonged to France and never to parties.*

—Andre Dupin, Dupin the Elder (1783–1865),
French advocate and statesman.
(Compare 241, 406.)

THE subordination of party fluctuations to his country's welfare that marked Dupin's whole career was accurately reflected in the words with which he accepted from Louis Napoleon (1857) his old post of procureur-general, which he had resigned several years before. When previously in office he had upheld the principle of rendering justice to the "name of the French people," and in the Chamber of Deputies (he was president for eight years) had been outspoken as a member of the Liberal Opposition. He was as independent of factional expediency while serving in the legislative assembly.

202. ***Very likely; my ancestry began where yours ends.***

—Alexandre Dumas (1802–1870),
French novelist and dramatist.
(Compare 184.)

DUMAS made this ironic retort when somebody asked him sneeringly if he were not descended from an ape—a gibe at his grandmother, who was a negress, Marie Cessette Dumas, of Santo Domingo. The author of "The Three Musketeers" and "The Count of Monte-Cristo" had crisp hair and thick lips, yes—but also a brain marvelously fertile in plotting, casting and developing dramatic tales which are among the most celebrated in fiction. . . . . The Athenian general Iphicrates, son of a shoemaker, was once reviled by Harmodius, (a descendant of the hero Harmodius who slew the tyrant Hipparchus), for his mean birth. He replied:

My nobility begins in me, but yours ends in you.

203. ***I never paint Englishmen!***

—Jacques Louis David (1748–1825),
French painter.

ATTRACTED by the fame of David, the Duke of Wellington visited his studio in Brussels one day (1816) and expressed the wish that the artist would do his portrait. The cold reply he received told plainly enough of David's lasting attachment for Napoleon and of his resentment against his conqueror. David was appointed Napoleon's first painter in 1804, and one of his most celebrated works is "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," which was carried off to Berlin with other art treasures by the Prussians after the downfall of Paris (1871). Other notable pictures which he executed for the emperor are "The Coronation" (of Josephine), and the "Distribution of the Eagles." After the fall of the First Empire, David was exiled from France as one of the regicides of Louis XVI, and passed the remainder of his life in Brussels.

204. ***Bon duelliste, mauvais soldat.***
(A good duellist, a bad soldier.)
— Napoleon Bonaparte (1769–1821).

AN excellent illustration of Napoleon's contempt for duelling is found in his falling out with Gustavus IV, who connived in various ways to block his ambitions. Held up to ridicule by Bonaparte as trying to ape the great Charles XII with nothing but the latter's jack-boots, the irate Gustavus ordered the French minister out of Sweden, and challenged Bonaparte to a duel. The emperor returned a sarcastic reply: "he would assign a fencing-master as plenipotentiary." Thus the world lost the chance of beholding the monarch of the North and the Little Corporal flourishing their blades at each other on the duelling ground. . . . . There was at least one French monarch who did not share Napoleon's aversion to this method of settling personal grudges. Henry IV readily gave permission to the marquis de Créquy (Charles I de Blanchefort) to fight Don Philip of Savoy (1599), and told him:

If I were not the king, I would be your second.

Créquy got on quite well without the assistance of his sovereign. He put Philip off the duelling lists forever.

205. ***Eureka! Eureka!***

(*I have found it! I have found it!*)

—ARCHIMEDES (287–212 B. C.),
Greek mathematician and inventor.

AFTER studying at Alexandria, Archimedes returned to his native city of Syracuse and devoted himself to mathematical research. He was friendly with Hiero, the Syracusan king, so when that monarch suspected that a new crown made for him was not solid gold, as it purported to be, but alloyed with silver, he referred the matter to Archimedes. The scientist was almost ready to give up the puzzle when one day as he was stepping into a bath it overflowed, and a great idea set him tingling: exactly as much water must run over the edge of the tub as was displaced by the size of his body. Then, of course, by putting the crown and an equal weight of gold separately into a vessel filled with water he could detect the bulk of the alloy by measuring the difference of overflow. In his elation at the discovery—which was an important advance in hydrostatics—he sprang out of the bath and without tarrying for his clothes, ran home, shouting as he went "Eureka! Eureka!" He proved that Hiero had been duped by the goldsmith.

206. ***Just for a word — 'neutrality', a word which in war-time has so often been disregarded, just for a scrap of paper—Great Britain is going to make war.***

— THEOBALD VON BETHMANN HOLLWEG (1856–1921), German chancellor.

HERE Bethmann Hollweg made it plain that German Militarism was prepared to make rubbish of any international pact which might prevent it from riding roughshod over its enemies in the war it had just launched. It became famous, this remark which the chancellor addressed to Sir Edward Goschen, the British ambassador at Berlin, whose country had formally entered the conflict on the side of France and Belgium (Aug. 4, 1914). Ordered by his home government to give up his portfolio, Sir Edward called in the evening to take his leave of Bethmann Hollweg. That afternoon in the Reichstag the chancellor had openly admitted that the invasion of Belgium by the mailed boots of the Kaiser's army was a violation of international law, but pleaded its "moral necessity." Now, in his words to Goschen, he reflected the full extent of German astonishment and anger at Britain's honorable decision to uphold the guarantee of Belgian integrity as set down in the Treaty of 1839, and affirmed anew in the document of 1870.

["A scrap of paper" quickly became a current phrase among the nations to express a reprehensible and scornful repudiation of just obligations. It will probably live as long as history continues to be written.]

207. ***England expects that every man will do his duty.***

— Lord Nelson, Horatio Nelson (1758–1805),
British naval commander.
(See 276, 319.)

ABOUT half an hour before the French opened fire at Trafalgar (Oct. 21, 1805), Nelson gave his memorable signal to the British fleet. At first he intended to say, "Nelson confides that every man will do his duty." At the suggestion of one of his officers, he withdrew his own name for that of England; and substituted "expects that" for "confides that" when his flag lieutenant Pasco explained to him on the poop of the Victory that the verb originally chosen must be spelt out letter by letter, while "expects" was in the telegraph vocabulary as a unit, and could be signalled in one hoist of a flag. Nelson said quickly: "That will do, Pasco. Make it directly." Contrary to the statement that has been frequently made, this was not Nelson's last signal of the battle. "When it had been answered by a few ships in the van," says Pasco, "he ordered me to make the signal for 'Close action,' and to keep it up; accordingly I hoisted No. 16 at the topgallant masthead, and there it remained until shot away."

[Pasco's version of Nelson's signals ought to suffice to silence the controversy over them which not infrequently breaks out afresh.]

208. ***Kings are in the moral order what monsters are in the natural.***

— Henri Gregoire (1750–1831),
French Revolutionist.

THIS son of a peasant, and afterward the constitutional bishop of Blois, was a democrat to his marrow. He would have no compromise with thrones. He made his memorable comparison of kings and monsters at the first session of the National Convention (Sept. 21, 1792), demanding the immediate abolition of royalty. The whole assembly, and everybody in the galleries, rose in approbation. To the argument of Bazire, that such a momentous question ought not to be settled without solemn discussion, Gregoire retorted, what was there to be discussed?

> *Courts are the workshops of crime, the furnace of corruption. The history of kings is the martyrology of nations.*

With these relentless words he closed all debate. Amidst a deep hush the president, Petion, uttered the pronouncement which swept away all royal pretensions in France—and before long the head of Louis XVI with it.

209. ***This is the Jew***
That Shakespeare drew.

—Alexander Pope.
(See 227.)

CHARLES Macklin, Irish actor (1699?-1797), obtained this unqualified compliment from Pope by his realistic performance of Shylock at the Drury Lane Theatre (Feb. 14, 1741). It was his greatest part, affording the fullest opportunity for the changes in facial expression for which he was noted. Macklin's Shylock pointed the way for Garrick.

210. ***Public officers should owe their whole service to the government and to the people.***

— Rutherford B. Hayes (1822–1893),
19th President of the United States.
(Compare 226.)

THAT Hayes as President would wage war on the traditional "spoil system" of national politics was apparent when, in his letter (July 8, 1876) accepting his nomination by the Republican national convention at Cincinnati (June 14), he vigorously denounced the practice openly followed by both parties of rewarding party service with party offices. After he got into the White House he blazed the way for civil service reform by summarily removing the heads of the St. Louis postoffice and New York custom-house, both influential party managers, for misusing their positions for party ends; he also ordered a stop to assessments on officers or subordinates for political purposes.

211. ***Do you know how to kill? Your sword is not well ground perhaps. That which I used for Caligula would be better.***

— Cassius Chaerea (d. 41 A. D.),
(See 519.)

CHAEREA rid Rome of one of her vilest rulers, and was rewarded with a sentence of death. . . . . For four years the crazy Caligula bore the title of Caesar. Then his murderous caprices so disturbed the officers of the praetorian guard that they resolved to kill him. As he was walking in a corridor of his palace (Jan. 24, 41 A. D.), Chaerea, the leader of the conspiracy, put an end to his worthless life. For a bribe, Caligula's uncle Claudius was made emperor by the soldiers, and he promptly took revenge upon the slayer of his nephew. Chaerea was not perturbed over his fate, even chaffing the executioner about his blade.

212. ***That day decided my whole life.***

—Victor Cousin (1792–1867),
French philosopher.

ONE day in 1811, Pierre Laromiguiere (1756-1837), lecturer on logic in the Normal School of Paris, was addressing his class. Among those before him, and listening to him for the first time, was a watchmaker's son who had come up from the Lycée Charlemagne, the grammar school of his native Quartier St. Antoine. There was nothing about this youth of nineteen to distinguish him from his companions. Laromiguiere proceeded, quite unaware that he was exciting an emotion in the breast of Victor Cousin which would make this lad from the quarter one of the most eminent of modern philosophers. In the second preface to his "Fragmens Philosophiques" (Philosophical Fragments), written many years later (1833), Cousin refers with gratitude to that hour when Laromiguiere's "clearness and grace," his "charm of spiritual bonhomie," blazed a career for him. (Laromiguiere held that the soul is endowed with free-will, and therefore immortal.) Following the example of his teacher, Cousin led the reaction against the sensualistic philosophy and literature of his century. His system was religious and aesthetic.

Cousin's university lectures had a pulling power which brought to him a large school of enthusiastic disciples, who found in his theories a moral inspiration that had been sadly lacking in French philosophical teachings.

213. ***Take the din out of dinner and put the rest in restaurant.***

— HENRY J. SPOONER,
Professor in the London Polytechnic School of Engineering.

JUST when there was a fast-growing agitation on this side of the Atlantic for a determined crusade against the bedlam of unnecessary noises which were making city life in the twentieth century hideous, Spooner, an authority on industrial fatigue, revealed with a terse epigram in a speech to the Society of Women Musicians in London (December, 1927) that England was also suffering acute earache. But while the chief complaint in America was directed at auto-honks, the rasping, shrieking medley of steel-workers on skyscrapers, overworked loud speakers, raucous ragmen and peddlers, and factory whistles of many discordant keys, Spooner particularly denounced jazz bands in the London restaurants as one of the most pronounced causes of physical and mental break-down. He declared that "noise" cost England more than a million pounds weekly in impaired working capacity. He did not attempt to estimate the loss due to "illness and premature death." He urged the passage of an act by Parliament for noise abatement.

From his exhaustive studies of the subject Dr. Donald A. Laird, director of the psychological laboratory of Colgate University, estimated, in June, 1929, that at least five per cent of the pay roll of American industrial establishments was eaten up by inefficiency caused by preventable noises.

214. ***What makes the difference between man and man is real performance, and not genius or conception.***

— Thomas Gainsborough (1727–1788),
English painter.

IN the matter of "performance" this master artist excelled from two angles: the number of his productions, and their superior workmanship. Besides 220 portraits, he painted at least fourscore landscapes, with uncounted sketches and drawings; and Reynolds alone has any claim to be called his equal in the English school. With due respect for the soundness of his axiom, the fact cannot be ignored that "genius" promoted Gainsborough's fame in large measure. From his mother, who was skilled in painting flowers, he inherited a talent which was evident beyond question before he was ten years old, and to which he gave the most industrious application when he had once made up his mind to go out in earnest after a reputation. He was thirty-two, and living in Ipswich, when that idea occurred to him, and he set up a studio in Bath, later settling in London. Success came speedily, but even when prosperity was assured he kept busily at work, almost up to the time of his death.

215. ***Truly, my lords, I never had such grooms waiting on me before.***

— Mary, Queen of Scots (1542–1587).

MARY'S checkered road had led her to the headsman of the Tower (Feb. 8, 1587). She stood on the black scaffold—before the black block; the axe, the only thing that glittered, leaned against the black rail. Three hundred knights and gentlemen were there to see her die. She prayed, and kissed her crucifix. As she rose from her knees the two black mutes, behind their masks, volunteered eagerly to help her in arranging her dress—it meant a perquisite for them. Out of modesty she protested briefly, but gave herself over to their rude and clumsy hands, lightly remarking to the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, who had privileged places on the platform, that these were very unusual grooms indeed. She added, smilingly, that it was not her habit to undress before so many onlookers. Her sobbing maids were allowed to come up to finish disrobing her. Then the queen of Scots prostrated herself before the executioner.

216. ***If you reckon by number, all Greece is not able to oppose a small part of that army; but if by courage, the number I have with me is sufficient.***

— LEONIDAS,
King of Sparta.
(See 109.)

THIS answer of Leonidas to one who expressed astonishment that he dared oppose the swarms of Xerxes with such a little force was but a modest tribute to the magnificent valor of the band of Greeks who fought to the death at the pass of Thermopylae (480 B. C.), and won imperishable renown. Herodotus says Leonidas had 5200 men. On the monument raised over the slain it is recorded that 4000 from the Peloponnesus met the Persians. The multitudes of Xerxes were enormous; never before had such a host been gathered together for war. Herodotus estimates the number at 2,500,000. It took these myriads seven days and nights to cross the Hellespont. Leonidas and his devoted companions slew 20,000 of their foes. Thermopylae taught Xerxes, as Herodotus laconically observes, that he had *many troops, but few men.*

217. ***I have rid myself of this passion of ambition.*** * * *

— Frederick the Great.

FREDERICK studied Life as he would a book—analyzing it in the light of his own experiences and the knowledge of the philosophers whose volumes were thick in his library at Sans Souci. And he reached the conclusion that he could obtain happiness only by freeing himself from ambition:

> *I only ask to enjoy the time heaven has granted me, to relish pleasure without debauch, and to do what good I can.*

So he contented himself with the Present, and worried not about the Future; found quiet enjoyment with a few congenial friends, his dogs, his flutes, and his reading—rejoicing at misfortune escaped, enjoying the good, and not permitting hypochondria to embitter his pleasures. For the empty life of courts he felt contempt; the artificial existence of the cities bored him. On his isolated hill-terraces, with oaks and maples near, above the glinting river, he had all that he desired in his life's decline. Sans Souci was his "asylum of peace."

218. ***Hark ye—if another shot should take me off, behave like men, and fight it out!***

—John Benbow (1653–1702),
English admiral.

IN a running battle with a superior French fleet under Admiral Du Casse off St. Martha, West Indies, Benbow's right leg was smashed by a chain-shot (Aug. 24, 1702). To those who condoled with him he exclaimed:

> *I had rather have lost both legs than have seen this dishonor brought upon the English nation.*

Even while making a show of sympathy, his officers, embittered by his rough discipline, were flagrantly scorning his orders. It has been termed "the most disgraceful episode in English naval history." Benbow showed his grit by sticking to the quarter-deck all night and directing the fight, but his captains continued to flout his commands and he was forced to draw off and bear for Jamaica. He died of his wounds at Kingston (Nov. 2), but lived to see six of his mutinous subordinates court-martialed and two sent home to England to be shot. Benbow was a brave and able seaman.

219. ***My daughter is like Godfrey de Bouillon: she wished to defend my tomb from the infidels.***

— Marie Therese Rodet Geoffrin (1699–1777).

(See 502.)

AFTER the death of her husband, a rich manufacturer, Madame Geoffrin found solace by turning her Paris house into a salon, where she wined and dined painters and writers of note. It was a learned and respectable circle; but when the widow came to die, her daughter Therese, marquise de la Ferte Imbault, showed such an extraordinary solicitude for her mother's soul that she appointed herself guardian of the sick-room and kept out these literary and artistic friends. Even Horace Walpole, who was a very agreeable companion and never did anything worse than to put some entertaining exaggerations into his "Letters," was denied admittance. Nor could David Hume get past the portal; but that was a different matter. The faithful Therese undoubtedly feared Hume might intrude his avowed atheism and irreparably damage her mother's chances of dying a good Christian. Madame Geoffrin herself made a witty remark about it—and passed away philosophically.

220. ***In a fortnight there will no longer be an emperor.***

— Eric Ludendorff (1865–),
German quartermaster-general.

LUDENDORFF'S vision into the immediate future was clear when he uttered this prophecy (Oct. 27, 1918). The tremendously imposing World Empire which in his dreams William II had reared to the skies was already tottering. The civilian ministers had taken over things in order to salvage what they could from the catastrophe that was imminent. On the 26th the cabinet of Prince Max had discarded Ludendorff; perforce he had scribbled off his gravely formal resignation, and William had as solemnly accepted it. The Teuton armies in the field were at the end of their resources. In rapid and startling succession came the mutiny of the High Sea Fleet—the sweep of the Revolution—Berlin's appeal for a parley—Foch's reception of the German delegates in the forest between Compeigne and Soissons—the Armistice, and the ringing of the joybells throughout France. . . . . Two weeks to a day from the time Ludendorff forecast the march of events, William of Hohenzollern was no longer a Kaiser.

221. * * * ***The handle is on the inside, and the Lord is standing on the outside knocking and waiting for us to open the door.***

— WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT (1827–1910),
English artist.

FEW painters, ancient or modern, have ever produced a work of deeper physchological import than "The Light of the World," Hunt's first pronounced success (1854). No other religious picture of the nineteenth century can stand comparison with it. Universal is its theme—its execution masterful. For many years it remained a live topic for popular conversation and discussion throughout England and Scotland. The subject is allegorical. The Christ is seen knocking at the door of the human soul. When it was first exhibited, one critic complained to Hunt that he had forgotten to put a handle on the door. The artist smiled, and explained wherein that significant omission provided the principal merit of the canvas. This inner meaning of the famous painting was elucidated at length by Ruskin in a contribution to *The London Times* (May, 1854). Hunt's masterpiece hangs in the library of Keble College, Oxford.

222. ***Give me good digestion, Lord,***
And also something to digest;
But where and how that something comes
I leave to Thee, who knoweth best.

BELIEVING that he had discovered a work of value when his eyes fell on this prayer as he was rummaging about a bookshop in New York during his visit to this country in 1927, the Dean of Chester eagerly purchased it. According to its label, it was "written in the days of Queen Elizabeth and unearthed in Chester Cathedral," which made him the more curious about it. On returning home he learned through his researches that it was a modern fragment after all. The author was the son of a Welshman, Sir Henry Webb of Cardiff, who wrote it at the age of seventeen; he was killed in the World War. However, recognizing that it had a quaint merit of its own regardless of its age, the Dean had it put into type for use in the refectory of his cathedral as a form of grace.

223. ***I told you so; there is no inspiration in Christianity now.***

—Jacques Louis David.

(See 203.)

THE painter David was swept along on the torrent of the French Revolution, and fell in with the popular worship of Cato and the stoicism that accompanied it. Never had his imagination turned to religious themes for his pictures, but about this time (1793) he was induced by Mademoiselle de Noailles to attempt a sacred subject with Christ as the heroic figure. He labored industriously at it, but when it was completed, lo, the Savior he had wrought proved only an unfeeling Cato! Naturally his patron expostulated. David was quick with an answer: no longer was there any inspiration in Christianity for an artist. Whether Mademoiselle de Noailles accepted this excuse and submitted to paying for a Cato when she had bargained for a Redeemer is not recorded.

224. ***I am hungry; bring me something to eat.***

— Murad III (1546–1595),
Ottoman sultan.

WHEN Murad, then twenty-eight, assumed the sultanship at Constantinople (Dec. 21, 1574), his first act was to order the execution of his five brothers; but that was the custom, and even the victims were not surprised by it. Of a hundredfold more concern were the first words he might speak the next morning on receiving his lords of state, for this utterance would be regarded as ominous of his reign. Consequently, when he turned to the aga of the eunuchs and asked for something to satisfy his stomach, there was mournful wagging of heads; want and disaster were inevitable. It proved a true portent. Murad's unfortunate remark was characteristic; he lived only to gratify his appetites. Opium robbed him of will-power, and his buffoon courtiers and the chief ladies of his harem decided peace or war for the House of Osman. Bequeathing his successor war and anarchy, Murad succumbed to his excesses and his troubles (Jan. 6, 1595).

225. ***Build up the land upon the laws!***

— Charles XV (1826–1872),
King of Sweden and Norway.
(Compare 872.)

HERE was a ruler who made himself popular with his subjects by treating them liberally and justly. His kindly nature was never blotted by an impatient or tyrannical act. His reign is memorable for its extensive constitutional reforms. Under him were enacted the communal, ecclesiastical, and criminal codes used in Sweden to this day. Capital punishment was so abhorrent to Charles that he would not sanction it. He was not only generous but gifted; a good painter and poet, and a musician of merit. . . . . If all sovereigns in the world's history had possessed the sound ability and pleasant tact of Charles XV, there would be no excuse for revolutions.

226. ***Public officers are the servants and agents of the people, to execute the laws which the people have made.***

— GROVER CLEVELAND (1837–1908),
22nd and 24th President of the United States.
(Compare 210.)

A RUGGED if not brilliant personality stood behind these words, which Cleveland used in accepting the nomination for governor of New York; the letter was written about two weeks after the Democratic state convention at Syracuse (Sept. 22, 1882). As mayor of Albany during the previous year he had taken his stand for rectitude in government affairs by routing the flagrant corruption which had become entrenched in the state capitol, reorganizing the departments on business-like principles, and vetoing all measures tainted with extravagance or jobbery. He carried this independence into the governor's chair, picking his appointees not for their influence, but for their practical fitness. Here he first showed that interest in civil-service reform which he extended to national ends after his election to the White House.

227. ***If God writes a legible hand, that fellow's a villain.***

— JAMES QUIN (1693–1766).
English actor.
(See 209.)

IT was probably after seeing Charles Macklin in the role of Shylock, which perfectly fitted his facial peculiarities, that Quin, a contemporary actor, made this blunt remark, which was adequate praise for the lifelike portrayal. Macklin's unpleasant features did not belie his character. He was frequently embroiled in lawsuits over his contracts, and during a fit of temper in a silly altercation over a wig accidentally killed a fellow-player in the green room of the Drury Lane Theatre (1735). His final appearance on the stage was at a performance for his own benefit (1879), when he once more essayed Shylock, but his memory deserted him and he retired early in the play with an apology.

228. *It will never do for all the men to go and leave the women and children to the mercy of the Indians, so every eighth man, as the ranks are counted, must step out and stay at home.*

THIS order, uttered during the Revolution, marked the first draft of soldiers ever made in America. The "mountain boys" of Happy Valley were rallying at Sycamore Shoals, Tenn., for the march to King's Mountain, where the stinging defeat of the British under Col. Benjamin Cleaveland (Oct. 7, 1780) went far toward determining the conclusion of the war in the Southern states. The commanding officer, whose name has been lost to posterity, discovered that every able-bodied man was lining up and that the settlements would be defenseless.

229. * * * *Cathedrals in sound.* * * *

— Alfred Bruneau (1857–1934),
French musical composer.

THE music of Cesar Franck (1822-1890) has the soaring beauty of lofty cathedral towers glowing with a late afternoon sun; the spacious volume of the nave; the harmonic spread of wide arches; the deep impressiveness of the solemn altars. So Bruneau hit upon a happy similitude in eulogizing Franck's works in connection with the unveiling of the Paris statue to the composer (Oct 22, 1904). Franck built his structure with his vision always on high ideals, like the true cathedral architect, and never bent to passing popular fancy. Organist and teacher as well, he produced a noteworthy number of symphonic poems and variations, sonatas, fugues, arias, songs, operas and oratorios, the "Les Beatitudes" being the greatest of the latter.

230. ***Death—always death! and the scoundrels throw it all on me!***

— Maximilien Robespierre (1758–1794),
French Revolutionist.
(See 293, 318.)

THE Reign of Terror was nothing but death. Four thousand in Paris—five thousand at Nantes—at Lyons, and Toulons, and all through the provinces, how many more? And Robespierre, who was the master of France all this time, permitted the slaughter if he did not urge it on. "He allowed his name to serve, for eighteen months, as the standard of the scaffold," says Lamartine. Of irreproachable private morals, cultured, honest, with winning speech, he was an amiable companion; but the thud, thud, of the guillotine—did it ever disturb his sleep?

> *Death—always death! * * * What a memory shall I leave behind me, if this lasts!*

These words he repeated in private many times at the height of the atrocities. Was he remorseful? . . . . The head of Robespierre rolled into the basket (July 28, 1794). The crowd cheered. And on that day the Terror ended.

231. ***Ay, we must all hang together, else we shall all hang separately.***

— Benjamin Franklin.

THE Declaration of Independence was being signed in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, (July 4, 1776). It was the most solemn moment in American history. John Hancock's bold hand led all the rest. As president of the Continental Congress he had appended his name a month before. As he watched the others write their signatures one by one, a sense of the profound gravity of the proceeding caused him to turn to Franklin and say:

We must all hang together.

Franklin's quick reply showed that his whimsical humor was not blunted by thought of the perils which he well knew lay ahead. . . . . Hancock had good reason to be serious: for almost a year there had been a price on his head. The British general Gage had longed to lay hands on him. But Hancock never felt the gallows' rope. He lived many years after the Revolution and died peacefully at his home in Quincy, Mass., (Oct. 8, 1793).

232. ***Give them the cold steel, boys!***

— Gen. Louis Addison Armistead (1817–1865),
American soldier.

FIRST to leap into the ditch when Scott's army stormed Chapultepec in the war with Mexico (Sept. 12, 1847), Armistead the Virginian repeated his feat in Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg—and perished. . . . . As Napoleon at Waterloo unleashed his Old Guard against Wellington's line, so did Lee, in a supreme endeavor to wrest victory from Meade, hurl Pickett—"the Ney of the Rebel army"—at the Union center on the third day of the greatest pitched battle of the Civil War (July 3, 1864). One of the most splendid exploits in military history was this frontal attack of thirteen thousand Confederate soldiers across eighteen hundred yards of open ground, swept by fire from a hundred cannon and thousands of sheltered riflemen on Cemetery Hill. . . . . Ahead of all, the brigadier Armistead gained the stone-wall whence came the fiercest vomit of flame. Vaulting it, he flourished his sword over his head and urged on his men with a cry for "the cold steel." He laid his hand on a field-piece—his trophy. But at that instant he was shot down. The little group of comrades who had reached the goal with him fell around him. . . . . In a moment more the high tide of the Confederacy was flowing back. The grand gesture had failed, but magnificently.

233. **** * * I deeply lament the fate of my son; I shall lament it through life; but neither thy tears nor my grief shall save him!***

— Abd ar-Rahman III (891–961),
Caliph of Cordova.

IN all his long reign of half a century, this greatest prince of the Omayyad dynasty never faced a more harrowing moment than when he so humbled his parental affection as to pronounce the sentence of death upon his first-born son Abdallah. Incensed over what he chose to regard the favoritism of his father for the second son Al-Hakem, Abdallah conspired against Al-Hakem's life. Betrayed by one of his accomplices, he was arrested and confessed. The generous-minded Al-Hakem interceded for his ignoble brother before the king, making an impassioned plea. Abd ar-Rahman praised him for his humane request, and continued:

> *If I were a private individual it should be granted; but as a king, I owe both to my people and my successors an example of justice.*

With that he ordered Abdallah away to be executed by suffocation. Never has a nation been given a more awesome example of royal equity than this heroic act which astonished the Mohammedan world.

234. ***Don't fire till you can see the whites of their eyes!***

— Col. William Prescott (1726–1795),
American soldier.
(Compare 282.)

ACCORDING to tradition, Prescott gave this order to the Continental soldiers who were waiting in the redoubt at Bunker Hill (June 17, 1775), to receive the onset of Sir William Howe's British regulars. Several circumstances point to the truth of the story. Prescott was the nominal leader of the American forces on that historic day, when there was no real commander. He had managed the throwing up of the trenches over night. He knew his men; unorganized and untested, still they had a reputation as excellent shots. They were meeting the shock of disciplined veterans, who held them in contempt. That first volley must be concentrated, and at a telling range. . . . . The colonials did hold their fire, coolly. Some had shot Indians skulking from bush to bush, and deer streaking off through the forest, but here were the finest targets that they had ever seen—those crimson coats and white breeches of the King's Grenadiers. Still the Americans waited, while the oncoming ranks tramped proudly up the slope. . . . . Those bright crossbelts were tempting!. . . . The range was three hundred yards—two hundred—one hundred. . . . . The redoubt suddenly blazed from end to end. Whole companies of that brilliant column were swept away. The rest, bewildered and panic-stricken by the astonishing marksmanship of the "vulgar yeomanry," fled in confusion down the hill. Whipped into line by their cursing officers, up they came once more. "The whites of their eyes!" Again that swift flame—and the slaughter. Reinforced, a third time they re-formed and tried it. . . . . The powder had run out in the redoubt. The British swarmed in. The defenders reluctantly retreated—and Prescott was the last to go.

235. ***Amici, hodie diem perdidi.***
(Friends, to-day I have lost a day.)

—Titus (40–81 A. D.),
Roman emperor.
(See 153.)

ONCE at supper Titus paused over his food to lament because since morning he had failed to bestow a gift or do a beneficent act. Such an utterance from him a few years previously would have excited the derision of the nation, for he had come to power with an odious reputation, and was universally disliked. He was profligate and cruel; he sold his influence with his father Vespasian to the highest bidder. When he assumed the purple the people expected another Nero; but the transformation of Titus became one of the marvels of history. He abandoned the company of revelers; put an end to prosecutions for high treason, and had informers cudgelled in the Forum, then banished. He built the Coliseum and splendid new baths to which he admitted the commoners. He gratified the populace with games on a stupendous scale. His benevolence was unstinted. He forgave his evil brother Domitian, plotter against his life, and took the title of pontifex maximus (high priest) to keep his hands clean of blood. Was this the same man who as his father's colleague in the government had bidden to supper the consul A. Caecina only to have him stabbed to death when the repast was barely over? Vesuvius buried Pompeii and Herculaneum —and Titus dealt out his own money lavishly to the sufferers. Rome was ravaged by fire, then swept by pestilence—again he drew liberally on his private means. His reign was all too short for his subjects. When he died (Sept. 13, 81) at his patrimonial villa in the Sabine country he was beginning his third year of rule. Says Suetonius:

> *All people mourned for him as for the loss of some near relation.*

236. ***I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred for or bitterness toward any one.***

— Edith Cavell (1865–1915),
British nurse and war martyr.

"A TINY woman with a great spirit," Edith Cavell, convicted as a spy, was about to go before a German firing squad at the military prison in Brussels (Oct. 12, 1915). In the dead of night came the English chaplain Gahan to her cell on a pass from the German commander, to prepare her for death. The utterance with which she greeted him before partaking of the holy communion has become famous among Britons everywhere. There was not a tremor in her slight frame; she spoke calmly. Regrets?—she had none. She would gladly do it all over again— at the risk of her own life help to save more of those wounded and fugitive English and French soldiers; hide them in her house; give them money to reach the Dutch frontier. Was she ready? . . . . The guard tramped in, and took her out into the yard. It was still chill and dark there (they shot her before daybreak), but for her presence and the rays which pointed the bullets to their mark. She was not allowed the comforting attendance of her own clergyman at the end; the German military chaplain took his place. Superb was his tribute to this dauntless woman who was his enemy:

She died like a heroine.

. . . . Edith Cavell perished among her foes; but after the war her body was brought home to English soil. Following a memorial service in Westminster Abbey (May 15, 1919), it was removed to Norwich Cathedral and there entombed. Her statue stands opposite the National Portrait Gallery in London.

237. ***Frenchmen! the Revolution, which regenerated you, has developed great virtues; beware, lest it obliterate from your minds the sentiment of humanity, without which all others are false.***

— Raymond Deseze (1748–1828),
French lawyer.

IT took courage to defend Louis XVI before the bar of the Convention, and the venerable De Malherbes, devoted as he was to the fallen monarch, gave way to Deseze, who was only forty-four and full of fire. When Deseze squared off in front of that hard tribunal (Dec. 26, 1792), he was wiser than to make any plea to their sense of justice; his sole hope was to reach their compassion—but was there any in their breasts? Robespierre had argued that the king was already convicted—it was a waste of time to give him a trial. On Dec. 3, he had said:

> *Louis is not a prisoner at the bar; you are not judges; you are—you cannot but be—statesmen, and the representatives of the nation. You have not to pass sentence for or against a single man, but you have to take a resolution on a question of the public safety; and to decide a question of national foresight. Louis must die that the country may live.*

So Deseze threw all the force of his oratory into an appeal for mercy to a monarch who was "economical, just, severe, the constant friend of his people"; who "had sacrificed all" to them. He warned in conclusion:

> *Beware! Reflect that history will pass judgment upon your sentence, and that her's will be also that of eternity!*

Deseze did his best for Louis; but Robespierre and his mates had a vengeful people on their side—and the guillotine.

238. *You know it is not my* Interest *to pay the* Principal; *nor is it my* Principle *to pay the* Interest.

— Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

(See 1111.)

THE famous author of "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," though he prospered from the popularity of his plays and is said to have been able to pay good guineas for his seat in Parliament (1780), was harried by financial troubles in his last years. When he lost his parliamentary place (1807), he was also deprived of protection against arrest for debt, under the English law, and his creditors closed in upon him hungrily. One of them, a tailor, stalked him like a ghost, and one day delivered the fierce ultimatum that he must be paid at once, with full interest (it was an obligation of long standing). Sheridan's wit did not fail him even in this embarrassing moment. Did the man who was so hot after his money have a good laugh and allow any further extension of the day of doom? Or was he so impervious to humor, even Sheridan's, that he gave a savage snort and ran for the sheriff? At all events Sheridan escaped dying in jail; and he was buried in Westminster Abbey—with all the debts that he couldn't pay.

239. ***Costui ne sa troppo.***

(He knows more than enough.)

—Annibale Caracci (1560–1609),
Italian painter.

AT the moment, Caracci was annoyed—naturally enough perhaps. That handsome youth Guido Reni (1575-1642)—permitted to study in the Caracci school at Bologna—with the most impertinent assurance had dared attempt to copy his great picture "The Descent from the Cross." More than that, he had succeeded in doing it. But even that was not all. He had asked Annibale (without any apparent irony) to please retouch it. But how retouch it, when the copy was every bit as good as the original? *Costui ne sa troppo* was the first exclamation that came to the tongue of Annibale. He need not have felt so upset about it; for Guido Reni was born to become a master in the Bolognese school of painting—and just when the decadence of art was beginning in Italy. He lived to have his own academy with two hundred pupils. Twenty of his productions may be seen in the Louvre, and seven in the National Gallery of London. . . . . It was stupid of Caracci to feel jealous of a genius.

240. ***Whosoever liveth to trie it shall see this child prove a notable and rare man.***

—John Morton (c. 1420–1500),
Archbishop of Canterbury.
(See 274, 382.)

CARDINAL Morton was sitting at table with some of the nobility; they were served by the lad Thomas More, who had been admitted a member of the archbishop's household—a privilege eagerly sought. Young Thomas picked up knowledge rapidly while waiting upon his patron and the distinguished guests who came there. Before he was fairly started on the public career which carried him into the lofty office of lord chancellor the archbishop died, but his accurate prophecy survived him. . . . . While Morton had not the pleasure of reading the "Utopia" that More wrote for the world, he was graciously spared the pain of knowing that his former ward perished on the scaffold, unjustly charged with high treason. . . . . It is a doleful contrast: the wide-eyed boy, alert to learn, attending respectfully and correctly upon the archbishop's table; and the man nearing sixty, abased from the councils of Henry VIII, laying his head under the axe—victim of perjury.

241. ***Damn your principles! Stick to your party.***

— Lord Beaconsfield, Benjamin Disraeli (1804–1881),
British statesman.
(Compare 201, 406.)

THE prime minister of England was usually calm and dignified; but he lost his self-control when Bulwer Lytton inadvertently remarked one day that he could not vote for a certain Parliamentary measure in which Disraeli was interested, because it was "against his principles." Disraeli's motto was "party first."

242. *Souvent femme varie;*
Bien fol est qui s'y fie.
(Woman often changes;
He is a big fool who trusts her.)

— Francis I (1494–1547),
King of France.

WOMEN made a fool of Francis. Out of his own experiences he wrote these cynical words, while idling one day, on a window in the Chateau de Chambord, his celebrated country resort. One of his mistresses, Anne de Pisseleu (whom he made the duchesse d'Etampes) held him completely under her thumb from 1526 till he died (March 31, 1547). But perhaps his sister, Margaret d'Angouleme, exercised the most disastrous influence over him. To her he left the negotiations with Charles V of Spain, his conqueror in the war for the imperial crown of Germany, and the ignominious "Ladies' Peace" of Cambray (August, 1529) was the result of her weak diplomacy. She was outwitted by Margaret of Austria, who represented Charles. Francis went almost to the bottom of the nation's treasury to humor his women with costly gifts.

243. *Others may know better how to paint the sky, the earth, the ocean; no one knows better than I how to paint a picture.*

— Claude Joseph Vernet (1714–1789),
French artist.

WHEN a boy of fourteen Vernet was helping his painter-father Antoine decorate sedan chairs; in less than twenty years he had overshadowed all rivals with his pictorial art. He had the rare genius of blending his figures so realistically that they seemed to be living parts of the scene. Landscapes and sea-pieces chiefly employed his talents. For many years he painted in Rome; then Louis XV, attracted by his fame, recalled him to Paris and commissioned him to paint the series of French seaports by which he is best known. They are in the Louvre.

244. ***Un morceau de roi.***
(A morsel for a king.)

— Mme. Madeleine Poisson.
(See 511.)

THIS alluring thought—that she, the lowly daughter of a provision dealer, was a tidbit delicious enough to please even royalty—was planted in the mind of Jeanne Antoinette Poisson by her shameless mother, and gave her an audacious ambition. Eventually it transformed her into the Marquise de Pompadour, who captivated the bored Louis XV for many years and took the reins of empire out of his hands. . . . . Jeanne had beauty, vivacity and wit to start with. She was generously educated by the wealthy banker La Normand de Tournehem. Her tastes for luxury and social standing were further developed by her marriage to De Tournehem's nephew La Normand d'Etiole, a financier. She could sing, play comedy, cut cameos, paint a canvas. She became the fashion queen of Paris. . . . . *Un morceau de roi!* That scheming mother of hers was repeatedly murmuring it in her ears. "Your style, your carriage, your smile—ah, there is nothing at Versailles to compare!" . . . . At the marriage fête of the dauphin (1745) Louis saw Jeanne for the first time—danced with her—looked into the enticing eyes of this "finished parasite." . . . . Mme. de Mailly, out of favor, moved from her apartments at the palace. "*La petite Etioles,*" her little heels clicking proudly, moved in. . . . . "*Un morceau de roi!*"

245. ***Bien! nous n'avions pas de sable pour sécher l'encre! en voici!***

(*Good! We shall not have to hunt for sand again! Here it is!*)

—Andoche Junot (1771–1813),
French general.
(See 184.)

AT the siege of Toulon (1793) Junot as Napoleon's secretary had barely finished writing down a despatch from dictation when a cannon-ball ploughed into the earth close by and showered the paper with gravel. His nonchalant remark about the timely arrival of blotting material so impressed Bonaparte that he offered to do something for the young soldier.

Give me promotion. I will deserve it,

said Junot promptly. Napoleon made him aide-de-camp. During the expedition to Egypt he became a general of division; subsequently he received the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, was commandant of Paris, and colonel-general of hussars. He distinguished himself in Italy, in Portugal (where he was made governor), at Austerlitz, and in the Russian campaign. His courage was never questioned, but there were unhappy spots in his career which led to mental derangement and he killed himself (July 29, 1813) by leaping from a window at Montbard.

246. ***I mak sikker (sure)!***

JOHN Comyn, baron, stood between Robert the Bruce and the Scottish throne. They met alone in the church of the Friars Minorite at Dumfries (Feb. 10, 1306), in an attempt to adjust their rival claims. Comyn was obdurate, and they quarrelled violently as they stood before the high altar. In his passion the fiery-hearted Bruce drew his dagger and stabbed the baron. Rushing out to his attendants, he cried:

To horse! I doubt I have slain the Red Comyn!

"You doubt?" exclaimed Roger Kirkpatrick. "I mak sikker!" He ran into the sanctuary, with some others, and gave the helpless Comyn the death-thrust. There was no turning back now for the Bruce. He rounded up a score of his most dependable friends, and they all rode to Scone, where he had the crown put on his head (March 27). Seven years before, Comyn had attacked Bruce at Peebles, but the regents present had interfered and averted bloodshed.

247. ***Je m'en vais voir le soleil pour la dernière fois.***
(I go to see the sun for the last time.)

—JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU (1712–1778),
French philosopher.

ROUSSEAU let little sunlight into his morbid life; but just before he died (July 2, 1778), in a cottage at Ermenouville, generously placed at his disposal by M. de Girardin, a wealthy financier, he was glad to take a last look at the summer sky. Perhaps at that moment he felt regret because he had allowed hypochondria, suspicion, and jealousy to darken his years and had wasted so many of his days in vagabondage. There is Rousseau's own word for it, in his celebrated "Confessions," that he was a prey to melancholia and governed by vices and meannesses. He had a perversity of disposition which there is no sign he ever tried to cure. But, without it, would he have been such a master in dissecting the passions of the human heart?

248. ***Body and mind are like two clocks which act together, because at each instant they are adjusted by God.***

—Arnold Geulincx (1625–1669),
Belgian philosopher.

GOD governs man's volitions as man controls an engine—such is the theory of Geulincx, who was a lecturer at the University of Leiden. He says:

> *I am not conscious of the mechanism by which bodily motion is produced, hence I am not the author of bodily motion.*

He holds that the cooperation of soul and body is a miracle. Of the cardinal virtues he ranks humility first; he views life as a resigned optimism—because we are absolutely dependent upon God for thought and act. Geulincx was a disciple of Descartes; some of his principles were carried further by Malebranche and Spinoza. He stood unequivocally on the doctrine that God is the sole cause in the universe.

249. ***Egad! I'll go directly, and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island!***

— Duke of Newcastle, Thomas Pelham Holles (1693–1768),
English statesman.
(See 794.)

A MUDDLE-HEADED man was Newcastle, manifestly incompetent to manage public business, yet for thirty years he was secretary of state, and for ten years first lord of the treasury. One day in 1758, he remarked at the government offices that he had heard thirty thousand French soldiers had "marched" to Cape Breton. Astonishment was expressed that so large an army had been able to get transports. "Transports!" retorted Newcastle. " I tell you they marched by land!" "By land to the island of Cape Breton?" somebody scoffed. "What! Is Cape Breton an island?" exclaimed the astounded duke. It was pointed out to him on the map. He was so delighted at the grand revelation that he declared his intention of immediately informing the king.

250. ***Sire, plans formed at a great distance are often difficult of execution.***

— Mikhail Larionovich Kutusov (1745–1813),
Russian field marshal.
(See 746.)

SWIVEL-CHAIR tacticians of modern days, would have had a hard time with Kutusov. Soon after he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Russian armies that were opposing the French invasion (1812), there came to him a letter signed personally by Alexander detailing a plan for overthrowing the forces of Napoleon. Sitting comfortably in his St. Petersburg palace—secure, for the time at least, from the enemy—the emperor had figured it all out with elaborate precision; naturally he expected Kutusov would give it serious attention. The general read it, of course; then wrote on the reverse side a discreet rejection of the scheme, returned it to Alexander, and went ahead with his own designs. His methods were cruel to his countrymen, but they saved Russia. Kutusov decided to put the torch to Moscow and abandon it to Napoleon as an empty prize, while he retreated with his own army intact to the south-west of the deserted city. The czar was rudely upset when the intentions of his marshal were announced to him, but he did not interfere. Shortly after Napoleon had marched in. Kutusov wrote to the emperor:

> *I venture most humbly to submit to your most gracious majesty that the entry of the enemy into Moscow is not the subjection of Russia. Although I do not deny that the occupation of the capital is a most painful wound, yet I could not waver in my decision.*

Kutusov's good judgment was vindicated thoroughly. Napoleon, with the Cossacks gouging at his flanks, went reeling out of Russia with terrific losses.

251. **** * * If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.***

— Gen. John Adams Dix (1796–1879),
American soldier and political leader.
(Compare 563.)

WHEN Dix was secretary of the treasury he issued an order (Jan. 29, 1861) which proved to the country his loyalty to the national colors in the face of secession. It still stands as a model utterance in its unconditional patriotism. . . . . The Louisiana state government was maneuvering to get hold of the United States revenue cutter Robert McClelland, at New Orleans. Capt. Breshwood, in command, had Southern sympathies and was not averse to turning the vessel over to the Confederates. He had refused to obey the instructions to take her north. Hemphill Jones, a revenue officer, was trying to prevent the seizure. He had asked Dix how far he could go to thwart the obvious designs of Breshwood. Dix promptly sent back to him this business-like dispatch:

> *Tell Lieut. Caldwell to arrest Capt. Breshwood, assume command of the cutter, and obey the order I gave through you. If Capt. Breshwood, after arrest, undertakes to interfere with the command of the cutter, tell Lieut. Caldwell to consider him a mutineer, and treat him accordingly. If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.*

. . . . The message never reached Jones, but fell into the hands of the enemy. It became known to the public nevertheless, and the last stirring sentence was appropriated by the North as a popular saying.

252. ***I had despatched my son with a match to the powder-magazine, to blow up the ship on the first wink!***

— JEAN BART.
(See 75.)

BART, as bold a sea-rover as ever lived, was chosen by Louis XIV to command the ship that conveyed Francois Louis de Bourbon, the prince of Conti, to Elsinore, when he went to assume the crown of Poland (1697). Attacked by an English warship, Bart escaped only by the most skillful maneuvering. When the danger was past the prince congratulated him upon eluding the enemy and expressed his delight that they had not been captured. "We had no need to be afraid of being made prisoners," answered the imperturbable Bart; and he described what effectual means he had arranged to prevent such a contingency.

253. ***I like it well. I shall die before my heart is soft, or I have said anything unworthy of myself.***

— CANONCHET, or Nanuntenoo,
Chief of the Narragansetts.

THERE is something of the stoic in the words which Canonchet uttered just before he was put to death for violating his treaty oath with the Rhode Island colony (1676). Physically superb, of noble bearing, he looked down upon his captors wth scorn. They would not have had him now but for a renegade Indian who had seized him in his flight and turned him over to Capt. George Denison. The Pequots, Mohegans and Nianticks, unfriendly to Canonchet, were bribed to execute him. His head was borne to Hartford and handed over to the English, as a token that the work had been thoroughly done.

254. ***You are a great doctor, but there is one who is greater—He who made the wind which overthrows all things, the water which penetrates and fertilizes all, the fire which purifies all.***

— MIRABEAU, Honore Gabriel Riqueti (1749–1791), French statesman.

THIS was perhaps the only direct reference to the Deity ever made by the great Mirabeau. Death was very near to him when he uttered the words to his physician, Pierre Jean George Cabanis, who was an avowed materialist. Mirabeau lay stricken with heart-pains that were beyond cure (April 2, 1791); but Cabanis, one of his most intimate friends, used all his professional skill in the effort to save the failing statesman. Conscious to the last, Mirabeau said to his valet, with a trace of his old irony:

> *Support my head; it is the strongest head in France. I wish I could leave it to you.*

. . . . French monarchy was buried with Mirabeau, because it no longer had a head.

255. ***That boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one.***

ONE of the masters of the boy Thomas DeQuincey at the Bath Grammar School thus paid tribute to his remarkable precocity. Only thirteen then, he wrote Greek readily; at fifteen, he composed Greek lyrics and conversed fluently in Greek. But this was not strange, for the future author of the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" was of a family given to intellectual pursuits, and his education was carefully guided.

256. ***Better to suffer and to die than lose one shade of my moral and political character.***

— Antoine Barnave (1761–1793),
French Revolutionist.

BARNAVE sacrificed himself on the scaffold rather than abandon his attitude of charity for Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Though passionately seeking the freedom of France, after the Bastille fell he wished to save the throne from the tragedy which overhung it. Recognized as the most powerful orator in the Assembly next to Mirabeau, he used all his eloquence with the Tribunal to keep the person of the king inviolate. When the royal couple were overtaken at Varennes in their flight Barnave was one of the three custodians who conducted them back to Paris. He openly deplored the mournful fate of the queen, and on account of his correspondence with the court he was impeached and condemned to death. He went under the guillotine with Lameth and Duport-Duterte (Nov. 29, 1793), a true martyr for his principles.

257. ***Do you not think it a matter worthy of lamentation that when there is such a vast multitude of worlds, we have not yet conquered one?***

— Alexander the Great.
(See 581.)

ANAXARCHUS of Abdera, the Greek sophist, who was a companion of Alexander on his campaigns, disturbed the conqueror exceedingly one day with the reminder that there was an infinite number of other worlds which would always mock his ambitions. This shock to his vanity so distressed him that he wept like a woman.

258. ***Only God Almighty makes painters.***

— Sir Godfrey Kneller (1648–1723),
Portrait painter.
(Compare 267.)

KNELLER'S tailor had a son who thought playing with daubs on canvas would be much more delightful an occupation than monotonously applying hot irons to trousers and jackets—and much more profitable. Then, too, there was the chance of doing the portraits of pretty ladies at the command of a king (Kneller painted "Ten Beauties of the Court of William III," by commission from that monarch). And what could be more pleasurable? So the boy got his father to ask Sir Godfrey to take him as a pupil. The reply of the artist was discouraging in its brusqueness. It is matter for regret that the tailor's son, if he had any talent whatever, could not have made known his ambition to Sir Joshua Reynolds instead. Then he might have escaped from the steam of the pressing shop—who knows?

259. ***Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!***
(The King is dead! Long live the King!)

ON Sept. 1, 1715, at a quarter past eight in the morning, Louis XIV drew his last breath, and with him ended the longest and greatest reign of any of the French sovereigns. Shortly afterward the captain of the bodyguard appeared at a window of the state department to announce the king's death to the crowd gathered below. He did it dramatically. Raising his truncheon over his head, he broke it sharply into two pieces and threw them down into the throng, exclaiming, *"Le Roi est mort!"* Then he grasped another staff which he had at hand and, waving it in the air, cried, *"Vive le Roi!"* Louis was indeed no more—but the deep imprints of his strong personality remained.

260. ***That was the fate of war. Let us say no more about it.***
— Gen. Philip John Schuyler (1733–1804),
American soldier.

SCHUYLER was magnanimous as well as brave, and by his generous tact he saved the British general Burgoyne much embarrassment after "Gentleman Johnny" had surrendered to Gates at Saratoga (Oct. 17, 1777). . . . . Burgoyne's troops, in resentment at their thrashing by the crude Colonials, had burned to the last plank the pretentious mansion of Schuyler in the neighboring country. This wanton act was in the thoughts of both officers when they met in the camp of Gates. Burgoyne's well-known suavity deserted him and he felt humiliated when Schuyler greeted him without bitterness. He stammered:

Sir, you show me great kindness, although
I have done you much injury.

Schuyler graciously set his vanquished foeman at ease by simply remarking that it was "the fate of war." . . . . When the men of Gates' army had got their six thousand prisoners off their hands by starting them for the detention camp at Boston they set to work cutting logs, and within fifteen days raised another abode for Schuyler on the ashes of the old one.

Schuyler was a descendant of one of the most prominent families among the old Dutch aristocracy of New York colony. Wealthy and cultured, he was the gentleman type of Revolutionary general—a direct contrast to the rough-and-ready Allen, Putnam, Stark and Wayne, but as brave and patriotic. He emerged triumphant from the hostile intrigues of the envious Gates.

261. ***I have always carried with me a heavy burden of melancholy. I have no reason for it, perhaps, but I am made like this, and so all the men are made who have heart and nerves; a perennial suffering and discontent of spirit.***

— Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924),
Italian operatic composer.

PUCCINI, best remembered for his "Madame Butterfly," "Tosca," and, in America, "The Girl of the Golden West," left a fortune of twenty million lire ($1,000,000), and four of his operas were extraordinary successes. Yet in one of his letters he confessed to moments of torment when his soul was "all black." He was often assailed by the most cruel doubts as to himself and his work, and only public adulation could raise him from these profound depressions. . . . . Puccini was by no means the first man of note to suffer from these moods of despair. Abraham Lincoln had them in the dark hours of the Civil War, and more than once stole away to pace the White House grounds alone and talk with his soul. Napoleon Bonaparte sank so deeply into the gloom of despondency that suicide tempted him. Others of the great knew the feeling too.

Real art is a kind of illness,

Puccini wrote. So is real leadership, sometimes. . . . . Aristotle went further when he said:

Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae.

(*There is no great genius without a mixture of madness.*)

262. ***If these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God, they are useless and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed.***

— Omar I.

(See 170.)

OMAR thus pronounced the doom of the famous Alexandrian Library, the largest of the ancient world. . . . . When the invincible Arabian general Amru captured Alexandria (640 A. D.), John Philoponus the Grammarian, a Peripatetic philosopher who had got into the conqueror's good graces, solicited the library, as yet unharmed, as a gift. Amru was not unwilling (with so much fighting he had no time for reading), but wrote to Medina for the sanction of the caliph. Omar's reply utterly dashed the hopes of Philoponus (what a stupendous present he missed!); for Amru obeyed his master to the letter and ordered all of the 700,000 volumes or rolls burned. This vast store of paper and parchment was distributed amongst the four thousand public baths of the city, and the fires were supplied for six months by the treasured learning of Rome, Greece, India and Egypt collected by the Ptolemies. . . . . Such is the account given by Abul-Faraj, a studious Christian writer who lived six centuries later. It has been rejected by many modern historians, including Gibbon, who claim that most of the books were destroyed in 391 A. D. by a mob of fanatical Christians led by the archbishop Theophilus. On the other hand, Milman points to three Mohammedan authorities whose testimony in support of Abul-Faraj has been brought forward since Gibbon's time. Furthermore, eminent Oriental scholars like Professor White, von Hammer and M. St. Martin put the responsibility on Omar unequivocally.

263. * * * ***They who lag behind the signal win no crowns.***

—THEMISTOCLES (c. 514–449 B. C.),
Athenian soldier and statesman.
(See 168.)

BUT for Themistocles, there might never have been the battle of Salamis (Sept. 28, 480 B. C.), one of the most momentous sea-combats of history; Xerxes perhaps would have overrun the whole land of the Greeks with his myrmidons. . . . . The Spartan Eurybiades, chicken-hearted admiral of the Hellenic fleet, was minded to abandon Salamis to the Persian armada and to set sail for the Isthmus of Corinth—a more comfortable place, for the Greek land army was there. But after the order had been given to weigh anchor next morning, Themistocles boarded the admiral's ship and impetuously insisted they stay and fight. He grew so fiery and impatient that Eurybiades broke in with a rebuke:

Themistocles, those in the Olympic games who start up before the proper signal are scourged.

Themistocles rejoined promptly that laggards won no prizes. The debate waxed warmer, with the captains of the fleet gathered around. In his anger Eurybiades raised his staff as if to hit the bold Themistocles, who exclaimed:

Strike if you will, but hear!

Abashed, Eurybiades calmed himself, and professed to acquiesce; but Themistocles, never gullible, resorted to stratagem. He sent a message to Xerxes warning him that the Greeks were about to escape. Xerxes hurriedly cast his ships across the entrances to the straits and the Greeks, trapped, had to give battle. The Persians (as Themistocles had foreseen) were confused in the cramped space, and Xerxes saw his great war flotilla of a thousand craft vanquished by the small Greek squadrons.

264. ***It may be a weed instead of a fish that, after all my labor, I may at last pull up.***

— Michael Faraday (1791–1867),
English chemist and physicist.

IT proved to be one of the biggest fishes ever landed by a scientist. . . . . Faraday was at the point of a great discovery, which would make his name celebrated; but he wavered between doubt and certainty.

> *I think I have got hold of a good thing, but can't say,*

he wrote to a friend, R. Phillips (Sept. 23, 1831). He had been experimenting industriously to obtain the induction of electric currents, by a wire or a magnet. At last he was on the right track. Only nine days later he had his "catch." He "pulled up" one of the most splendid secrets of electrical science.

265. ***Carpenters have not hands like these, and do not ask for a dozen eggs in an omelette.***

(See 112.)

OUTLAWED by the government, Marie Jean Condorcet, fugitive Girondist leader, lurked for three days and nights in the damp thickets and stone-quarries of Clamart. Driven desperate by hunger, he ventured to enter the tavern in the village and ask for an omelette. His hunted looks, his rent and dirty garments, the gash in his leg (in the night he had stumbled against one of the jagged pit-rocks) all told against him heavily. They plied him with searching questions. How many eggs did he want?—what was his trade? "A dozen eggs," he replied; and "I am a carpenter." But his subterfuge was too evident; he could show no papers. So they seized and bound him, dragged him roughly to Bourg-la-Reine, and threw him into a cell of the jail there. The next morning he was found lifeless on the cold floor.

266. ***I will drive a coach and six through the Act of Settlement.***

— Stephen Rice (1637–1715),
Irish magistrate.

THIS was a favorite remark of Rice before he became chief baron of the exchequer under King William; and he could not have been given a better office to make good his threat. His legal learning and abilities were acknowledged, but he had no need for them. Decisions in his court were final; no appeal was possible to England. Rice could allow his prejudices full play, and he did with a vengeance. Sure of approval, the Irish flocked to him with writs of ejectment and of trespass aimed at the English. The government found him a willing tool in abolishing the municipal corporations that had been established as centres of the reformed religion; he took away the charters of a hundred cities and boroughs in Ireland. . . . . Rice did not stop at "a coach and six"; he drove a railroad train through the Act of Settlement.

267. ***If you have genius, industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply its place.***

— Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792),
English painter.
(Compare 258.)

REYNOLDS, who stands as the largest figure in the English school of painting, throughout his career was free with useful advice for the guidance of beginners with the brush. His observation about genius and industry in a discourse before the art students of Edinburgh is perhaps as meaty as any of his numerous maxims. He had undoubted genius himself at the start, but he reinforced it with diligence; and even after he was certain of celebrity and fortune he still studied earnestly the works of other masters for helpful hints.

268. ***Heaven cannot support two suns, nor the earth two masters.***

— Alexander (III) the Great (356–323 B. C.), King of Macedon.

ALEXANDER had thrashed Darius and his host of 600,000, captured his mother, wife and children, and sent the disillusioned Persian monarch in flight back into his own realms. Disdaining the chase as yet, he was laying siege to Tyre when ambassadors came bearing the olive branch. Darius was willing to make splendid concessions. If Alexander would restore his family to him and marry his daughter, he would give the Macedonian 10,000 talents (about $12,000,000), as well as all the vast part of his dominions between the Euphrates and the Hellespont. Such an inducement whetted the cupidity of Alexander's general Parmenio, and he said to his chief eagerly:

I would accept it were I Alexander.

The reply he received, though uttered without passion, was a stinging reproach to his mercenary mind. Alexander said:

And so truly would I if I were Parmenio.

The magnificent temptation did not dazzle him; he wanted the world, not a slice of it. That was the message he sent back to Darius. There followed the great battle at Arbela, and the ancient Persian empire came crashing down.

269. ***Now God be praised, I shall die in peace.***

— Gen. James Wolfe (1727–1759),
British soldier.
(See 171, 300.)

THRICE wounded as he led his grenadiers against the French on the Plains of Abraham (Sept. 13, 1759), the British commander lay in his death swoon on the grass in the rear. He shook his head at the suggestion that he have a surgeon—the shot in his lungs was fatal, he knew. Cheer on cheer came from the front. His soldiers were sweeping the field—pursuing the flying French through fire and smoke to the gates of Quebec. . . . . "They run! See how they run!" exclaimed an officer who was kneeling at Wolfe's side. The sinking general opened his eyes. "Who run?" he asked. "The enemy, sir. They give way everywhere." A sigh of relief came from Wolfe's lips. Feebly he gave a last order. Then, turning on his side as if composing himself for sleep, he died, murmuring his satisfaction at the outcome of the battle which marked the downfall of French dominion in America. A lofty column to his memory was raised on the field; and in the governor's garden at Quebec is an obelisk sixty feet tall marking the spot where Wolfe was buried. It does honor likewise to his brave antagonist Montcalm, who also met his death in the engagement.

270. ***Gentlemen, the king has just gone off; let us pass to the order of the day.***

—Alexandre, Count of Beauharnais (1760–1794), French politician.

LOUIS XVI and his family had fled from Paris over night. The French National Assembly was convening the next day (June 21, 1791) when the great news was brought to Beauharnais, who was presiding. In making the announcement to the assembly, he could not keep back his humorous contempt for the runaway monarch. Could he have seen ahead to his own fate, he might have regarded the tragic predicament of the fallen Louis more gravely. When only thirty-four, Beauharnais was guillotined (July 23, 1794) by the Terrorists. His widow Josephine married Napoleon Bonaparte. Beauharnais fought in the American War of Independence under Marshal Rochambeau.

271. ***To-day, my dear Domenichino, thou art teaching me!***

—Annibale Caracci.

THE artist Domenichino (1581-1641) was engaged on his famous fresco, the "Scourging of St. Andrew," for the church of San Gregorio in Rome when Caracci visited him unannounced and surprised him in a creative transport. So fervently was he engrossed in his subject that, like a great orator who is inspired to dramatic gestures by the intensity of his emotions, he was actually simulating in word and action the feelings which he presumed had governed the executioners of the saint. When he suddenly realized the presence of a visitor and stopped, abashed, Caracci hastened to embrace him, exclaiming, "Thou art teaching me!" This self-absorption in his representations was the principal secret of Domenichino's noted force of expression.

272. ***Omnia mea mecum porto.***
(I carry all my goods with me.)

— Bias (c. 570 B. C.),
Greek philosopher.
(See 193.)

THE Persians were advancing on Priene in Ionia, the native town of Bias. People ran hither and yon in confusion. Many got their possessions together in feverish haste for flight. One citizen, seeing Bias preparing for departure empty-handed, expressed his surprise, and urged him to follow the example of those who were streaming past with whatever of value they could carry. With a smile of amused forbearance at his neighbor's importunity, the philosopher simply replied that his essential property was always with him—meaning wisdom. Had his fellow citizens availed themselves of that wisdom it would have been much better for them. When news had come of the threatened invasion of the country by the generals of Darius, Bias advised a general evacuation and the establishment of a colony in Sardinia, but the Ionians rejected the suggestion and were subjugated.

273. ***They see nothing in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.***

—William Learned Marcy (1786–1857),
American statesman.

This unfortunate remark by Marcy on the floor of the Senate (January, 1832) in a speech defending Van Buren against an attack by Henry Clay saddled him with a reputation as a champion of the proscription of political opponents. Later President Jackson adopted the doctrine, and ever since his day, in varying degree, the party in power has followed his example in sweeping the vanquished out of office.

274. * * * If my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go.

— Sir Thomas More (1478–1535),
English lord chancellor.
(See 240, 382.)

THE favor of a king was More's, without the asking—and he did not want it. What most men would have welcomed with fawning eagerness, he went out of his way to shun. Had he a prescience that the closer confidante he became of Henry VIII, the more certain was his life to end in tragedy? The king gave him preferments and sought his company so assiduously that More was hard put to it to invent excuses for not appearing at the palace. Whenever he did go there, he shammed dullness in his answers to the religious and scientific questions of Henry, so that he would not be invited again. The persistent monarch took to calling at More's house in Chelsea unannounced—about dinner-time. On one of these occasions after they left the table he walked More around the garden for an hour, with an arm about his neck. Later when More mentioned it to William Roper, husband of his eldest daughter Margaret, Roper said that he ought to feel highly honored at such attention from his majesty. More's response was of more remarkable significance than either of them realized at the time:

> *I thank our Lord I find his grace my very good lord indeed; and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any subject within his realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to go.*

. . . . Some ten years afterward his head did go; but there was no castle at stake—only the desire of a wicked sovereign to avenge himself on a public servant who had firmly refused to connive at his union with Anne Boleyn and would not attend her coronation—though the royal invitation was made the more tempting by the magnificent offer of twenty pounds for a new suit!

275. ***Fire first, gentlemen of the French Guards!***

— Capt. Lord Charles Hay (d. 1760),
English soldier.

HISTORY affords few more remarkable episodes than the pause for polite exchanges between the opposing forces in the midst of the battle of Fontenoy (May 11, 1745). It was outwardly a sort of *opera bouffe,* but underneath lay a spirit of the bitterest hostility. . . . . The advancing Guards Brigade of the English had come face to face with the Gardes Francaise. It was a moment highly dramatic. The crack battalions of the rival nations were about to measure strength. Both ranks halted: was it from mutual respect? Suddenly the daring Hay, lieutenant of the First Grenadiers, ran out in front of his line, raised his hat, and drank to the health of the foe from a pocket flask, shouting the taunt:

We hope you will stand till we come up to you, and not swim the river as you did at Dettingen!

Then he turned to his own soldiers and called for three cheers, which were given lustily. The French officers, recovering from their astonishment, returned Hay's salute and raised a countercheer. Thereupon Hay, with mock courtesy, bade the French guards to fire first. The Count of Auteroches replied, with a similar show of deference:

Nous ne tirons jamais les premiers!
(*After you, MM. les Anglais; we never fire first!*)

The English accepted his invitation promptly, and heartily. A tremendous series of volleys by companies flashed along their whole front with appalling effect. Fifty French officers and 760 men fell; the rest broke and fled back to their second line. . . . . The mêlée tightened. The civilities were over.

276. ***I have done my duty, thank God for that.***

— Lord Nelson.

(See 207, 319.)

NELSON was breathing his last in the cockpit of the Victory. It was dark and fetid there; the dim and wavering light of lanterns showed where they were bringing in more of the wounded, or giving surgical attention to those cases not altogether hopeless. The admiral of the fleet was beyond any aid; a shot had shattered his spine as he walked the quarter-deck of his flagship, scornful as always of personal peril. The marksman who sent that musketball from the mizzen-top of the French Redoubtable had selected the supreme target of the day. Those bright stars on the admiral's coat—he had been urged to remove them, and had laughed. Then—

They have done for me at last!

and he was carried below. For more than three hours he lingered—hours of almost unbearable pain; but amidst the ravings and groanings of the men in agony all about him in that ill-smelling hole of death, he let no outcry through his lips. The guns of the Victory were in full chorus; every plank in her shook with the thunderous broadsides. There were great shouts of exultation above: another enemy flag had struck —another—another! Nelson's dimming eyes lighted with pride—then filled with the haze again. His flag-captain, Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, came down with gratifying reports. But would there be twenty prizes? the dying Nelson inquired; nothing less would do. Then he asked Hardy for a kiss, expressed his consciousness of duty well done—and was gone, to the roar of the last guns of his fleet firing after the flying foe. . . . . The English had won Trafalgar at an immense price.

277. * * * *We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.*

—Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865),
Sixteenth President of the United States.

STANDING on the soil where, in one of the most momentous of all battles, almost 46,000 gallant soldiers of the North and the South had given up their lives for antagonistic causes which they upheld in all sincerity, Abraham Lincoln dedicated the National Soldiers' Cemetery on the field of Gettysburg (Nov. 19, 1863) with a masterly oration. It contains fewer than three hundred words, but each is a forensic pearl of price. . . . . Thirteen years before (May 29, 1850), the concluding phrase had been used by Theodore Parker in his "American Idea" address at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston, when he said that the American idea of democracy demanded *a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people.* Long before that (Jan. 26, 1830) Daniel Webster, in his celebrated reply to Hayne at Washington, had emphasized *the people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.* . . . . What mattered it that they had anticipated the sentiment of Lincoln? The kernel of the thought was still sound. Never had it been given utterance under such impressive circumstances. The President was putting the seal of his approval upon a burial-plot hallowed by the bodies of knights of the North who had perished there that the hatred which had cleft their Union might be healed by national amity and prosperity.

278. ***I am quite happy, thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty.***

— Gen. Charles George Gordon (1833–1885),
British soldier and administrator.

HEMMED in by a horde of rebellious Mahdists—his resources almost exhausted, his soldiers but a handful—Gordon was at bay in Khartum, city of the Sudan. For ten months he had been under siege—apparently left to his fate by the British government. The end was fast approaching (he knew it too well) when he wrote to his sister, in the letter that proved to be his last, that he was "quite happy" in the consciousness of having "tried" to do his duty. Only a few days later (Jan. 26, 1885) the warriors of El-Mahdi, the "False Prophet," fell upon their prey. The rising Nile had breached the ditch, and the Mahdi's troops poured through. Gordon and his men, weak from want of food (the provisions were exhausted Jan. 5) and worn out by anxiety and sleeplessness, resisted heroically, but the massacre was short and complete. A relief column under Sir Charles Wilson arrived two days after the tragedy of Khartum had been enacted. The siege had begun on March 18, 1884; not until November did the British War Office despatch succor from Wadi Halfa. On Dec. 14, Gordon made his final appeal—for "no more than two hundred men"—with the warning:

> * * * *If the expeditionary force does not come in ten days, the town may fall, and I have done my best for the honor of my country.*

But Gordon's marvelous fortitude enabled him to hold out a full month longer than he forecast.

> [Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence (1806-1857), to whom Gordon refers in his last letter, was killed by a shell during his memorable defense of Lucknow in the mutiny of Oudh (July 2, 1857).]

279. ***Herodias is again furious; Herodias again dances; she once more demands the head of John.***

— St. John Chrysostom (345 or 347–407),
Archbishop of Constantinople.

EUDOXIA, the young and beautiful empress of the Eastern Roman Empire, was plagued by a Voice that boldly rebuked her immoralities and the vices of her court. From the pulpit of St. Sophia, the "golden-mouthed" Chrysostom, fearless to the core, assailed the royal degeneracy in tones which carried even to the palace. For the enemies of God and the Church he had no compassion—least of all for those in high places. . . . . Suddenly, one day, the Voice ceased. Chrysostom had been banished to Micaea in Bithynia. The populace that idolized him rose in fury and stormed the palace. Eudoxia, who ruled over the head of her husband Arcadius, might have held out against this uprising, in the hope that it would gradually subside; but when an earthquake rocked the capital just at this time she was stricken with terror. The archbishop was recalled, and received with pomp and acclaim by his people. . . . . Again the Voice, that made the cheeks of Eudoxia flame with anger and tormented her conscience:

Herodias once more demands the head of John.

She would shut his mouth tightly this time. "Take him away—into the ridges of Mount Taurus!" . . . . But even in desolate Armenia, the Voice still sounded. . . . . "Remove the man further—into Pityus!" There was a desert that would silence him! . . . . They hurried him along on foot, bare-headed under a burning sun. Before he reached the sea-coast of the Euxine, John died, at Comanum in Pontus (Sept 14, 407), praising God with his last breath. . . . . Eudoxia could now take licentious pleasures without reproach. The Voice was hushed.

280. ***If I have done the public any service, it is due to patient thought.***

— Sir Isaac Newton (1642–1727),
English natural philosopher.

DILIGENT industry (systematically pursued) appears to have been the explanation of Newton's renown. He was neither studious nor brilliant as a boy. According to his own confession, he was near the foot of his class in the grammar school at Grantham, Lincolnshire, and was by no means devoted to his books, but he rose to be the "head boy." It has been intimated that his victory with his fists over the lad next above him gave him the mettle he needed to forge ahead. He had, however, a natural fondness for mechanical devices, and an aptitude for making water-clocks, windmills and dials. At Trinity College he could not fathom Euclid, but got hold of Descartes' "Geometry" and within its covers came upon the inspiration which sent him forward, with ever-extending knowledge, to make the grand discovery of the universal law of gravitation. At the end of a long life of mental vigor, he was recognized as the most remarkable mathematician of his period, perhaps of any age. It was in a letter to Dr. Bentley, master of Trinity, that Newton gave the credit for his accomplishments to *patient thought.*

281. ***Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.***

— Hugh Latimer (1490?–1555),
English bishop and reformer.

WITH his fellow-bishop, Nicholas Ridley, Latimer was burned as a heretic at the stake at Oxford, opposite Balliol College (Oct. 16, 1555). His faith triumphed over the agonies of his martyrdom. As the lighted fagot for setting off the pile was thrown into the furze at his feet, he uttered an heroic defiance to his persecutors in his adjuration to his companion in suffering. As if thrilling with victory, he drew the crackling flames to his face and bosom to embrace them, and speedily expired, with the cry: "Father of heaven, receive my soul!" Ridley's torments were ended only by the explosion of the bags of gunpowder tied to the stakes. . . . . Latimer might have escaped his fate by flight shortly after Mary took the throne, but he scorned it. Worn out by the hardships of his long imprisonment in the common jail at Oxford, he came to the pyre weak and ill. Death would have soon taken him in its natural course if his impatient enemies had not refused to be cheated of their triumph.

282. ***Highlanders, don't pull a trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians!***

— Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde (1792–1863),
British soldier.
(Compare 234.)

IN the final assault by the Allies at the famous battle of the Alma in the Crimean War (Sept. 20, 1854), the Highland Brigade was assigned the desperate task of storming a long steep slope without cover and of routing the Russian artillery at the pinnacle. Keeping their line with the precision of a dress parade on a sunny afternoon in Hyde Park, the Scots mounted steadily against a sweep of fire. When they were within three hundred yards of the top, Campbell gave them the order to withhold their shots for close grips. They bounded over the crest and in among the cannoneers with a volley so deadly that the Russians abandoned the battery and fled pell-mell. Sir Colin's horse was shot under him. This exploit of the Highlanders clinched a hard-won victory for the arms of Britain, France, and Turkey over the forces of Prince Menshikov.

283. **** * * To win the applause of the good.***

—Antonio Ferreira (1528–1569),
Portuguese poet.

FERREIRA was poet-phenomenon. His extraordinary ambition, best told in his own words, gives him permanent value, quite aside from his literary importance. For Ferreira devoted his gifts earnestly to the reform of the popular verse of his day, which was careless and gross. Modern censors have no excuse for denying a clean bill of health to his sonnets, elegies, and eclogues, if they ever reach an American bookshop —as well as to his prose comedy "Bristo" and his tragedy "Castro," the latter his most considerable production. Not a few poets of to-day might well take as a model the purity of his sentiments—for their own moral good, if not for financial profit. Ferreira modestly prefaced his poems in this manner:

> *I am content with this glory, that I have loved my land and my people.*

284. *My heart panteth, my strength faileth me: as for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me.*

— Psalm 38:10.

GENERAL Nicholas Herkimer (1715(?)-1777) received consolation from this Scriptural passage when dying of a wound received nine days before in the battle of Oriskany (Aug. 6, 1777), where he defeated St. Leger's Tories and Brant's Indians. He had read to this verse when his voice failed him forever. Herkimer's fortitude at Oriskany was remarkable. His leg shattered below the knee by a bullet that killed his horse under him, he directed that his saddle be placed beneath a beech tree, and seated there continued to issue orders while calmly smoking his pipe, till the enemy retreated. Neglect of his wound forced amputation, and the unskillful operation caused his death. A monument to him was unveiled in the village of Herkimer, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1907, the 130th anniversary of the battle.

285. *Nulla dies sine linea.*
(*Never a day without a line.*)

— Emile Zola (1840–1902),
French novelist.
(See 767.)

NO artisan, however faithful to his bench, ever toiled more industriously, more steadily, than Zola. Never was there a morning in thirty years that he failed to sit down at his desk and take up his pen—and he did not rise again until he had a stack of written pages at his elbow. His output was prodigious. In the series constituting his *magnum opus,* "Les Rougon-Macquart," there are twenty novels; his others would make a life work for an author with scantier inspiration, less determination, and a smaller gift of expression. He produced also a trio of romances, plays, criticisms and miscellaneous papers. Yet his style seldom lost its power. Some of his descriptions rival the best of Victor Hugo. Nevertheless his incomparable diligence could not get him into the French Academy.

286. ***God Almighty cannot prevent me from winning a victory to-day.***

— Gen. Joseph Hooker (1814–1879),
American soldier.

ON the ground of superiority in man-power, "Fighting Joe" was perhaps justified in using this phrase in a letter to President Lincoln the day before the battle of Chancellorsville (May 2-3, 1863); but he was to learn by bitter experience that sheer weight of numbers must be supplemented by a true sense of strategy and resolution of purpose in the winning of martial victories. Hooker could throw 132,000 infantry and cavalry, with four hundred guns, against Lee's 45,000 effectives; but he was outwitted, outmarched, outfought. After massing 40,000 men on the Confederate left flank before Lee was aware of it, he wasted a whole day in indecision, and beat himself then and there. Lee delivered a blow with Stonewall Jackson's corps which put Hooker in a panic. Driven into a corner by the rapid and skillful movements of his antagonist, the Union commander escaped only by a frantic retreat across the Rapidan to his old camp, with a loss of 16,000 soldiers.

287. ***It is better to wear out than to rust out.***

— Richard Cumberland (1632–1718),
Bishop of Peterborough.
(Compare 485, 667.)

PHILOSOPHIC writer as well as prelate, Cumberland was an indefatigable worker to the end. He kept up his episcopal visitations till his eightieth year, mastered the Coptic language when eighty-three, and was sitting in his library with a book in his hand when he died. To a friend who had warned him that he would "wear himself out" by his incessant application he made the reply that has become proverbial.

288. ***Two things fill the mind with ever rising wonder and reverence, the starry heavens above, and the moral idea within.***

— IMMANUEL KANT (1724–1804),
German philosopher.

KANT has been termed "unpoetic" and lacking in "sentiment." To be sure, his life was so prosaic that it could all be put down on little more than a single page of history. He was as methodical as the clock which allotted his hours. He took his daily walk at exactly the same time every afternoon. His philosophy likewise is strict and orderly—to the uninitiated dry and dull even. But when there suddenly flashes forth a sentence linking "the starry heavens above" with "the moral idea within," it is proof that down in the soul of the great thinker there was a sense of poetry as real as ever dwelt in Browning or Tennyson, Milton or Homer. He was unemotional, this man; he showed slight enthusiasm for the beauties of Nature. Music meant little to him. For all that, Kant could look up at Orion and Mars, Andromeda and Venus, with "wonder and reverence." . . . . What loftier poetry than that?

289. ***He was a great warrior, and still greater in goodness. One cannot but regret that to gain a little fortress one should lose such a captain—worth more than a whole province.***

— HENRY IV (1553–1610),
King of France.

THE career of the gallant François de la Noue (*Bras de Fer,* "Arm of Iron"), a conspicuous Huguenot captain of the sixteenth century, was cut short by a wound received at the siege of Lamballe in Brittany in 1591. King Henry mourned his loss keenly. Out of respect to his bravery and his humanity his Catholic adversaries termed him "the Protestant Bayard." His left arm had been shot off at the siege of Fontenay (1570), and a Rochelle mechanic had fashioned an artificial one for him, with a hook to hold the reins of his charger; a contrivance which gave him his sobriquet.

290. ***If it goes well with him, it matters the less for me.***
—Viscount Dundee, John Graham of Claverhouse (c. 1649–1689), Scottish soldier.
(See 788.)

GRAHAM'S fidelity to the exiled monarch James II, for whom he had become an outlaw and a rebel, with a price of 20,000 pounds on his head, brought him to a valorous death at Killiecrankie (July 27, 1689). Rising in his stirrups and waving his hat to urge on his troop of horse against the army of Gen. Hugh Mackay, the gesture lifted his breastplate, and a musket-ball struck him in the side. As he sank from the saddle he was caught by a soldier named Johnstone, of whom he asked, heedless of his fatal wound: "How goes the day?" "Well for King James," replied Johnstone (already the Highlanders were completely victorious), "but I am sorry for your lordship." The dying general responded: "If it goes well with him, it matters the less for me." He never spoke again; but after they had borne him to the Castle of Blair, the stake in the battle, he wrote a short account of the engagement for King James, who was in France, and expired. A copy of this letter, every word of which cost him agony, is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in the letter-book of James' private secretary Nairne. . . . . The triumph of the Highlanders at Killiecrankie proved hollow; for Graham's death left them without a commanding genius and spelled the end of the insurrection against the government of William and Mary.

291. ***Daru is good on all sides; he has good judgment, a good intellect, a great power for work, and a body and mind of iron.***

— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON was perhaps the nearest approach to a superman that ever made nations tremble, and he demanded iron in his ministers and his marshals. Here, compressed into a few words, we have his ideal of an aide qualified to march through the world at his right hand. . . . . Yes, Count Pierre Antoine Noel Daru (1767-1829) had the capacity for much work, or he would have collapsed under the strain that Napoleon laid upon him. Besides being chief commissary of the armies, he helped to draft treaties, took campaign dictations from his master, was intendant-general of Napoleon's military household, served as councilor-of-state, and shouldered the war portfolio. In his spare moments he attended to various odds-and-ends. Yet he found time to translate the works of Horace, and after Napoleon's fall he became an author in earnest. . . . . Daru once expressed to Napoleon his doubt that he was polished enough to fill the bill as a courtier. The emperor exclaimed:

> *Courtiers! They are common enough about me; I shall never be in want of them. What I want is an enlightened, firm, and vigilant administrator; and that is why I have chosen you.*

292. ***If all the trees on earth were pens, and if there were seven oceans full of ink, they would not suffice to describe the wonders of the Almighty.***

— MOHAMMED, in the KORAN.

THIS is one of the boldest of the soaring flights of fancy which abound in the Sacred Book of Islam. Only the most extravagant imagery serves the prophet when he magnifies the attributes of Allah. Two hundred millions of Moslems swear by the Koran as the immediate word of God, written in rays of light on a gigantic tablet resting by the throne of the Almighty. Its revelations to Mohammed at Mecca and Medina, they believe, were various: by Gabriel in human form, "with the sound of bells," through inspirations from the Holy Ghost or by God himself, "veiled and unveiled, in waking or in the dreams of the night." The language of the Koran in many places is of extraordinary purity and sublimity, and in the minds of the faithful beyond the ability of a human author.

293. ***Cet homme ira loin, car il croit tout ce qu'il dit.***

(This man will go far, for he believes every word he says.)

— MIRABEAU.

(See 230.)

MAXIMILIEN Robespierre, destined to become one of the outstanding figures of the French Revolution, was gradually forging to the front in the Assembly when Mirabeau astutely foretold his future. . . . . Robespierre did "go far." He finished at the greedy guillotine—the final destination of so many before him who had essayed to save France with impractical theories and frank brutality. Called "the Incorruptible," he was no better, no cleverer, than the rest of them. It was his earnestness that deluded Mirabeau—the seriousness of a fanatic who "put himself in the place of God." Robespierre was not really great, and he was far from heroic. His end under the knife was the logical consequence of a tyranny unwise and cruel.

294. ***You have imitated David in his crime; imitate then his repentance.***

— Saint Ambrose (c. 340–397),
One of the fathers of the Latin Church.

IN a fury because the populace of Thessalonica had revolted and killed the governor, the emperor Theodosius had 7000 of them put to death (390 A. D.). Later when he appeared at Milan cathedral to take his vows, he found the doors blocked by the archbishop Ambrose, who courageously upbraided him for the massacre and forbade him to enter or approach the Holy Table till he should have purged himself of his crime. While the crowd waited in suspense for the denouement of the dramatic scene, Theodosius, his royal head held low, meekly submitted to the rigorous penance pronounced upon him by Ambrose in the name of God and outraged humanity.

My sin is continually before me,

lamented David, after the murder of Uriah. So it was with the rebuked Theodosius. For eight months he did not place his foot on the threshold of the cathedral.

295. ***Ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast.***
(Without haste, without rest.)

— Motto of Goethe.

FEW authors have been so industrious as Goethe; none have left behind more enduring monuments in their works. Poet, dramatist, philosopher, the rich store of his mind overflowed into still other fields of activity. For he was also statesman, art critic, scientific investigator, political economist, theatre-director. Yet, with it all, he never hurried, though always busy. Mazzini exclaims ("Essay on Byron and Goethe"):

> *What care and labor are bestowed upon the plastic portion of his art! A serene and passive calm * * * are the peculiar characteristics of Goethe.*

296. ***You shall be Quintus Icilius.***

— Frederick the Great.

THOUGH a great soldier himself, Frederick once found himself worsted in an argument with Karl Gottlieb Guichard (1724-1775), French military writer, concerning the identity of a certain Roman centurion who took part in the battle of Pharsalia. "It was Quintus Icilius," said the king. "More correctly, Quintus Caecilius, if you please," ventured the Frenchman respectfully. The friendly dispute was over then, for Frederick had deep respect for Guichard's knowledge of ancient military history as expressed in his "Memoires militaires sur les Grecs et les Romains" (published in 1737 at The Hague). But the king was not wholly vanquished. He would create an Icilius—which he did on the spot, giving it to Guichard as his Prussian official name and gazetting him as Major Quintus Icilius to the command of a free battalion that did good service through the Seven Years' War.

297. ***I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.***

— Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.

WHEN the commander-in-chief of the Union armies wrote this message before Spottsylvania Court House during a lull in the deadlock battle of Spottsylvania (May 11, 1864), and despatched it to the chief of staff at Washington, he declared his determination to keep hammering straight at the lines of Lee. He was not swerved by the appalling losses he had already suffered in his campaign against the Confederate capital; he would not resort to tactical stratagems and give up his frontal advance. It took two months of this bloody business to land his soldiers in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and it cost him 72,000 soldiers, but unquestionably Grant's bulldog tenacity won the War of the Rebellion for the North.

298. ***Glory to God and Your Excellency; the town is taken, I am in it.***

—Alexander Vasilievich Suvarov (1729–1800), Russian general. (Compare 395.)

WHILE he was sending his triumphal dispatch to Catherine II, Suvarov was letting his soldiers run riot with butchery and pillage in Ismail, Bessarabia (Dec. 22, 1790); such was their standing reward for every town that they captured. They did not stop till they had slain 33,000 Turks (those were the figures given by the Russian general himself in his official report). . . . . Suvarov was a great captain—and a great murderer. He cared no more for the lives of his own men than for those in a vanquished city. He warred by means of brute force, not diplomacy. All military knowledge, he said, could be summed up in three words:

Stoupai i bi.
(*Forward and strike.*)

299. ***C'est régner que de savoir rire.***
(***To know how to laugh is to know how to reign.***)

THIS was the motto of the Calottistes (Le Regiment de la Calotte), a society of witty rogues in the time of Louis XIV. Their name was derived from the small cap worn by monks over the tonsure; and the authority for using it was contained in a patent. Whenever a public personage made himself a laughing-stock by some word or act, one of these patents was sent to him with the notification that he was now a Calottiste in good standing and could hide the soft part of his head under a calotte. Torsac, an officer in the king's bodyguard, was the first generalissimo of the society. On his death the members framed a pompous eulogy burlesquing the "high-brow" language of the French Academy, which they held in contempt. These mischief-makers finally grew so audacious as to poke fun at Louis himself, whereupon the minister Fleury put the society out of business.

300. ***So much the better; I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.***

— Marquis de Montcalm (1712–1759),
French soldier.
(See 171, 269.)

WOLFE the victor and Montcalm the vanquished—the one no braver than the other—gave up their lives in the battle on the Plains of Abraham, before Quebec. Both were struck down in the thick of the fighting: Wolfe urging on his troops; Montcalm striving in vain to rally his routed soldiers as they fled to the shelter of the citadel. Almost at the same moment that the English commander was breathing his last amidst a group of his officers on the field which he had won, his French adversary was being borne on a litter to the hospital within the city. When the surgeons told Montcalm that his wound was mortal and that he could not long survive, he made no lament, but expressed his pleasure. Difficulties had weighed heavily upon the gallant defender of Quebec. His forces, made up largely of militia and volunteers, were hungry and mutinous. One tremendous volley from Wolfe's trained regulars had sent them flying in panic, all order gone, chased to the very gates of the fortress. The words of the surgeon comforted Montcalm—in a few hours he would be free. Far from his own France, his lot had been unfortunate, but escape was at hand.

My time is very short; therefore, pray leave me, I have important business,

he said to his officers; and his confessor and the bishop of Quebec were alone with him. He died about midnight; his grave, by his own request, was a furrow where a bombshell had burst. A few days later (Sept. 18, 1759) the garrison of Quebec surrendered, and all the Canadas passed from France to England.

301. ***There must be an Arminian in it.***

THIS jesting remark by a soldier in the fortress of Louvestein, near Gorcum, Holland, came near frustrating the daring escape of the celebrated Dutch publicist and statesman Hugo Grotius (1583-1645), who had been condemned to lifelong imprisonment there (June, 1619), following his seizure by Prince Maurice in the *coup d'état* against the city of Utrecht. But for the composure and quick wit of his faithful wife, who was voluntarily sharing his captivity, Grotius (then only thirty-six) would probably have dragged out the rest of his days in the comfortless citadel, his treatment rendered even more rigorous by the discovery of his plot to get free. In a brave effort to forget his plight he busied himself with classical translations, while Madame Grotius diligently pondered over some means of deliverance. The disposal of his laundry gave her an idea: it was sent regularly to Gorcum, and in the chest were thrown his discarded books. She remarked that the warders no longer held up the chest for inspection, and induced her husband, not without much pleading, to hide in it. The two soldiers who were bearing the chest out complained it was unusually heavy, and one observed "there must be an Arminian in it" (Grotius belonged to the Arminian faction of the Remonstrants). Madame Grotius at once replied:

Yes, Arminian books are in it.

The soldiers went off with it, grumbling. The chest brought up at the house of one of Grotius' friends, and soon after, garbed like a mason and carrying hod and trowel, he got safely over the border. It is the most pleasant part of the story that the stanch madame also won her liberty. Admiring her devotion and ingenuity, the warders released her, and she rejoined her husband in Paris (October, 1621).

302. ***Rather let the innocent suffer than the guilty escape!***

— CHARLES XII (1682–1718),
King of Sweden.
(Compare 446, 483.)

THIS "brilliant madman," not yet twenty-one, after an audacious campaign of only four months, had Poland at his mercy. Before that he had put the clamps on Denmark and overrun Livonia. Young as he was, these conquests—stamped with a daring which at times was outright recklessness—had hardened his character. He was drunk with the blood of victory, and saw red. After routing the Poles and Saxons, at Klissow (July 2, 1702), and capturing Cracow three weeks later, Charles scorned all overtures from August II for peace. He had tasted liberally of war, and wanted more of it—particularly as it gave him opportunity to exercise the barbarous cruelty which had become his passion. So he cracked the biting lash over the helpless Poles with the savagery of an Attila. He commanded:

Ravage, singe, and burn all about!
Make the whole district a wilderness!

From that time till a bullet struck him in the forehead while he was peeping over a trench parapet at the siege of Fredriksten in Norway (Dec. 11, 1718), Charles made bloodshedding his main business. His personal valor, however, must be admitted.

303. ***The height of power in women, so far as manners are concerned, rests in tranquillity.***

— Madame de Maintenon, Francoise d'Aubigné (1635–1719),
Second wife of Louis XIV, King of France.
(See 592.)

THERE comes to mind with this philosophical reflection a strange picture, for a French court of the seventeenth century:—Madame de Maintenon sits in her apartments quietly plying her needles like a housewife of the peasantry, or engrossed in a book, while close at hand her royal husband talks over affairs of state with his ministers. (What an unusual companion for a king of France!) Every evening she was there to welcome him pleasantly and unobtrusively. She was never spiteful, never complaining. That was why Louis had chosen her from among all his favorites to be his domestic mate. He had enjoyed his fling; his years on earth were growing few: now he wanted a woman who would humor him—yet she must not be a dunce. Madame de Maintenon still preserved much of her physical charm, but more than that, she was restful in her manner and speech. And she had a thrifty way of managing her income. She was literary in her tastes, and alert mentally. (Many a man of the twentieth century has prayed in vain for a wife like that!) She was devout too, and simple in her way of living. Political influence she had, but she never intruded it annoyingly. Madame de Maintenon was a miracle of wifehood in a free-and-easy age.

304. ***Here lies one whose name was writ in water.***

—John Keats (1795–1821),
English poet.

ACCORDING to his wish, this epitaph of his own composition was engraved on the tombstone of Keats in the old Protestant cemetery at Rome. It was one of his last requests to his loyal friend Joseph Severn, the English artist. But what tragic humility in the author of

*The poetry of earth is never dead, * * **

who preserved so much of its richness in his own golden verse! Well might the inscription have been the lasting line:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

For Keats was as truly a bird of song as the nightingale he apostrophized so sweetly and so fervently. Wrote Richard Watson Gilder:

'Whose name was writ in water!' What huge laughter
Among the immortal when that word was brought!
'All hail! our younger brother!' Shakespeare said,
And Dante nodded his imperial head.

305. ***If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.***

— Douglas William Jerrold (1803–1857),
English dramatist and man of letters.

IN the "Life" of his father (published 1859), William Blanchard Jerrold says that the brilliant wit made this remark one day in the course of a chat with some of his friends at the Museum Club in London. Douglas Jerrold is better remembered for his pungent humor and keen epigrams in conversation than for his plays or sketches, though his talent flashed in them, as well. He had the look of a humorist—thin, sensitive lips and keen blue eyes. He was called the "little Shakespeare in a camlet cloak." His reputation as a dramatist was established by his melodrama "Black-eyed Susan;" or, "All in the Downs," by which he profited to the extent of about sixty pounds while the producer, R. W. Ellston, got rich from it. He contributed to *Blackwood's* the *Athenaeum,* and *Punch,* and piloted *Lloyd's Weekly Magazine,* which was a weakling when he took hold of it, to a circulation of 182,000.

306. ***Dukes have often been hanged for insolence, but never fools for talking.***

—Archibald Armstrong (d. 1672),
Court jester.

"ARCHY" was fun-maker for James VI and his entourage. In 1623 he went along with Prince Charles and the duke of Buckingham on their adventure into Spain, and after the defeat of the Armada openly taunted Buckingham in the Spanish court with responsibility for that disastrous expedition. The duke in his exasperation declared he would have the jester hanged, and thereby drew forth a retort which proved not far amiss as a prophecy of the duke's violent death. For if Buckingham had not fallen victim to the knife of the assassin John Felton (Aug. 23, 1628), he most surely would have ended on the gallows, so bitter was the popular feeling against him in England. "Archy" always had an intense dislike for the duke, once characterizing him as "the greatest enemy of three kings." Eventually the jester settled in London and opened a money-lender's shop. His practices were said to be as sharp as his tongue.

307. ***I am fully assured that God does not, and therefore that men ought not to, require any more of any man than this, to believe the Scripture to be God's word, and to endeavor to find the true sense of it, and to live according to it.***

—William Chillingworth (1602–1644),
English theologian.

THIS in substance was the whole creed of Chillingworth, as given in his controversial work "The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation," issued in reply to the "Charity Mistaken" of the Jesuit Edward Knott (1637). Locke endorses it as "the way of right reasoning." For a long time Chillingworth rejected church preferment because of his scruples at signing the "Thirty-nine Articles," but finally became chancellor of the church of Sarum. He was perhaps the keenest disputant of his time in England.

308. *Le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*
(*The knight without fear and without reproach.*)
(See 320.)

THIS justly superlative term is applied to Pierre Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard, renowned French soldier of the Middle Ages—also called "the good knight" and "the perfect knight." He was the loftiest type of chivalry: pious and magnanimous, gay and generous, free from fantastic extravagance, and scornful of mercenary enticements. Single-handed he defended the bridge of the Garigliano against two hundred Spaniards. He was the hero of the celebrated combat between thirteen French knights and an equal number of Germans at Barletta (1502). His life was packed with romantic exploits. He had a passionate love for equity, and declared that all realms where justice did not rule were "mere forests filled with brigands."

309. ***The only real point of preaching is the overthrow of sin and the increase of righteousness.*** * * *

— Saint Francis of Sales (1567–1622),
Bishop of Geneva.

HIS adherence to this principle brought converts to Saint Francis by the thousands and gained him renown through all the Christian world in the latter part of the sixteenth century. His apostolic zeal and missionary fervor have seldom been equalled. Duval exhorted all the students of the celebrated Sorbonne at Paris to listen to him and to imitate him. Pope Leo XI offered him the cardinalate, which he declined. Saint Francis held that

> * * * *A man may set forth his own learning and eloquence in a fine sermon, but the true sign of success is when his words induce people to leave off bad habits.*

310. ***Thy need is even greater than mine.***

— Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586),
English soldier, statesman and poet.

WHILE fighting in light armor at the battle of Zutphen in Flushing (July 22, 1586), Sidney was shot in the thigh. He clung to the saddle and his fiery horse galloped with him a mile and a half back to his own entrenchments. As he lay there complaining of his burning thirst, a bottle of water was procured for him with difficulty. He had raised it to his lips, when he remarked the longing look in the eyes of a dying English soldier close by, and handed to him the precious draught, untasted, with one of the most beautiful sayings in history. Sidney's wound proved mortal; after great suffering he died at Arnheim (Oct. 17). Two hundred elegies were written for him, and when his body was buried in the old Cathedral of St. Paul's (Feb. 16, 1587) there was universal mourning throughout England. Sidney was the noblest-minded, the most magnanimous (and the plainest in feature) of all the gallant cavaliers who ornamented Elizabeth's reign.

Sidney, the author, merits equal praise with Sidney, the knight. His sonnets to Stella, his "Arcadia," and his "Apologie for Poetrie" are marked by the same pure, generous sentiment which distinguished him in arms. It has been well said that in his character "the antique honor of chivalry is seen shading into the graces of the modern gentleman."

311. ***Why fear? The sea trembles before its conquerors.***

— Dom Vasco Da Gama (c. 1469–1524),
Portuguese navigator.

DA GAMA, who discovered the sea route to India (1497-1498), was living in retirement at his residence in Evora (1524) when summoned from his comfortable seclusion by John III to return as viceroy to the scene of his early triumphs and correct the abuses that had crept into the government there. The intrepid mariner, now in his sixty-fourth year, set sail from Lisbon in April. His fleet had reached the Indian Ocean when one day the waters began to heave and toss violently under a windless sky. His superstitious sailors were greatly alarmed at this unaccountable agitation of the waves, and the crew of his own vessel pressed about him with loud protests, and demanded that he turn back. Just as many years before, on his first voyage over the same tempestuous path, he had quieted rebellious mutterings born of fear, so now he stilled the clamor of his men by his calm demeanor. His ships sailed on without disaster and reached the coast of India in September.

Da Gama brought the riches of the East to his country, and deserved well of her. More fortunate than many explorers who have died the victims of ingratitude, he was rewarded by his king with important privileges and generous revenues which made him one of the wealthiest men in Portugal.

312. * * * ***We must give to our enemies to make them friends, and to our friends to keep them so.***

— HENRY IV (1453–1474),
King of Castile.
(Compare 578.)

HENRY the Spendthrift adhered so much more faithfully to this motto than to his conscience that he well-nigh overwhelmed his people with disaster, and brought upon himself the justifiable censure of history. He used to say:

> *Kings, instead of hoarding treasure like private persons, are bound to dispense it for the happiness of their subjects.* * * *

Ignoring the remonstrances of his treasurer, he squandered the royal funds on the parasites who littered his court, until in a few years he had hardly a coin in his coffers. By his own personal vices he set the fashion for unabashed private immorality. He let gross injustice flourish unchecked. Prescott excoriates him most severely: "Never had the fortunes of the kingdom reached so low an ebb since the great Saracen invasion." Fortunate was it for Castile that the death of this weak and sensual sovereign (Dec. 12, 1474) was immediately followed by the accession of the virtuous and high-minded Isabella and her manly consort Ferdinand.

313. ***I came, I saw, God conquered.***

—John III Sobieski (1624–1696),
King of Poland.
(Compare 97.)

WITH remarkable modesty did this great Polish captain (making one important change in Caesar's celebrated phrase) in his dispatch to the pope after defeating the Turks under the walls of Vienna give to a higher Power than himself the credit for his memorable victory which saved the Austrian capital and Hungary from the Ottoman yoke. His message was accompanied by the countless Mussulman standards that he captured. . . . . An army of 300,000 Moslems under the vizier Kara Mustapha had Vienna hemmed in when Sobieski arrived, in answer to the emperor Leopold's appeal, to take supreme command of the Christian forces of 70,000 that had gathered to relieve the beleaguered city. Leopold had fled to Linz; an alarming breach had been made in the walls, and the inhabitants were in momentary fear of an assault. After an all-day battle (Sept. 12, 1683), Sobieski at nightfall led a charge of the Polish horse which smashed the foe. While six pashas fell, Mustapha escaped, but his camp with all its luxuries was left in the hands of the victors. Not in proud feasting and drinking did Sobieski celebrate his momentous triumph; but bowed in a solemn *Te Deum* in the cathedral of St. Stephen. . . . . The Crescent had been stopped short, and hurled back, in its march across Europe.

314. ***Let the boy win his spurs.***

— EDWARD III (1312–1377),
King of England.

THE bloody turmoil of the great battle of Crécy (Aug. 26, 1346) was at its height. Edward, holding his own battalion in reserve on an eminence, watched the field from a windmill. His son, Edward, the Black Prince, was fighting with his division in the front line, and there the desperate tangle was fiercest. Some of the French, Germans and Savoyards broke through the prince's archers and locked with his men-at-arms. His own person seemed imperiled, and the earl of Warwick dispatched Sir Thomas Norwich in urgent haste to the king for reinforcements. . . . . "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" asked Edward. "Nothing of the sort, thank God!" replied Norwich; "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The king responded:

> *Return to those that sent you, and tell them that they shall have no help from me as long as my son has life. And say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am resolved, if it please God, that this day be his, and that the honor of it be given all to him and to those to whose care I have intrusted him!*

This message stimulated the prince and his lords to the most gallant endeavors and by vespers the army of France was annihilated. . . . . King Edward, putting on his helmet for the first time that day, came down from the hill and with his whole battalion advanced to the prince, whom he embraced, saying (in the words of Froissart):

> *Fair son, God give you good perseverance; ye are my good son, thus ye have acquitted you nobly; ye are worthy to keep a realm.*

315. * * * ***The hour is come; and the word is, swift Death or Deliverance forever. To arms!***

— Camille Desmoulins (1760–1794),
French Revolutionist.

IT was a journalist who touched off the French Revolution of 1789. . . . . Fury at the reigning monarchy bubbled hotly in Paris (Sunday, July 12) when the news that Necker, popular minister of state, had been dismissed by Louis XVI and banished from the capital was bruited among the throngs in the garden of the Palais Royal. And who had been put in his place but Foullon—he that had said the people might "eat grass"! . . . . Only a rallying-cry was needed now. . . . . Leaping to the top of a table outside the Café de Foy, his hair streaming, Desmoulins shouted:

> *To arms! This dismissal is the tocsin of the St. Bartholomew of the patriots!* * * *

They came surging to the spot—two thousand of them. From boyhood Desmoulins had been bothered by a stammer—but where was it now? With a flourish of defiance to the police who were watching him, he drew two pistols from under his coat and declared he would never be taken alive. He went on with his fiery exhortation:

> *Friends! shall we die like hunted hares? like sheep hounded into their penfold, bleating for mercy, where there is no mercy, but only a whetted knife? To arms!*

Pulling a leaf from an overhanging tree, he quickly fashioned it into a cockade, and bade all follow his example. . . . . Swiftly the trees were stripped by the maddened crowd. Wildly echoing his cry "To arms!" they swept through the streets in a torrent—the torrent which was to engulf Louis and his court. They raided the shops of the gunsmiths. . . . . Two days later the Bastille fell. France was well on the way to the days of the Terror—Desmoulins was launched on a road which would make him secure in history, and bring him to the scaffold.

316. ***Hang it lower, lower, that they may not have to hurt their necks about it.***

— FREDERICK THE GREAT.

FREDERICK was a popular ruler, but after the Seven Years' War he displeased his subjects by putting the tax collection in the hands of French officials, who went after the money in a domineering manner which caused general irritation. One day, while riding in Berlin, he saw a crowd gathered in the Jager Strasse, and sent his groom to learn what was up. The groom reported they had "something posted up" there about the king; further than that rather indefinite piece of information he did not appear eager to go. Frederick, curious, rode up to the throng, which drew back for him, and saw himself in a cartoon—a mournful figure astride a stool, with one hand grinding away for dear life at a coffee-mill held between his knees, while with the other hand he was thriftily picking up the stray coffee-beans that had fallen. Frederick was unruffled. With a twinkle of amusement in his eyes, he commanded the groom to "hang it lower" and give the people an easier view of it. He could not have better pleased the crowd if he had taken off the head of one of the tax collectors. He was hailed with a great huzza, and the cartoon was ripped into bits. As he rode away many ran in his wake crying,"*Lebe Hoch,* our Frederick forever!"

317. ***No, Christopher Ludwig does not wish to become rich by the war. He has enough.* * * ***

— Christopher Ludwig (1728–1809),
American patriot.

THIS honest German-American—who had fought against the Turks and under the standards of Frederick the Great—turned his humble occupation of baker into a valuable asset for the Revolutionary cause. When Congress gave him charge of the baking for the whole army (May, 1777), it was proposed to him that for every hundred pounds of flour he should turn out an equal number of pounds of bread; but he would not listen to it. His reply is worthy of remembrance as coming from a loyal patriot. He explained that out of one hundred pounds of flour one hundred and thirty-five pounds of bread could be obtained, and declared:

and so many will I give.

Ludwig's skill at his calling was proven conclusively when he baked six thousand pounds of bread in a single day on Washington's order, to supply the army of Cornwallis that had just surrendered at Yorktown. Washington called him an "honest friend," and drank more than one hearty toast out of the fine porcelain punch-bowl which Ludwig had brought from Canton, China.

318. ***If my head were not necessary to the Revolution, there are moments when I would offer that head to the people in exchange for one of those which they demand of us.***

— ROBESPIERRE.

(See 230.)

THOUGH one of the most insistent advocates of the execution of Louis XVI, Robespierre raised his voice against bringing Marie Antoinette to the scaffold (October, 1793). This was perhaps the bravest thing he ever did; for in championing the queen he exposed himself to the resentment of the populace, who hated her bitterly and loudly demanded her death. To them she was the "soul of the court," and Louis but a puppet in her hands. Till she was out of the way the ghost of Monarchism would continue to hinder the Rule of the People. To stop the noisy mouths of these folk the tribunal gave the fatal decree. It was a cowardly verdict. None of them supposed for an instant that the imprisoned queen was the slightest peril to the Revolution. What mischief could she work in her cellar-dungeon at the bottom of the Conciergerie? . . . . The time came when the guillotine took the head that was so "necessary to the Revolution." Robespierre was spared the necessity of offering it.

319. ***What would Nelson give to be here?***

— Baron Collingwood, Cuthbert Collingwood (1750–1810), British naval commander.

(See 207, 276.)

AT Trafalgar, Nelson drove his fleet in two parallel columns, leading one himself on the Victory while Collingwood headed the other with the Royal Sovereign. Collingwood outstripped the flagship and, steering straight through the enemy's centre, was the first engaged. Impressed by the spectacle of the Royal Sovereign pouring her deadly broadsides into the Spanish admiral's ship Santa Anna, Nelson pointed to her and exclaimed, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" At almost the same instant Collingwood, thrilling with his work, thought of his trailing commander—who, like himself, loved close-up fighting—and said to his captain, "What would Nelson give to be here?" When Nelson was mortally wounded, Collingwood assumed the direction of the fleet and by his skill and bravery completed the triumph. It fell to him to write the despatch informing England of Nelson's death. The two were the closest of friends, and they lie side by side in the Cathedral of St. Paul's.

320. ***Weep not for me, but for thyself. I die in performing my duty; thou art betraying thine.***

— Chevalier de Bayard, Pierre Terrail (1473–1524),
(See 308.)

WITH almost his last words, "the perfect knight," a martyr to his fidelity, upbraided the traitor Charles de Bourbon, who had deserted his king, Francis I to fight for Charles V in Italy. . . . . When the French forces were routed at Robecco and Bonnivet was wounded, the command fell to Bayard. While guarding the rear in the retreat across the Siesa, near Romagnano (April 30, 1524), he was struck by an arquebus ball. Realizing that he must die, the chevalier had himself placed in a sitting posture against a tree and his sword thrust into the ground before him as an improvised cross. There, the enemy all around him, with calm fortitude he waited for the end. His feats of gallantry had won the admiration of his foes, and the Spanish commander Pescara hastened to attend him. Among others who gathered was the duke of Bourbon, with whom the knight had been comrade-in-arms. When the duke attempted to express his sympathy, Bayard cut him short with a rebuke which the annalists have never let perish. The chevalier's body was restored to his friends and entombed at Grenoble.

321. ***You have a memory that would convict any author of plagiarism in any court of literature in the world.***

—JOHN HAWKESWORTH (c. 1715–1773),
English writer.

IN this remark to his friend Samuel Johnson, Hawkesworth expressed his admiration for one of the learned doctor's most remarkable powers. Johnson's head was a vast storehouse of treasures. From his boyhood he had rapidly assimilated knowledge out of books and packed it away in good order in the cells of his brain, as bees fill the honeycomb with their golden fruits. The son of a bookseller, he had a multitude of volumes to browse in, and made the most of his opportunity. He enriched the writings of his maturity by drawing freely upon this learning obtained during his youth. All his life he was mentally accumulating anecdotes and quotations, and thrusting them away in his memory appropriately labeled; many years afterward, perhaps, he would draw one out to fill a niche in his page. His works are thickly embellished with these tales and sayings, and his conversation sparkled with them, especially when he was talking at close quarters with a small circle of his intimates at his club. Johnson had a massive mind. He stocked it carefully, and allowed no clutter in it.

322. ***Mort au champ d'honneur.***
(Dead on the field of honor.)

THE courage and audacity of the French soldier La Tour d' Auvergne (1743-1800) are proverbial; the honors bestowed upon his name exceptional. Made a captain early in his career, he steadfastly refused further promotion. He distinguished himself with the army of the Alps and received the cross of St. Louis (1791). At the head of his company he led the Republican forces into Chambery, Savoie (1792). The next year in the Pyrenees his corps of eight thousand grenadiers inspired such dread by their fierce bayonet charges that they became known as the "infernal column." With the army of the Rhine, La Tour still refused advancement in rank, and Napoleon gave him the title of "the First Grenadier of France" (April 27, 1800). Two months to the day after his heroism had been thus signalized he was killed in action at Oberhausen, near Donauworth in Bavaria. His highest glories came to him with his death. The whole French army mourned for him for three days, by order of Bonaparte. His heart, placed in a silver urn (purchased with the pay of his comrades), was long borne by his 46th Grenadiers; was in the possession of Garibaldi for many years; and was finally turned over to the custody of the city of Paris (1883). His sabre was deposited in the church of the Invalides. The most impressive form of respect to La Tour's memory is the custom, commanded by Napoleon and still followed, of calling his name in the 46th regiment at every parade of the colors, with the response from the oldest sergeant: *Mort au champ d'honneur.*

323. ***Here I am, an archbishop, but no traitor, ready to suffer in my Saviour's name.***

—Thomas Becket (1118?–1170),
Archbishop of Canterbury.

FOUR sinister figures had stalked Becket to the sanctuary of his own cathedral, where the winter twilight (Dec. 29, 1170) wrapped everything in obscurity save for an occasional lamp burning dimly before a shrine. They were hewing at the door; the din of their axes filled the cloister. The startled monks left their vespers, and when Becket forbade them to barricade the church, fled to the dark places behind the altars. He was deserted by all his attendants but his cross-bearer, Edward Gryme. Becket himself might have sought safety: there were gloomy crypts underground and beneath the high roof; but he boldly faced the conspirators as they dashed in upon him, waving their blades. These barons of Henry II had secretly hastened all the way from the king's presence in Normandy, with murder in their hearts. "Where is the traitor?" exclaimed Reginald Fitzurse. "Where is the archbishop?" Becket's answer came clear. They seized him to drag him outside: now that they had their prey, they were squeamish about cutting him down in this holy place. The archbishop resisted stoutly; berated them roundly. Inspired with strength beyond his years, he hurled William Tracy to the pavement. Bitter words were flung back and forth. "Then die!" exclaimed Fitzurse, and struck. The loyal Gryme deflected the blow, and his arm was almost cleft in twain. It was a futile interruption to the wicked work. Four swords flashed in turn. In a submissive attitude and murmuring a prayer, Becket perished, at the foot of Saint Benedict's altar—the victim of his own peppery tongue, his almost fanatical faith, his persistent bickerings with his king.

324. ***Deus flavit, et dissipati sunt.***
(God blew, and they were scattered.)

(See 30, 591.)

MINDFUL of the miraculous storm which completed the collapse of the mighty Spanish Armada, Elizabeth had this eloquent inscription put on the medals struck by her command to commemorate the deliverance of England. . . . . Beaten off from the English coast by the queen's admirals (August, 1588), Medina Sidonia's squadrons were swept up the North Sea before a strong southwest wind, and his only hope, a desperate one, was to round the Orkneys and work his way down along the Irish shores back to Spain. On Sunday, Aug. 14, the southwester rose to a summer tempest of unprecedented violence and whirled the Spanish ships—unwieldy of hull, battered, leaking, and without pilots—helplessly before it, whacking them with terrific blows. Many were hurled upon the beetling crags of Norway and the rocks of the Hebrides. Many more vanished utterly in the gale. Only fifty-three of the invading craft escaped, out of the 134 that had been sent out by Philip II in May, with lofty hopes and priestly blessing. . . . . *Deus flavit!*

[The medal inscription is sometimes quoted in another form:

Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur.
(God breathed upon them and they are dispersed.)]

325. *Yes, Old Glory—and New Glory, too!*

THE Stars and Stripes were carried into the World War for the first time at Vimy Ridge (April 9, 1917). The honor belongs to Private William Clancy, a Texan, one of the Americans who did not wait for their own country to enter the conflict, but who jumped into the Canadian service at the outbreak. . . . . Clancy's regiment was in the first line at the storming of the ridge. Before they started, he took from his blouse and tied to his bayonet the small American flag which he had borne overseas and treasured for just such an opportunity. He had warrant now for displaying it in action, for the United States had declared war on Germany about a week before. In the desperate struggle up the slope one of his comrades was struck down at his side. Clancy knelt to give him comfort—he was beyond aid—and in a moment of rare inspiration held the little flag to his lips—the symbol of the nation to which they both owed fealty. The eyes of the dying soldier lighted with pride, as he murmured: "Yes, Old Glory—and New Glory, too!" Then he added:

I am glad I gave my life for the freedom of the world.

His heart stopped—and Clancy went on.

326. *I cannot know even whether I know or not.*

—Arcesilaus (316–241 B. C.),
Greek skeptical philosopher.

IN disclaiming the certainty of anything at all, even sensible data, the agnostic Arcesilaus went further than Socrates and the Stoics, whom he openly opposed. For Socrates said:

This alone I know, that I know nothing;

while Arcesilaus maintained that

we know nothing, not even our ignorance.

He contended that "probability" was the only practical guide for a wise man to follow. Like Socrates, Arcesilaus let his scholars speak first, and then had his own say, on the theory expressed by Cicero:

Obest plerumque iis qui discere volunt, auctoritas eorum qui docent.
(*Most commonly the authority of them that teach hinders them that would learn.*)

Cleanthes, an adversary of the Greek skeptic, gave this verdict on him:

The morality which Arcesilaus abolishes in his words he re-establishes in his actions.

This would seem to dispose of the assertion of Diogenes Laertius that the death of Arcesilaus in his seventy-ninth year was due to a debauch.

327. ***We have met the enemy, and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.***

— Lieut. Oliver Hazard Perry (1785–1819),
American naval officer.

PERRY presented perhaps the only instance in history where a naval commander, before he could fight, had to build his own warships. It was literally a home-made squadron which the young commander—he was only twenty-seven—led against the British in Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie. His rapidity in marshaling sailors and mechanics, in constructing nine craft—two of them large brigs—and in mounting fifty-four guns on their decks, was quite as remarkable as the thorough job he did later; while his cleverness in running the blockade and in getting into position to give battle proved his skill as a strategist. . . . . Lieutenant Perry, on board the brig Niagara, off the islands Western Sisters, wrote his message of victory at four o'clock in the afternoon of Sept. 10, 1813, to Maj. Gen. William Henry Harrison, American commander of the Northwest. The young officer had just made his flag supreme on the Great Lakes, and had changed the whole course of the War of 1812. And he was only three hours doing it! The fleet of Captain Barclay out of the way, General Harrison was enabled to take the offensive. With Perry cooperating, he advanced to Detroit, reoccupied the area surrendered by Gen. William Hull, and defeated Proctor at the battle of the Thames (Oct. 5). The evacuation by the British of American territory and most of upper Canada now became inevitable.

328. ***Are all men equal? * * * So far from it, they are born in a state of complete dependence on others, from which they are long in being emancipated.***

— Pierre Etienne Dumont (1759–1829),
French political writer.

THOUGH Dumont, friend of Mirabeau, was the principal author of the famous "Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen," adopted by the French National Assembly (Aug. 18, 1789), and accepted by Louis XVI (Oct. 5), he conceded that the doctrine of "equality of man" was largely a myth, owing to the widely differing circumstances of birth and progress which affect individuals. He asked skeptically:

> ** * * Where is the equality? Is it in virtue, talents, fortune, industry, situation? Are they free by nature?*

The "Rights of Man" was a manifesto of the principles which inspired the French Revolution, and was later inscribed at the head of the Constitution. In many respects it paralleled the American Declaration of Independence, which was only natural; for both these historic documents were framed under much the same conditions of royal persecution and injustice. The French statement maintained, among other things, that all mankind are originally equal; that the ends of the social union are liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression; that sovereignty resides in the nation; that law is the expression of the general will; that freedom consists in doing everything which does not injure another. It was urged by Mirabeau that its publication wait on the completion of the Constitution, and Dumont concurred, declaring it was like placing a powder-magazine under a building, to be exploded by the first spark of fire.

329. ***This general could teach all the generals in Europe.***
— FREDERICK THE GREAT.

THUS Frederick wrote to Voltaire (1749) in tribute to Maurice, Count of Saxe (1696-1750), marshal of France and the first general of the time, who had visited him at Berlin the previous year. Though Carlyle belittles Saxe's work on the art of war, "Mes Reveries," as "a strange military farrago, dictated, as I should think, under opium," it was by adhering to the novel tactics set forth therein that the French commander emblazoned his name with exploits which stud his campaigns like stars. Frederick termed him "the Turenne of Louis XV's time." . . . . In the Austrian Succession War, Saxe took Prague by a surprise attack at night (Nov. 19, 1741) with such celerity that the garrison was unaware of his approach. When the battle of Fontenoy became inevitable he reckoned with such certainty on victory that he sent a formal invitation to Louis to be present, and the king came with Richelieu. Unable on account of dropsy to mount his horse, Saxe was carried up and down the lines in a wicker chariot and issued the orders which resulted in the defeat of the duke of Cumberland's army. Louis was so exhilarated over the entertainment provided for him that he gave the castle of Chambord to his marshal in life grant. Four months afterward Saxe had subdued every one of the strong fortresses in Belgium. His brilliant triumph at Rocoux (Oct. 11, 1746) earned him the title of marshal-general, hitherto held by Turenne alone. By his capture of Maestricht he destroyed the final hopes of the Dutch, and the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle followed.

330. ***Know thyself.***

— Solon (c. 638–c. 558 B. C.),
Athenian statesman.
(See 173.)

OUT of his wisdom the great Greek lawgiver drew this brief apothegm to be inscribed as a motto in his name in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. The others of the Seven Sages of Greece whose legends were displayed with his were Thales, Pittacus, Bias, Chilo, Cleobulus and Periander. Solon had the noblest, profoundest character of them all. So implicitly did the Athenians trust in his integrity and discernment that they gave him the powers of a legal dictator to clear away the social and political confusion which threatened to cause a war of the classes. The Solonian legislation is famous in the history of jurisprudence. Solon was "very desirous of knowledge," says Plutarch, and traveled "rather to see the world, and to learn, than to traffic or gain." Even when long past his prime, the philosopher used to say frequently:

I grow old learning still.

331. ***Hath another been wounded in the warres, fared hard, lain in a cold bed many a bitter storme, and beene at many a hard banquet? all these have I; another imprisoned? so have I; another long beene sick? so have I; another plagued with an unquiet life? so have I; another indebted to his hearts griefe, and faine would pay and cannot? so am I.***

— Nicholas Breton (1545?–1626),
English poet.

HERE is a large picture on a small screen—a biography which in a few lines opens to the imagination many graphic scenes in a life of which few facts are known. It is contained in "A Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters," signed "N. B." (1603). . . . . Breton wrote fresh and sunny pastorals and some religious poems which indicate an earnestly devout mind. His works are now very rare and of much value to collectors.

332. ***I have now done everything, so I can go and make my report to the emperor Alexander.***

— Count Arakcheev, Aleksyei Andreevich (1769–1834),
Russian soldier and statesman.

THE man whose masterly reorganization of the Russian artillery had been a large factor in the victories of the czarist armies during the Napoleonic wars lay dying on his estate at Gruzina (April 21, 1834). To the last his eyes were fixed adoringly on a miniature of his imperial master Alexander I, who had gone to the grave nine years ahead of him. It was the portrait which he had elected to accept from the hands of the emperor (March 31, 1814) in lieu of the ukase, in the royal handwriting, appointing him field-marshal. In Alexander's last years Arakcheev was his most trusted counselor and dearest friend; and the count piously cherished his memory, setting aside in his closing days 25,000 roubles for the author of the best biography of the emperor.

333. ***See what power the devil has over one who has fallen into his hands!***

— Guillaume Farel (1489–1565),
One of the leaders of the Reformation.

SERVETUS, learned theological speculator, whose controversial tracts had brought him into a fatal clash with the stern Calvin, was being burned for his heresy at Champel (Oct. 27, 1553). As the flames closed around him he uttered his last prayer to God, and his supplication drew from Farel, who was a witness of the torture, an exclamation which showed that he could carry his pious orthodoxy to inhuman extremes. Farel had accompanied Servetus to the stake, and had been striving with him up to the last moment for a recantation. The failure of his arguments evidently hardened his heart altogether toward the doomed man. Farel was one of Calvin's closest confidants, and a fervent proselytizer. He had been converted from Catholicism in his early manhood.

334. ***France is deaf to the justification of cowardice. It is necessary to submit to shame when one has committed a treason.***

— Isaac Adolphe Cremieux (1796–1880),
French advocate.

GOVERNED by the highest sense of honor, Cremieux as minister of justice used these ringing words in refusing a petition for a *memoire justificatif* from the Jew Deutz, who had brought down on his head general reprobation for betraying the Duchess de Berry to the French government at Bordeaux (1832). The duchess, eldest daughter of King Francis I of Naples, had been living in England, but returned to France with the design of obtaining the throne for her son, known in history as the Count de Chambord. Cremieux wrote further to Deutz:

> *I can do nothing for you. It is impossible for me to justify you in the eyes of the public. I can see nothing that will excuse a crime which I detest, and which arraigns you before no other judges than public opinion. If you count me as your co-religionaire you will see your error.*

335. ** * * An Advocate * * * ought to know how to reconcile the interests of his clients with the eternal interests of truth and justice.*

— Sir Alexander Cockburn (1802–1880),
English jurist.

FOR twenty-one years (1859-1880) Sir Alexander was lord chief justice of England, and in all that time he never knowingly deviated from the straight line of legal impartiality. His high sense of professional honor was always uppermost in his intentions. His speech in reply to the toast of "the judges of England" at a banquet in the Middle Temple Hall, London (Nov. 8, 1864), is still regarded as a well-nigh perfect exposition of the limits to which a lawyer can go before bench or jury without being unfair to the great moral law. The guest of honor was M. Berryer, eminent French advocate. Lord Brougham, preceding Sir Alexander, made the sweeping assertion that the first great duty of an advocate was "to reckon everything subordinate to the interests of his client." The lord chief justice took uncompromising issue with this extreme stand, in words which roused the cheers of the distinguished gathering.

336. ***Qui premier s'en repentira.***
(He who is first will regret it.)

— PHILIPPE DESPORTES (1546–1606),
French poet.
(See 470.)

JUST before Henri I of Lorraine, third duke of Guise, went to his tragic death, he had on his lips this refrain from one of the villanelles which Desportes could turn off so lightly. . . . . Guise, the head of the Catholic party in France, formed a "Holy League" with the aim of dethroning Henry III. He could have seized the crown on the Day of the Barricades (May 12, 1588), with the mobs of Paris at his back, but forbore, and enabled the king to escape from the capital. Henry made terms with the League and appointed Guise lieutenant-general of the royal armies—as a mask for his scheme of vengeance. On Dec. 23, the duke was summoned to the king's presence, and went, despite the warnings of friends. Posted in the dimly-lighted passages of the palace were forty-five Gascons hired by Henry to do the killing. When Guise, waiting in the council-chamber, received word to go to the king, he walked out into the ambuscade, and fell dead in the hall under the thrusts of sword and dagger. His brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, was murdered in prison the next day.

337. ***Lie heavy on him, earth, for he***
Laid many heavy loads on thee.

THIS epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh, British architect and dramatist (1664-1726), is attributed to Dr. Abel Evans. It is a neat hit at "Van's" ponderous architectural style. Voltaire observed of him humorously ("Letters on the English"): "The general opinion is that he is as sprightly in his writings as he is heavy in his buildings"; and of the Castle of Blenheim, his biggest work, the French philosopher says that if the apartments had been as spacious as the walls were thick, it would have been commodious enough. Designed on a gigantic scale, Blenheim was the butt of sarcastic quips by Swift, Walpole, and other wits of the day. It occupies the room of three city blocks. Vanbrugh built a theatre in London for the production of his own plays and those of Congreve, whose cooperation he had obtained in the disastrous venture. The pile was so vast that the acoustics were wretched and its career was brief. Vanbrugh erected many splendid country mansions for the nobility, and had a castle of his own on Maze Hill, Blackheath, but he died (March 26, 1726) in his plain town house; the British War Office now stands on the site. Vanbrugh's great desideratum was size; comfort was a mere detail. If he could extend the perspective by locating the kitchen a quarter-mile from the dining room, he did it blithely.

338. ***It looks as if I had desir'd him underhand to write so ill against me; but upon my honest word I have not brib'd him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet.*** * * *

— John Dryden (1631–1700),
English poet.

IT seems that Dryden, almost two centuries and a half ago, understood the reactive value of derogatory criticism in creating a general demand for the very book or play it is designed to knock out. Were he alive to-day he would see astonishing proofs of this truism in the mediocre stories and inexcusable stage productions which have been rescued from the early oblivion they deserved and have ridden to unjust popularity and prosperity on sordid conniving "underhand." In a passage of his "Preface to Fables Ancient and Modern" only a few months before his death (May 1, 1700), Dryden scornfully hit back at one Rev. Luke Milbourne, who had assailed his most important translation, "The Works of Virgil" (published 1697), which represented three years of labor. He said:

> *'T is true, I should be glad if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on anything of mine; for I find by experience he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them.*

The fame of Dryden had been securely fixed many years before, and he could well afford to be contemptuous of the carpers. As for Milbourne, his only claim to remembrance is the fact that he was fortunate enough to have "the English Chaucer" stoop to notice him at all.

339. ***I fear it will be some time before I tune my lyre again. By Babel's streams I have sat and wept.*** * * *

— Robert Burns (1759–1796),
Scottish poet.

BURNS had indeed put down his lyre for the last time (April, 1796). There were no more harmonies in the soul of the genius whose lyrics are securely shrined in every Scottish heart. Burns was coming down to die at Dumfries a lonely, hopeless man, forsaken by the inspiration which had given to a grateful world "Auld Lang Syne," "To a Daisy," "Hallowe'en," "The Cotter's Saturday Night." This sad figure "by Babel's streams"—broken in health, haunted by remorse, enshrouded by gloom that no light could pierce—could not be he who had so blithely written:

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.

He knew that his end was near. It came on July 21. With simple honors they laid him away in the soil of his own Scotland—better there than in Westminster. Thus closed one of the most pathetic chapters in the history of literature.

The pale moon is setting beyond the white wave,
And Time is setting wi' me, O.

Time was no more for genial Bobbie Burns—but Sweet Afton still flows gently through the tender verses he wrote to his Mary; and "A Man's a Man for a' That" still stirs many a faltering heart to fresh courage and endeavor.

340. ***It is hard to promise, but easy to perform.***

— Julius (Gyula), Count Andrassy (1823–1890), Hungarian statesman.

IN adopting this unusual motto Andrassy reversed a more or less popular axiom which stresses the difficulty of the performance and the comparative ease of making the pledge. The German-Austrian offensive-defensive alliance, which he concluded with Prince Bismarck at Vienna (Oct. 7, 1879) the day before he resigned as minister of foreign affairs of Austria-Hungary, bore out his theory so far as to prove that a mutual promise between two nations can remain firmly cemented just so long as both stay true to the principles of the contract. This pact held almost forty years, till the end of the World War, which rent it perforce. Andrassy has been termed the "master-builder of the modern Hungarian state."

341. ***Forma Venus, arte Minerva.***
(Venus in form, Minerva in art.)

THIS common description of Marie Fiquet du Boccage (1710-1802), French poetess, implies that she had the combination, so rare, of enthralling personal attractions and intelligent accomplishments; but it is reasonable to assume that most of her reputation was due to her physical charms. She did indeed aspire to a high literary achievement in her "Paradis Terrestre" (Earthly Paradise), an imitation of Milton; she issued a volume of poems which even Voltaire saw fit to praise; she was a member of the academies of Rome, Rouen, Lyons, Bologna and Padua: but at this day her verses appear colorless. While traveling in England, Holland, and Italy, she wrote letters to her sister, Madame Duperron, which are still interesting in an age when the fine art of correspondence is almost at the vanishing-point.

342. * * * ***True to the religion of his forefathers, wise as Socrates, teaching immortality, and, like Socrates, becoming immortal.***

— KARL WILHELM RAMLER (1725–1798),
German poet.

RAMLER wrote this epitaph for the philosopher Moses Mendelssohn (1729-1786), foremost Jewish philosopher of the eighteenth century. The environment in which Mendelssohn produced his "Phadon" (1767), affirming the immortality of the soul, was strikingly like that of to-day, more than a century and a half later. It was fashionable to worship Materialism and to talk of death as the absolute end of body and spirit together. It speaks highly for Mendelssohn's clear and attractive style that his work was immediately popular. He became known as the "German Plato" ("Phadon" was modeled on the Platonic dialogue of the same name), or the "German Socrates." He was the first great champion of Jewish emancipation in the eighteenth century.

343. ***Know thy opportunity.***

— PITTACUS (650–570 B. C.),
One of the Seven Sages of Greece.

PITTACUS was prolific in wise sayings. Among the few that are extant probably the best known is that cited here, which was one of the mottoes in the temple at Delphi. It harmonizes closely with his *Know how to act.* He was also the author of *It is hard to be good,* and *It is a misfortune to be eminent.* . . . . For ten years (589-579) Pittacus was dictator of Lesbos. He was so bitter against excessive wine tippling that he dealt out double penalties for offenses committed during intoxication. Pittacus wrote many elegiac verses, but only five have come down through the ages.

344. *La montagne est passée, nous irons mieux.*
(We are over the hill, we shall go better now.)

— FREDERICK THE GREAT.

A GREAT sovereign was closing his reign of forty-six years—Death, who dethrones them all, was reaching out for his crown. . . . . It was a little past midnight when Frederick fancied himself "over the hill"—but he still had some of the journey to go. And his devoted valet Strutzki, one of his three favorite servants, went further with him than the rest. It was Strutzki who noticed that the king in his half-conscious moments slumped deeply in his chair (he would not keep to his bed) and thereby increased the distress of his breathing; so the valet lifted his dying master—no longer the firm-bodied Frederick of old—and took him on one knee, resting the other on the floor. With the king's right arm about his neck, Strutzki kept that difficult posture for two long hours. Shortly after two o'clock in the morning (Aug. 17, 1786), he slowly arose and gently placed his impassive burden on the couch.

345. ***It has been left to you to shape a real Christ, while I have made a peasant.***

— DONATELLO, Donato Di Betto Bardi (1386–1466),
Italian sculptor.

IF modesty is a proof of genius, Donatello was amply equipped. The wooden crucifix which he made for the church of Santa Croce in Florence (between 1412 and 1415), though his first venture in carving the nude, perhaps was his most pronounced success in realism; yet when he gazed upon the carven crucifix of his friend Filippo Brunelleschi (1379-1446) in the Florentine church of Santa Maria Novella—a beautiful thing, to be sure—he made the above remark in deprecation of his own achievement. The two works are said to have been executed in good-humored rivalry. Such great critics as Michelangelo and Raphael attested that Donatello was a real master.

346. ***These people seem disposed to give me exercise.***

— CHARLES XII,
King of Sweden.
(See 302.)

THIS fighting Swedish emperor had a strenuous time of it at the battle of Narva (Nov. 30, 1700), where he pitted his seven thousand gallant soldiers against eighty thousand Russians under Peter the Great and the duke of Croy, and almost annihilated them. As always, Charles stuck where the combat was hottest. Horse after horse was shot under him. As he put his foot in the stirrup of his fifth or sixth mount, he observed with sober humor to an aide that his foes appeared disposed to keep him exercising. . . . . Charles was in his socks during the last hour of the engagement, and without a sword. While leading an assault in the snowstorm, he had fallen into a swamp, and left his boots and blade there when he was pulled out by his men. But he no longer had need for them. The Russians were panic-stricken, throwing themselves headlong into the river Narova to effect escape, and surrendering by the thousands.

347. ***Peu de matière et beaucoup d'art.***
(***Little material and much art.***)

— PAUL LOUIS COURIER (1773–1825),
French political writer.

COURIER'S own words describe his talent as a pamphleteer. Champion of the middle class, he presented their legal and economic wrongs, and also exposed the sufferings of the peasants under the royalist régime, with such biting irony and sharp wit, reinforced by sincerity and sense, that he became one of the most dreaded opponents of the government of the Restoration. He was once imprisoned and fined for his powerful advocacy of a liberalized monarchy. Even to-day his papers furnish entertainment; he gave an artistic touch to interesting information about the events of his own time.

348. ***Mankind threw out the world, will improve, and beter there condition, in proportion, as they come, to se, know, and understand, That, what a man soweth, That, must he also reap, Some where, Some how, And at Some time. And that, by the operation of a reighn of laws, so wise and good, they will never require to (be) altered amend or revoked.***

— PETER COOPER (1791–1883),
American inventor, manufacturer and philanthropist.

THE founder and endower of the Cooper Union wrote this in the album of Lafayette E. Cornwell, a jeweler in Yonkers, N. Y., who has been collecting autographs of the famous for half a century. The sentiment is no less characteristic of the man than the quaint spelling and punctuation; for Cooper started life unschooled, and without the advantages of education became wealthy through his thrift, his common sense, his honesty, and his business genius. The first American-built steam locomotive came from his hands and his designs. His financial support saved from failure the laying of the first Atlantic cable. He established his great fortune in the Canton Iron Works in Baltimore. The Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain honored him with the Bessemer gold medal (1879). Cooper's biography forms one of the most interesting and instructive chapters in the industrial and educational growth of the United States. For its soundness of thought his entry in the Cornwell album will bear more than one reading.

349. ***I can tell the world, 'you have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man.'***

—Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881),
English historian, essayist and philosopher.

IN a burst of justified enthusiasm Carlyle thus addressed his wife on the memorable day (Jan. 12, 1837) when he completed his "French Revolution," which planted him solidly on the pinnacle of literary fame and became one of the most celebrated of all historical efforts. His experience with the first volume had been enough to discourage a man of less determination. It took him five months to finish it, and then, while in the care of John Stuart Mill for annotation, the manuscript was accidentally burned. But with fresh resolution and an inspiration keen as ever Carlyle buckled again to the task, and rewrote it all. Incidentally Mill paid him a hundred pounds to compensate him for the loss of his copy, and gave the work a great push toward success with a highly laudatory critique of it in the *Fortnightly Review,* hailing it (as he says in his "Autobiography") "as one of those productions of genius which are above all rules, and are a law to themselves." The "French Revolution" is a prose epic indeed. Never another book in the world had such an impetuous style, such snapping, staccato sentences. It opens vivid vistas on every page.

350. ***These are the times that try men's souls.***

—Thomas Paine (1737–1809),
English author.

FAMOUS for his "Age of Reason" and "Rights of Man," Paine wrote these words—which became a battle-cry of the American Colonists—during the forlorn retreat of Washington's army through New Jersey after the loss of New York to the British. It was the first week in December, 1777; footsore from their day-long tramp over the ruts of the frozen roads, the disconsolate Continentals had paused for the night. Sitting by one of the camp-fires, Paine (a volunteer aide-de-camp to Gen. Greene), composed "The Crisis"—an important part of the literature of the Revolutionary period. . . . . Only a week after this treatise was published (Dec. 19), Washington made his celebrated night crossing of the Delaware (Dec. 26), fell upon Trenton, and bagged the Hessians, who were still confused from their Christmas wassail. The victory at Princeton speedily followed. . . . . On Jan. 9, 1776, almost six months before the Declaration of Independence was signed, Paine's pamphlet "Common Sense" had caused a great stir throughout the Colonies with its vigorous appeal for the immediate pronouncement of an American republic. He argued that the step was inevitable, and that the longer it was put off the more difficult it would be. Washington credited it with working "a powerful change in the minds of many men."

351. ***If you let me out to-day, I will preach again to-morrow.***

— JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688),
English religious author.

WHEN the Cavaliers of the Restoration threw out their net for the Dissenters, among the many they hauled in was a Baptist preacher of Bedford, destined to become famous as the writer of "Pilgrim's Progress." He was cast into the cheerless dungeon dignified by the name of Bedford County Jail, and his wife and four small children were left to get along as best they could. The thought of their privations was continual torment to Bunyan. Above all, he yearned to be with the sightless daughter of whom he was especially fond. Yet he was so firmly rooted in his Christian convictions that when taken before a tribunal and offered his liberty if he would pledge himself to preach no more, he gave a defiant answer. For twelve years Bunyan was imprisoned, except for a brief interval of tentative liberty which only tantalized him, but his fortitude never failed. If it were denied him to speak in his own pulpit, he could at least interpret the Bible to his fellow-captives, and he discoursed earnestly to his little flock. He fashioned thousands of shoe-laces for the hawkers, to help keep his family from destitution. . . . . It would make the record much more interesting to add that during his trial of soul his masterpiece was created; but it is probable that he conceived the character of the memorable pilgrim, Christian, and put down his fortunes, in the old jail on the bridge over the river Ouse, during another and shorter period of imprisonment in 1675.

352. ***My dwelling-place will soon be nothingness; my name is written in the Pantheon of history.***

— Georges Jacques Danton (1759–1794),
French Revolutionist.
(See 388.)

IT was a farcical formality for the Revolutionary Tribunal to ask of Danton his name and dwelling-place. His haughty answer rebuked the mockery of his whole trial. . . . .

> *They are sending me to the scaffold. Well, my friends, we must go to it gayly!*

So he cried, tossing his head defiantly. After that, the savage Saint-Just endeavored to stop his tongue altogether; but Danton would not be muzzled. Out through the open windows of the chamber rolled his violent words to the curious multitude. All Paris was silent and listening; it had dropped its work to give an ear to this tragedy. And in the unwonted stillness Danton's fierce vehemence carried far, even to the quays beyond the Seine. Futile were Saint-Just's interruptions; vain was his jangling of the president's bell. . . . . The Lion was overwhelming the jackals. . . . . The crowd without showed signs of tumult. They were falling under the spell of this wild and fearless declaimer. But Saint-Just found a means to cut off the tirade. Under a ruling extempore Danton was adjudged in contempt for showing disrespect to "justice"—never was a noble word more shamelessly abused—and the sentence of death was curtly pronounced upon him.

353. ***At home I am great.***

— Count of Medina Celi,
Spanish nobleman.
(See 838.)

THE count, who was stunted in stature, was helping Ferdinand of Aragon and Castile into his great-coat one day when the king, looking down on his dwarfish figure, exclaimed:

Man, how little you are!

The nobleman, one of the greatest in Spain, passed off the taunt with a humorous reply. . . . . It is to be remembered, however, that but for Medina Celi's cordial attitude toward Christopher Columbus, somebody else might have discovered America. In any event, Spain probably never would have had the honor of launching the expedition which brought to light the Western world. When Columbus, frowned on at Genoa and Lisbon, sought aid for his project in the south of Spain he was received most hospitably by the count, and entertained for two years at his splendid estate on the sea-shore. Medina Celi greatly encouraged the adventurer and even considered giving him several caravels for his voyage. Reflecting, however, that so vast an enterprise ought to have royal sanction, he wrote to Queen Isabella recommending Columbus to her consideration. It was this letter which won the explorer his first audience at the Castilian court in Cordova. Without it, he would, in all likelihood, have left Spain forever and gone to France for assistance.

354. ***All education not founded on religion is unproductive.***

FRIEDRICH WILHELM AUGUST FROEBEL (1782–1852),
German educational reformer and philosopher.

FROEBEL invented the name *kindergarten,* or "garden of children," and opened the first one in history (1837), in the village of Blankenburg, near Keilhau. Thus he carried out his theory that any occupation in which children delight is play to them, and gratified his ambition "to give them employment in agreement with their whole nature, to strengthen their bodies, to exercise their senses, to engage their awakening mind," and especially "to guide aright the heart and the affections." He had noted the deplorable state of the "raw material" brought into the schools to be assimilated: till the children had reached the school age they were entirely neglected—physically, morally, mentally. His own sufferings in his neglected youth made him the keener to promote the happiness and well-being of young boys and girls. Froebel was declared by Michelet, the brilliant French historian, to be the greatest of educational reformers.

355. ***The first step towards philosophy is incredulity.***

— DENIS DIDEROT (1713–1784),
French man of letters.

THIS was one of the last recorded utterances of the famous encyclopaedist, who was at his best when in animated conversation. Marmontel, one of his contemporaries, said of him:

> *He who only knows Diderot in his writings does not know him at all. When he * * * allowed his thoughts to flow in all their abundance, then he became truly ravishing.*

Diderot was an unconditional atheist.

356. *Ach, mein lieber Sulzer, er kennt nicht diese verdammte Rasse.*

(*Ah, my dear Sulzer, you don't know this damned race!*)

— Frederick the Great.

WITH all his humanity and his pronounced love of fair play for his people, Frederick had little faith in the enlightenment of the masses. He desired that the populace should be as comfortable and happy as possible, but as for lifting them to a higher level of intelligence and culture—it was not feasible. A school inspector, Sulzer, in conversation with him one day ventured to remark upon the improvement of public education in the country. Emboldened by the king's quiet attention, he went on to point out that schoolmasters were not so severe in their methods as in former times when it was the belief that the natural inclination of mankind was to evil. "Now," he said, "we recognize that the inborn inclination of man is rather to good." Undoubtedly he was startled by Frederick's crisp rejoinder.

357. *Avoid excesses.*

— Cleobulus (d. about 560 B. C.),
One of the Seven Greek Sages.

CLEOBULUS, who was the ruler of Lindus in Rhodes and celebrated for his riddles and lyric poetry, selected from amongst his philosophical aphorisms a very brief one for the Temple of Delphi. It is heavy with wisdom, however, and by adhering to his own advice Cleobulus kept his handsome person and his strength.

358. *J'attendrai.*
(I will wait.)
— Francois Joachim de Pierre de Bernis (1715–1794),
French ecclesiastic.

BERNIS deserves to have his whole long name set down—for he was one of the most patient waiters in history. . . . . From his childhood he had been intended for the Church. His family was noble but poor, and he sought the patronage of Cardinal Fleury to aid his advancement. His indiscreet and irregular habits had come to the notice of Fleury, who told him plainly:

You have nothing to expect during my life.

Bernis cooly replied that he "would wait"—inwardly hoping, no doubt, that Fleury's stay upon earth might not be prolonged unduly. Fleury accommodated him by dying some years later (1743), and Bernis proceeded to make up for lost time. He made himself well-liked in the court of Louis XV by his smart epigrams, and won the good graces of Madame de Pompadour—a lucky stroke. For she obtained for him a pension of fifteen hundred livres, furnished an apartment for him in the Tuileries, and contrived his appointment as Cardinal by Clement XIII (November, 1758). Only a month later Bernis made the grievous mistake, however, of trying to interfere with Pompadour's spendthrift policy, and she forced Louis to banish him to Soissons, where he had to stay for six years. . . . . "J'attendrai," said Bernis again, to himself. And for a second time his patience proved fruitful. La Pompadour's death (1764) was quite as fortunate for him as the passing of Fleury had been. With her out of the way he became archbishop of Albi; then ambassador in Rome, where he ever afterward lived, and where he died (Nov. 3, 1794). . . . . Frederick the Great sagely remarked of Bernis:

His follies were his fortune; when he grew wise he fell.

359. *No monk is required to tell thee of the shortness and precariousness of human life. * * **

— PETRARCH, Francesco Petrarca (1304–1374), Italian poet.

THIS sensible admonition by the great lyric poet prevented Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-1375), author of the classic "Decameron," from seeking the oblivion of a cloister cell at the age of forty-eight, in the moral and spiritual crisis of his life. . . . . While he was in seclusion at his native town Certaldo, not far from Florence (1361), a Carthusian monk who was dying sent him through a brother friar a warning ostensibly received in a revelation, that unless he abandoned his godless ways in life and literature he would speedily perish. The message had a terrifying effect on Boccaccio's impressionable nature. For the first time he realized the impurity of much of his writing, and the extent of his own vices. His satires on the Church recurred to him with agonizing force. He decided, as a penance for it all, to sell his library and finish his days in a monastery. He wrote of his plans to Petrarch, his dearest friend; and Petrarch's reply cleared the turmoil from his brain and saved him to the world of letters. The poet thus enjoined him:

> ** * * Of the advice received accept that which is good; abandon worldly cares, conquer thy passions, and reform thy soul and life of degraded habits. But do not give up the studies which are the true food of a healthy mind.*

. . . . In his remaining years Boccaccio produced four important Latin treatises and one of his finest works—the beautiful love-story in verse, "Il Ninfale Fiesolano." He entered the church (1362), and died peacefully (Dec. 21, 1375) at his beloved Certaldo, aged sixty-two—sixteen months after Petrarch.

360. * * * ***When I say I am the author I mean the total and undivided author.***

— Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832),
Scottish novelist and poet.
(See 523.)

THE greatest literary mystery of the nineteenth century was at last cleared. Whose the hand behind the Waverley Novels?—the question had remained unanswered for thirteen years. Now (1827) at a banquet in Edinburgh, Scott publicly revealed the secret. Really he could do nothing else. He had been caught napping by Lord Meadowbank, a judge of the court of sessions, who had suddenly made the surprising announcement to the gathering that the author was among them. All came to their feet with cheers and applause. There was no way out of it for Sir Walter but a confession. So when the hubbub quieted he rose and made a clean breast of it. He said:

> *Like another Scottish criminal of more consequence, Macbeth,*
>
> > *'I am afraid to think what I have done,*
> > *Look on't again I dare not.'*
>
> *I have thus far unbosomed myself and I know that my confession will be reported to the police. I mean seriously to state that when I say I am the author I mean the total and undivided author.*

Scott's cleverness in keeping the public so long mystified was remarkable. Even those of his Edinburgh friends who felt satisfied that he was "the Great Unknown" were sometimes puzzled. He never missed his court post; he kept open house at Abbotsford—rarely seeming pressed for leisure. Yet he was writing two or three "Waverleys" a year and, in his own name, other works not a few, including the nineteen volumes of his Swift edition. Meanwhile all the speculation kept up interest in the novels and increased the sales—a profitable feature of the situation to which Sir Walter, with his Scotch canniness, was probably not indifferent.

361. ***The Roman people, and Titus Quinctius, their general, having conquered King Philip and the Macedonians, declare all the Greek states which had been subject to the king henceforward free and independent.***

THE Isthmian games at Corinth were in full swing when came the great news that the shadow of Philip of Macedon no longer menaced the brightness of the land. A year had passed since the Roman consul Titus Quinctius Flamininus, with almost all Greece at his back, had taken the field against Philip and defeated him decisively (spring of 197 B. C.) at the low mountain range of Cynos-cephalae in Thessaly; but it took time for the peace commissioners to come from Rome, so the Corinthians were still unaware that their liberty had been gained. . . . . In upon the merriment of the festival there broke the clamorous notes of a trumpet—the blast of a herald, who had arrived with Flamininus himself to make the glad announcement. As he concluded—*"henceforward free and independent"*—such a shout of joy went up that the sailors far away in the harbor heard it, and wondered; and birds flying over the race-course were stunned into falling (so Plutarch says). The athletes were straightway deserted; gymnasts, equestrians, musicians thronged with all the other jubilant people about their liberator, covering him with garlands and chaplets of parsley and pine till Flamininus was nearly overwhelmed under their tributes. . . . . At Cynos-cephalae the Macedonian phalanx and the Roman legion had clashed for the first time, and the phalanx had had the better of it. Then a nameless tribune, the real hero of the day, turned it into a Roman triumph by collecting twenty companies and falling with irresistible force upon the rear of the Macedonian machine, which was in eager pursuit of the Roman left. In its unwieldy formation it could not adjust itself to the sudden attack from behind, and was routed.

362. ***I am convinced, like you, that the discovery of the Sieur de la Salle is useless, and that such enterprises ought to be prevented in future, as they tend only to debauch the inhabitants by the hope of gain, and to diminish the revenue from beaver-skins.***

— Louis XIV.

THIS French king thought more of a few beaver-pelts than of an empire in the New World. . . . . Sieur de la Salle (1643-1687), first voyageur down the Mississippi from its upper course to its mouth, had marked for France, with monument and cross in a swamp at the mouth of the great river (April 9, 1682), a rich territory five times larger than all France. He had made a present of Louisiana to his sovereign. Yet Louis, whose vision rarely extended beyond a glass of wine or a pretty feminine figure, could see only an upset for him in the beaver trade! . . . . An enemy of La Salle— La Barre— had succeeded the explorer's good friend Frontenac as governor of Canada, and seizing his forts had ordered him to Quebec to be disciplined for extending his discoveries so boldly. When informed of this Louis wrote a letter to La Barre—history has few more curious—giving his royal endorsement to the governor's sentiments about the worthlessness of La Salle's achievement. Later La Salle was restored to the king's favor and set out with a fleet to colonize Louisiana, but missed the outlet of the Mississippi and landed in Texas. He never again set eyes on the majestic waterway he had once conquered. After struggling desperately for two years to find the delta, his companions, embittered by their sufferings, rebelled and slew him. . . . . His pathetic death was far nobler than the end of the heedless monarch who at first had mocked his magnificent territorial gift.

363. ***I have no place to repair to except an inn, and am often with nothing to pay for my sustenance.***

— CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (1446 or 1451–1506).

(See 827, 838.)

TO the everlasting shame of Ferdinand V, the noble navigator who had discovered a new hemisphere for him was left to die in destitution and sorrow in a lodging-house at Valladolid, robbed of all the honors that were his due, mocked in his appeals for justice. With the death of his patron, Queen Isabella, he had lost his only protector at court; and basely abandoned by the perfidious Ferdinand, he would have starved but for his sons and a few loyal companions. The sovereign, in whose service he had made four voyages, wrecked his health, and spent his fortune, would not bother with the old man. Never a courtier came from the royal residence to inquire how he was faring or to toss him a pittance. Shortly before his death Columbus in a letter to a friend told of his extremity in a few pathetic words. Writing his will, and brooding mournfully upon the ingratitude of kings, the next day Columbus expired (Ascension Day, May 20, 1506), murmuring:

In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.
(*Into thy hand, O Lord, I commend my spirit.*)

As his eyes closed he was still dreaming of that other expedition he had hoped for which would have led him, he fondly believed, to the riches of the Orient. . . . . Eventually Spain wakened to the importance of the prize Columbus had laid within her grasp. She sent over her mailed men to retain it. But she was swept out of her new world as by the forces of righteous retribution, until not a vestige of her proud power remained. . . . . Cristobal Colon was avenged.

364. ***L'arbre de la liberté ne croît qu'arosé par le sang des tyrans.***

(***The tree of liberty grows only when watered by the blood of tyrants.***)

— Bertrand Barere de Vieuzac (1755–1841),
French Revolutionist.
(Compare 1105.)

TERMED "the Anacreon of the guillotine" because of the flowery style in which he expressed his merciless ideas, Barere summoned all his poetical stock-in-trade against Louis XVI at the trial of that king. He would have no compromise whatever with the monarchy. The sooner Louis was rushed to the gallows, the better. The proposal to refer the monarch's fate to the decision of the people angered Barere. He cast his vote—"without appeal and without delay" —for the execution, on the grounds that

> *The law is for death, and I am here only as the organ of the law.*

His speech in the Convention was a denunciation of all kings as a breed that should be exterminated to promote the growth of the "tree of liberty." He attacked Louis only as a type. . . . . Barere's conduct, public or private, was almost invariably unscrupulous. He had a narrow escape from the guillotine himself, but managed to evade the sentence of the Thermidorians and hid in Bordeaux till the storm blew over. Napoleon found him of the right material to use as a spy. The Bourbons banished him for life from France as a regicide, but he came back, like a spurious penny, after the Revolution of 1830, and thenceforth eked out a poor existence on a small pension allowed him by Louis Philippe. He died (Jan. 13, 1841) without friends or sympathizers.

365. **** * * None, but that you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man.***

— Maj. John Andre (1751–1780),
British soldier.

ASKED what last request he had to make, André returned this answer just before he was hanged as a spy by the Americans, near the village of Tappan, N. Y. (Oct. 2, 1780). He met his fate without faltering, this accomplished young Briton (he was only twenty-nine): a good painter, a skillful musician, and a writer of charming verse. His plea that he might be shot like a soldier and so spared the ignominy of the rope was ignored. When he saw the gallows he started, and said: "Gentlemen, I did not expect this." . . . . On André's tomb in Westminster Abbey are the words:

He fell a sacrifice to his zeal for
his king and his country.

His whole pathetic story is in that inscription. Benedict Arnold played cunningly upon his feelings and involved him in the plot which aimed at nothing less than the betrayal of Gen. George Washington into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander at New York. The plans of West Point were discovered in André's boots by three militiamen, who seized him in spite of the passport from Arnold which he carried. His own confession that he was in the character of a spy and ought to suffer death completed the case against him. The whole British army mourned for him, and there was general sorrow among the Colonists over his tragic end. Washington is said to have shed tears when informed of his execution. But the sentence was just; the real cause for regret was the escape of the renegade Arnold who lured him into his mournful plight.

366. ***An officer fit for duty, who at this crisis would abandon his post to electioneer for Congress, ought to be scalped.***

— Rutherford B. Hayes.

HAYES was as square a shooter in his politics as in his soldier's uniform. While distinguishing himself by his gallantry in the field as colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, with Crook's Division in West Virginia (August, 1864), he was nominated for the national house of representatives by the Republicans of the Second Ohio district. A friend suggested in all earnestness that he get a furlough and canvass on the stump. The reply of Hayes was rebuke enough. He kept on fighting, and was elected just the same, by a majority of 2400, taking his seat the following December.

367. ***There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look pretty.***

— Antoine Pierre Berryer (1790–1868),
French advocate and orator.

A GREAT flatterer of the ladies was Berryer. His gallantry toward them—whether they were charming or commonplace—was almost as marked as his eloquence, and that is saying much; for his oratory won many important court cases for him. He failed, however, to obtain the acquittal of Marshal Ney before the Chamber of Peers. Berryer was particularly active in the defense of prosecuted journalists and always championed the freedom of the press. He was elected to the French Academy in 1854.

368. ***J'y suis, j'y reste.***
(Here I am, here I remain.)

— MAURICE DE MACMAHON (1808–1893),
French marshal.
(Compare 601.)

AT terrible cost MacMahon had stormed the Malakoff, the great stone tower which was the key to the Russian defenses at Sebastopol. After savage fighting (Sept. 8, 1855) his corps were firmly lodged within the formidable redoubt that had grimly defied the Allied armies for eleven months. Now that he had grasped the prize supreme, he had no notion of relinquishing it. Hence his short, incisive reply to his commander-in-chief, General Pelissier, who from his post of observation had signaled a warning that the retreating Russians might turn this French triumph into a catastrophe for MacMahon by exploding some of the many mines with which the Malakoff hill was believed to be honeycombed. But nothing of the sort happened. It was that final assault of MacMahon's troops, with the Zouaves in the van, which ended one of the most famous sieges in war annals. The resolute marshal of 1855 subsequently became the president of France.

369. ***Consider the end.***

— CHILON (6th century B. C.),
One of the Seven Sages of Greece.

CHILON held that the greatest virtue man could cherish was prudence, and the pithy precept which he selected to be inscribed in the Delphian Temple for his remembrance emphasized the need of sound judgment as to future events—a long, critical look ahead. Little is known of Chilon's life. He is reported to have died suddenly from the shock of joy on learning that his son had won a prize at the Olympian games.

370. I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.

—NATHAN HALE (1756–1776),
American patriot.

HALE, who was a captain in Washington's army, and only twenty-one, uttered this noble sentiment just before he was hanged by the British as a spy in the War of American Independence. After the battle of Long Island he volunteered to invade the enemy's lines and obtain information as to their strength and the disposition of their forces. Disguised as a school-teacher (that was his calling before the war), he went about making observations. When returning to Washington's camp he was captured, and on being searched at Sir William Howe's headquarters at Bloomingdale, drawings of fortifications with other telltale evidence was discovered in his shoes. He was executed the next day (Sept. 22, 1776), being shot before sunrise in the orchard of Col. Henry Rutgers, near the present corner of Market street and East Broadway. The British treated him with needless brutality. The provost-marshal Cunningham refused him a Bible and the services of a minister, and tore up his farewell letters to his mother. Hale was undaunted to the last. He declared, with his head high:

> *If I had ten thousand lives, I would lay them down in defense of my country.* * * *

A statue of Hale by the American sculptor MacMonnies stands in the City Hall Park, New York.

371. ***You have to make your choice between a crown and a passport.***

—Jacques Lafitte (1767–1844),
French banker and statesman.

WITH this terse ultimatum to Louis Philippe, Lafitte set a king on the French throne—and wrought his own political and financial ruin. Head of the great banking house of Perregaux, Laffitte et Cie, Governor of the Bank of France, and president of the Chamber of Commerce, he raised vast sums of money to carry along the Revolutionary cause of 1830. His house in Paris was headquarters for the leaders. When they offered Louis the post of lieutenant-general of the kingdom (July 31), Lafitte more than any one else (though Talleyrand has been given the credit) persuaded him to become the real ruler of France. For some time Lafitte was financial minister and president of the Deputies under the new king, but lost favor because of his conservatism and finally resigned (March 9, 1831), so sorely tried that on the floor of the chamber he called upon God and man to forgive him for helping to put Louis Philippe in power. He had to sell all his property to square his debts. From the ruins of his fortune he established a credit bank, and he was returned as a deputy; but his influence had vanished. . . . .It was with Lafitte that Napoleon, before leaving France for the last time, deposited five million francs in gold; and Lafitte, to meet the arrears of the imperial troops after Waterloo, paid out two million francs from his own pocket.

372. ***Here are my books.***

— Rene Descartes (1596–1650),
French philosophical reformer.
(See 81, 447, 739.)

WHEN Descartes secluded himself in Holland (spring of 1629) to spend the next twenty years in unvexed concentration on his studies and writings, he took but few books with him, a Bible and the "Summa" of Thomas Aquinas among them. One day a visitor to his retreat remarked upon the absence of a library. In reply the philosopher pointed to the animals he had dissected (to prove his theory that memory and imagination were physical processes). . . . . Descartes attended the Jesuit college at La Fleche, one of the most celebrated schools in Europe; but what he learned there did not satisfy him. Even then the new truths which were to make him famous simmered in his youthful brain. He had read all the volumes that fell into his hands, he tells us in his "Discourse on Method"—yet he was confused by doubts and errors. All his attempts at learning had resulted only in his discovery of his own ignorance. So as soon as he was free from his instructors he abandoned the study of letters altogether, resolving no longer to seek any other science than the knowledge of himself or of the "great book of the world." He desired to efface traditionary lore from his mind, that it might be clear to receive the impressions of fresher information. The "book of the world" proved inadequate, however, and he centered all his investigations on his own nature; which, to quote his own words, "was accomplished with greater success than it would have been had I never quitted my country or my books." . . . . Descartes gave back to the modern world Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato—and did it by deliberately casting adrift from the anchors of scholastic literature.

373. *Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!*

(*We must dare, and again dare, and forever dare!*)

— DANTON.

(See 352.)

ON the 2nd of September, 1792, Paris, in the bloody throes of revolution, was menaced from without by the Prussians under the duke of Brunswick, who were marching on the Capital to put down the Commune. Could this be a Sunday? Moiling throngs filled the streets; harsh cries, the air. Everything was confusion. Wild rumors sped the rounds.—Verdun had fallen! The enemy was at the gates! Traitors had schemed to give up the city! . . . . There was but little more sanity in the General Assembly. Panic had entered there also. But now came a vibrant voice of authority and power. It shouted commandingly above the din. Danton, minister of justice, had mounted the rostrum. Men forgot their apprehensions and listened, engrossed, to this Titan of eloquence:

> *Everything upheaves, everything totters! Let one part of the people go to the frontiers, another dig trenches, and the third defend the heart of the town with pikes.* * * *

The rattle of gunfire, the booming of tower bells, startled the Assembly.—The slaughter of the royalists!—Danton's thunderous tones overcame it:

> *The tocsin which rings is no alarm signal; it sounds the charge upon the enemies of the nation. To conquer them, to crush them, gentlemen, what is necessary? We must dare, and again dare, and forever dare!*

. . . . That was the tocsin which turned the minds of all Frenchmen from the terrors within to the urgency of meeting the advancing peril without. Fourteen Republican armies went out to repel the Prussian foe.

374. ***A home is the first necessity of every family; it is indispensable to the education and qualification of every citizen.***

—William Henry Seward (1801–1872),
American statesman.

IN Seward's mind at the moment there was probably a pleasant picture of a family grouped about the evening lamp—perhaps with an open fire snapping cheerily: the mother rocking to the rhythmic click of her long needles; the father engrossed in Horace Greeley's *Tribune* editorial; brother and sister interested in their text-book; a plump cat dozing with folded paws where the thick-knit rug was warm with the glow from the blazing sticks—or maybe it was a dog, sleek and strong, ten hands higher than a modern poodle. The whistling wind without was white with snow—within was comfort, and contentment, and clean thought. But that was before radios, and movies, and automobiles, and delicatessens. . . . . Now, where stow a dog longer than a lady's slipper? What girl can knit going fifty miles an hour? Editorials?—O perhaps, after the financial page, and the sports, and the comics. School-books?—with the newest "million dollar" film just around the corner? . . . . Seward phrased his thought for the fifties and sixties—not for an age when "the first necessities" of the average American family are a new car, a loud speaker, a handy canned-goods shop, continuous hot water, and janitor service.

375. ***An honest politician is one who when he is bought will stay bought.***

— Simon Cameron (1799–1889),
American politician.

CAMERON'S definition was uttered with authority. For twenty years (1857-1877) he was the Republican czar of Pennsylvania, and in his dictation of elections had valuable experience with the mercenary type of politician whom he listed as "honest." It was thought not unlikely that his theory was put to the test when he first won a seat in the United States senate (1857); and there was something so queer in his manner of letting government contracts as secretary of war that Lincoln permitted him to resign (January, 1862) after he had been in office only about a year. Cameron made "boss rule" a fine science; but he merits commendation for the industry and determination which raised him to such power and influence. At the age of nine he was an orphan; long before he reached middle age he had amassed a comfortable fortune and was making the political puppets in Pennsylvania dance as he pulled the strings. When he decided to quit the game he turned over his hand to his son, James Donald Cameron (1833-1918), who by reason of his careful training proved as shrewd a professional politician as his father.

376. ***If we are to maintain our position as a first rate power * * * we must * * * be prepared for attacks and wars, somewhere or other, continually. And the true economy will be to be always ready.***

—VICTORIA (1819-1901),
Queen of Great Britain.
(Compare 577, 632.)

ENGLAND was having difficulties in Egypt when Victoria gave Beaconsfield, her prime minister, a lecture on "Preparedness" (July 28, 1879), which closely parallels the celebrated declaration of George Washington on the same subject.

> *Never let the army and navy down so low as to be obliged to go to great expense in a hurry, * * **

was Victoria's injunction. She cited the confusion and desperate haste forced on her military establishment in getting in position for the Crimean War as a consequence of shortsightedness. . . . . Victoria was a queen of character and common sense. She liked to share in the practical responsibilities of government; and though always reasonable with her ministers, she sometimes felt the need of spurring them with a personal interview or letter to fresh enthusiasm for the interests of the empire.

377. Royalty is but a feather in a man's cap. * * * a shining bauble for crowds to look at or kneel to. * * * Let children enjoy their rattle.

— Oliver Cromwell.

ON May 8, 1657, Cromwell summoned the members of Parliament to Whitehall and announced his definite rejection of the title of king, which had been voted him March 25. However, though he assumed the name "protector," and was called His Highness, he had as many prerogatives of power as though a crown sat on his head. Indeed, he held a massive gold sceptre in one hand (a handsome Bible was in the other) when he was once more installed in Westminster Hall (June 26). He was enthroned in a superb chair of state. They hung around his shoulders an elaborate mantle of purple, ermine-lined, and girt a sword to his side. He had all the trappings of a real king. There was no anointment ceremony, but the heralds proclaimed his accession, and everybody shouted, "Long live His Highness; and God save the lord-protector!" as heartily as if saluting a dictator with the diadem on his brow. . . . . All this performance undoubtedly bored a ruler who had a contempt for show. Cromwell wanted the power—not the emblem.

378. ***Here we are, seven of us, dying like men, but we beat the record.***

— Lieut. Adolphus Washington Greely (1844–),
American soldier and explorer.
(Compare 618.)

DYING from starvation and frostbite, Greely and six companions lay in their bleak hut at Cape Sabine in the Arctic, unaware that at last succor was at hand. For eight months they had been marooned there, forced to eat lichens from the rocks and gnaw their shoes. Now, the pangs of hunger numbed by exhaustion, they awaited the end (June 22, 1884). Two relief expeditions had failed to reach them, but Commander Winfield Scott Schley (afterward admiral), with the Thetis and Bear, had pierced the ice pack. Greely heard the whistle of a steamer. Soon after Lieut. Colwell of Schley's landing party stood before him. . . . . Greely and his men had carried the American flag (1882) to the point farthest north up to that time. Eighteen of their comrades had perished.

379. ***Resurgam.***
(I shall rise again.)

THIS inscription is over the south door of St. Paul's Cathedral. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, outlined the dimensions of the dome and designated the centre, then sent a laborer to find a flat stone for use as a guide to the workmen. The man brought back from the rubbish heaps a piece of a gravestone, with the single word *Resurgam* on it. This was such a happy presage that Wren thought the incident worthy of commemoration and gave the fragment a permanent position in the new edifice. Whose grave it marked has never been determined.

380. ***My strength is in the love of my people.***

— George I (1845–1913),
King of the Hellenes.
(Compare 530.)

GEORGE was a Dane, the second son of King Christian IX, and was nominated to the Greek throne by Great Britain, the Power to which the selection of a successor to King Otho was entrusted by the Greek National Assembly. For almost fifty years he ruled his adopted people as conscientiously as though he had been one of their own blood, carrying out the motto (quoted above) which he adopted on being recognized as king (June 6, 1863). Strictly respecting constitutional principles, he proved a wise and popular sovereign. His end was tragic. He had decided to celebrate the jubilee of his reign, which was close at hand, by announcing his abdication, when he was shot and killed at Salonica (March 18, 1913) by an irresponsible Greek named Schinas, who committed suicide.

381. ***Seward, that's the largest shucking for so small a nubbin that I ever saw.***

— Abraham Lincoln.

DURING the peace conference at Hampton Roads in February, 1865, President Lincoln watched the head of the Confederate commission, Alexander Hamilton Stephens, vice-president of the secession states, removing his outer wraps in the cabin of the steamboat, River Queen. As he peeled off layers of coats and scarfs, at last revealing the frailty of his shriveled figure, the President turned to Seward, his secretary of state, and humorously expressed his wonder. . . . . Though diminutive in form and so weak physically that he was taken about in a wheel chair much of the time, Stephens was an orator of force and eloquence. A statue of him, the gift of his native state, Georgia, was unveiled in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington on Dec. 8, 1927.

382. ***Pity*** **That** ***should be cut;*** **That** ***has not committed treason.***

— Sir Thomas More.

(See 240, 274.)

STRANGE words to be uttered with the headsman waiting to swing the axe! . . . . The former lord chancellor of England—author of the celebrated literary fantasy "Utopia," scholar, wit, and cultivated gentleman—had come to pay the extreme penalty for opposing the scheme of Henry VIII to divorce Catherine and make Anne Boleyn queen. Bearing in his hands a cross, More approached the place of execution (July 7, 1535). As he set foot on the ladder the scaffold shook. Turning to Kingston, lieutenant of the Tower, who was at his side, he said:

> *See me safe up. For my coming down I can shift for myself.*

He reassured the executioner, who begged his forgiveness, with the remark:

> *Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive.*

His head was on the block; the axeman was gripping his weapon for the stroke, when More held up his hand for delay and moved his long beard to one side. That, at least, had not been under accusation; why deal harshly with it?

383. ***Tell the men to fire faster and not to give up the ship; fight her till she sinks.***

— Capt. James Lawrence (1781–1813),
American naval commander.

MORTALLY wounded, his frigate Chesapeake riddled and helpless under the broadsides of the thirty-eight gun Shannon, the gallant Lawrence still thought only of the honor of his navy. . . . . The shortest and most desperate sea-battle of the War of 1812 was fought off Boston Light (June 1, 1813), while thousands of people on the shore or in pleasure-boats watched it, in the confident expectation of applauding a triumph for the American colors. In fifteen minutes it was all over. The Chesapeake struck her flag, but not before nearly all her officers were killed or wounded. The British captain, Philip Bowes Vere Broke (1776-1841), afterward rear-admiral, in boarding at the head of his men received a wound which ended his active service. He was called "Brave Broke" from this encounter. His courage was unquestioned, but the oratorical glorification of his victory during the dedication of a memorial to him at Halifax in October, 1927, was exaggerated. He had commanded the Shannon since Sept. 14, 1806, and knew her thoroughly; he had carefully trained his sailors in gunnery. Lawrence never should have gone out to battle that day, but impatient public sentiment forced him to fight before he was ready. He had but recently been assigned to the Chesapeake—she was a strange ship to him; and he sailed out of Boston harbor with an undisciplined and refractory crew. He was taken to Halifax a prisoner, and died there (June 5).

384. ***Auctoritas siquidem ex vera ratione processit, ratio vero nequaquam ex auctoritate. Omnis enim auctoritas, quae vera ratione non approbatur, infirma videtur esse.***

(***Authority is derived from reason, and never reason from authority. When authority is not confirmed by reason, it possesses no value.***)

—JOHANNES SCOTUS ERIGENA (c. 800–877),
Medieval philosopher and theologian.

ERIGENA, who has been called the most interesting figure among the writers of his era, showed the boldest contempt for theological dogmatism, affirming that philosophy and religion are fundamentally one and the same when both are properly apprehended. Charles the Bald, of France, placed him at the head of the court school and treated him indulgently, even ignoring an order from Pope Nicholas I to dismiss the philosopher because of his defiance of the accepted orthodoxy. This is the only portion of Erigena's labors of which any accurate information exists, but his great treatise "De division naturae"—which Honorius III denounced as "swarming with worms of heretical perversity" (1225)— is available in English and German editions.

385. ***An nescis, mi fili, quantilla prudentia mundus regitur?***

(***Dost thou not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed?***)

— OXENSTIERNA, COUNT AXEL (1583–1654),
Swedish statesman.

THE illustrious Swedish chancellor well knew whereof he spoke when he addressed this cynical remark to his son, Count Johan Axelsson (1611-1657). The young man had been appointed one of the envoys to represent his country at the Peace Conference of Westphalia which followed the Thirty Years' War, and hesitated to accept the responsibility, pleading his diplomatic ignorance and worldly inexperience. His wise father set him right with a letter, and he signed the treaty.

386. *Now put Watts into them, boys!*

— James Caldwell (1734–1781),
American clergyman and patriot.

KNOWN as the "soldier parson," Caldwell, who was chaplain of the New Jersey brigade of Colonials, was conspicuous in the defense of the town of Springfield, N. J., against a heavy force of the British (June 23, 1780). When the Americans ran short of wadding he hurried to the neighboring church and returned loaded down with hymn-books, which he distributed with an exhortation that was proof of his militant Christianity. Shortly after, the fervent lines of Isaac Watts, the famous writer of sacred songs, were flying from the guns of the Continentals. Caldwell could hardly have had a soft heart toward the British. When they attacked the village of Connecticut Farms (now Union, N. J.), some time before, one of their bullets killed his wife as she was kneeling in prayer with her two children.

387. *Let us make for the dwellings of the men with whom God is angry.*

— Gaiseric, or Genseric (390–477),
King of the Vandals.

THE greatest of the Vandal rulers was leaving the harbor of Carthage on one of his expeditions of slaughter and pillage when the pilot asked him for instructions as to the course. The reply of Gaiseric was in keeping with his habit of ravaging the coasts of the Mediterranean at random, leaving wind and wave to waft his marauding ships wherever they would. For fifty years this limp-gaited chieftain spread terror far and wide, sanctifying his wickedness with the pretension that he was the "Scourge of God." He never paid any penalty on earth for his countless crimes, but died a peaceful death (Jan. 25, 477), in the possession of all his conquests.

388. ***Ah, better be a poor fisherman than meddle with the government of men!***

— DANTON.
(See 352, 465, 671.)

HOW many political giants, standing taller than Danton, have at some time felt that casting for fish was far preferable to the hopelessness of trying to lead the masses away from the abyss! But few have uttered their thoughts so dramatically. Even when the executioner waited for him, the man who made the French Revolution a certain fact philosophized still; and his insistent voice rang with the distinctness of truth unafraid. . . . . Before the guillotine descended upon him, Danton took a keen look into the future and made an accurate prediction of what would befall the cause in which he had been summarily condemned. He said:

> *I leave it all in a frightful welter (un gachis épouvantable). Not a man of them has an idea of government.*

And there he correctly located the basic cause of the collapse of the Revolution. Many stalwart minds there were among the leaders, but none had the genius vital to the restoration of order and justice out of the terrible confusion. On the way to the scaffold, Danton passed the house of Robespierre. Shaking his fist at it, and making a mock obeisance in the rattling tumbril, he shouted:

> *You will appear in the cart in your turn, Robespierre; and the soul of Danton will howl with joy!*

. . . . Only three months afterward the head of Robespierre fell into the basket. Danton was the only man who could have saved him—and Danton he had sent to the sacrifice.

389. ***If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms—never! never! never!***

—WILLIAM PITT, First Earl of Chatham (1708–1778),
English statesman.
(See 611.)

THE ignominious ending of Burgoyne's expedition in his surrender to Gates was still live history in England, and a thorn in the flesh of King George, when Pitt rose in the House of Lords and with fiery words denounced the government for its war policy (Nov. 18, 1777). . . . . From the very start of the troubles between the mother country and the colonies Pitt had been the fearless advocate of conciliation. In 1766, he argued eloquently for the repeal of the Stamp Act, declaring in reply to Grenville that while

> *the Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper, they have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice.*

In January, 1775, he had demanded the withdrawal of the British soldiers from Boston with this prophecy:

> *An hour now lost in allaying ferments in America may produce years of calamity.*

His laudation (1775) of the qualities displayed in the first American Congress cannot well be forgotten:

> *For myself I must declare and avow * * * that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal.*

390. ***O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me!***

— Sir Jacob Astley (1579–1652),
Royalist commander in the English Civil War.

NOTHING could better indicate the stalwart Christian character of Astley than his famous battle-prayer. Before leading the foot-soldiers of Charles I to the charge down the ridge at Edge Hill (Oct. 23, 1642), where he was major-general under the earl of Lindsay, the doughty old warrior—he was sixty-three—got on his knees and lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven (as Philip Warwick wrote in his "Memoirs"), offered his short and simple supplication. Then he rose crying, "March on, boys!" After that indecisive engagement Astley proved his gallantry on other fields and was made a baron by the king. He was taken prisoner at Stow-in-the-Wolds (March 22, 1646), the last battle for the cause of Charles, and his remark to his captors is well-known:

> *Now you have done your work and may go play, unless you fall out amongst yourselves.*

391. *When a slave leaves the jurisdiction of a state he ceases to be a slave, because he continues to be a man and leaves behind him the law which made him a slave.*

— Salmon Portland Chase (1808–1873),
American statesman and jurist.

CHASE was a practicing lawyer in Cincinnati when he made this famous argument before the United States Supreme Court in Washington (1846), with no idea that eighteen years later he would become the chief justice of the august body that listened so attentively to his plea. He was defending John Van Zandt (the original of the character John Van Trompe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"), who had been prosecuted in the Ohio courts for harboring fugitive slaves: he had taken into his wagon a party of them, footsore and weary, whom he overtook on the road. Chase maintained that slavery was local, not national, and could exist only by virtue of a positive state law. Seward was associated with him in the Washington hearing; neither of them received any compensation. The judgment in this case was against Chase, as in the others of the kind for which he gave his services freely; but his prestige as the "attorney-general of fugitive slaves" was of marked importance in advancing him in his profession.

392. ***Make him a great man, but do it slowly.***

— FREDERICK III (1609–1670),
King of Denmark and Norway.

ON his deathbed (Feb. 9, 1670) Frederick thus recommended to his son (who was to succeed him as Christian V) his private secretary and most trusted counsellor, Peder Schumacher (1635-1699), author of the Kongelov, or "King's Law," one of the most extreme charters of monarchism in history. . . . . Peder was amply favored by nature. He had imagination, wit, eloquence—and excellent judgment. How hold back such a gifted individual to a canter? Christian made no attempt at it, but sent him ahead at a rapid trot. Over the hurdles of court tests went Peder, until in November, 1673, he found himself imperial chancellor and a noble. He proved an able administrator, but with his greatness he acquired arrogance, and made enemies. Because he opposed war with Sweden he was arrested for treason and condemned to execution, but was pardoned on the scaffold. For the rest of his days he was imprisoned, dying in the fortress of Monkhold on Trondhjemfiord (March 12, 1699) . . . . Perhaps Frederick was not altogether in error. Peder might have had a more agreeable end if he had gone a little slower.

393. ***I write to you, my sister, for the last time. I have been condemned, not to an ignominious death, which only awaits criminals, but to go and rejoin your brother.***

— Marie Antoinette (1755–1793),
Queen of France.
(See 720.)

AWAITING execution in the gloomy vault of the Conciergerie (Oct. 16, 1793), Queen Marie was writing her "Testament" to Madame Elizabeth, her sister-in-law (fated to follow in her footsteps on May 10, 1794). . . . . The jailer had condescended to provide her with the material for her last message. The feeble gleam of dawn was too poor a light for her pen, so a gendarme stood over her with his flickering flambeau and stolidly watched her indite her touching letter of farewell. Expressly did she enjoin Elizabeth to remind the dauphin to respect the last words of his father, Louis XVI:

Let him never attempt to avenge our death!

. . . . Some hours later Marie Antoinette was led out into the full light of day—but hardly had it refreshed her eyes when she was plunged into a profounder darkness than the Conciergerie ever held.

394. ***Thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart!***

— Sir Edward Coke (1552–1634),
English lawyer.
(See 80.)

COKE assailed Sir Walter Raleigh with such brutal invectives when the great courtier was tried before him at Winchester (November, 1603) on a flimsy charge of conspiracy against the crown that popular opinion turned in favor of the prisoner. "Thou traitor!—Thou viper!—Thou spider of hell!" were a few of the epithets with which Coke mocked English equity. He ignored the indictment, burdening Raleigh with charges irrelevant to the case. Sir Walter maintained a gallant and dignified deportment, but his eloquence was useless before a magistrate who had determined from the first to execute him. While Coke is still held in contempt for his smirching of justice, Raleigh's name is remembered with admiration.

395. ***Hurrah! Praga! Suvarov!***

—Suvarov.
(Compare 298.)

WITH this laconic message Suvarov informed Catherine II of his capture of Warsaw (Nov. 5, 1794), which completed the annihilation of the Polish monarchy. The brusque Russian empress sent back an equally concise reply:

Bravo! Field Marshal! Catherine!

thus notifying him that a promotion was his reward. . . . . After two days of bombardment Suvarov had stormed the suburb of Praga, the key to the Warsaw defenses, and his soldiers swept into the city, murdering all before them. He celebrated his triumph and his elevation in martial rank by holding a splendid military court there for a whole year.

396. *Der Fürst ist der erste Diener seines Staats.*

(*The prince is not the absolute master, but only the first servant of his State.*)

— Frederick the Great.
(Compare 404, 731, 899.)

FREDERICK laid down this opinion of the limitations of royal power while he was yet a prince himself. It was the key-note of his treatise "Anti-Macchiavel," issued at the Hague in 1740 by Voltaire, with whom he frequently corresponded and who continued to be one of his most favored friends throughout his reign. Upon succeeding his father, Frederick William I, on the Prussian throne (May 31, 1740), he did not turn back on this avowal. The assumption of the crown made no change in his principles, for he had determined them only after serious study. Frederick was a liberal ruler; he listened freely to grievances and restricted no form of religious belief or expression. He kept firm control of his government, but never allowed the traditional importance of his title to outweigh the every-day welfare of his people.

397. *The enemy came, was beaten, I am tired, good-night!*

— Count of Turenne (1611–1675),
Marshal of France.
(Compare 97.)

WHEN Turenne sent this terse message to Louis XIV (June 14, 1658) he had just completed an arduous day's work, which was to have fruitful results. He had won the battle of the Dunes and made certain the recovery from the Spaniards of the city of Dunkirk. At the head of a French-English force (it included six thousand of Cromwell's best soldiers), Turenne destroyed the army of Flanders commanded by Don John of Austria, who had advanced to raise the siege of the seaport. King Louis awaited the issue of the combat at Calais, some distance away, and there received the "good-night" of his victorious general.

398. ***No, sire, it is not a revolt, it is a revolution.***

— Duke De La Rochefoucauld (1747–1827).

THE Bastille had fallen (July 14, 1789). The crazed mob of Paris was out of hand. While "the high-rouged Dames of the Palace" had their dance with the hussar-officers in the Orangerie at Versailles the streets rang with harsh echoes. Late at night La Rochefoucauld came to the royal apartments to apprise Louis XVI of the startling *coup* of the populace. Bewildered, the king broke in:

Mais, c'est une révolte!
(*Why, that is a revolt!*)

His inability to measure the real significance of the event caused La Rouchefoucauld to regard him with mingled astonishment and pity and to answer him sternly. . . . . In the French revolution of July, 1830, when the rebels of Paris were tearing up the streets and building barricades, turning houses into fortresses, and flying the tricolor from the towers of Notre Dame, Charles V referred to it as a "riot." The marshal Auguste Frederick de Marmont, major-general of the guard, made the prompt reply :

It is not a riot, but a revolution!

399. ***There is yet time to win another battle.***

— Desaix de Veygoux, Louis Charles Antoine (1768–1800), **French general.**

SUITING his action to his words, the gallant Desaix led his troop straight at the Austrian centre at Marengo (June 14, 1800), and snatched victory from defeat for his chief Bonaparte. He was shot dead in the charge, but his three regiments, burning to avenge his loss, swept on to triumph. . . . . Desaix had just arrived in Italy from his Egyptian successes over Murad Bey. Detached at Rivalta, he heard the cannon at Marengo, and rightfully divining that Napoleon had been suddenly attacked he marched his light-half-brigade at quick-step toward the sound of battle. Half way he was met by a staff officer who had been sent after him post-haste. Napoleon had decided to retreat, but Desaix insisted there was time "to win another battle." . . . . The First Consul shed tears over the loss of his brilliant general, and said:

> *His tomb shall have the Alps for its pedestal,*
> *and the monks of St. Bernard for its guardians.*

So he buried Desaix at the top of Mount St. Bernard, and afterward erected monuments to him in the Place Dauphine and the Place des Victoires at Paris.

400. **** * * I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, but I do expect it will cease to be divided.***

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

IT was a remarkable prophecy that Lincoln made in the Illinois Republican convention at Springfield where he was unanimously nominated to run against Stephen A. Douglas for the United States Senate (June 16, 1858). But even while visioning the great conflict which was to rend the nation, he could not see the pending miracle of his own transformation from a plodding lawyer to Civil War President. He was beaten by Douglas; but that reverse was a mere incident in the vast design of Destiny, though it caused him bitter disappointment. . . . . Two years and four months went by, and on March 4, 1861, Abraham Lincoln went into the White House, to lead his country out of factional chaos.

William Henry Seward, then United States senator and the recognized leader of the Republican party, echoed Lincoln in a speech at Rochester, N. Y., (Oct. 25, 1858), when he said: *"It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation or entirely a free-labor nation."*

401. ***Austriae Est Imperare Orbi Universo.***
(***Austria is to rule the whole universe.***)

— Frederick III (1415–1493),
Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire,
German king and Archduke of Austria.

THIS was a bold motto (as the historian Hallam remarks) for a man "who was not safe in an inch of his dominions." Yet Frederick had the proud letters *A. E. I. O. U.* inscribed on all his plate, books, and buildings. The German rendering is *Alles Erdreich Ist Osterreich Unterthau*; which Frederick the Great translated as follows:

Austria Erit In Orbe Ultima.
(*Austria will one day be lowest in the scale of empires.*)

And it almost came true as a result of the World War. . . . . The listless Frederick III had neither the courage nor the ability for conquest. He spent much of his time collecting jewelry. "He was a useless emperor," observes one unfeeling chronicler, "and the nation during his long reign forgot that she had a king." His huge tomb of red and white marble takes up more room in the cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna than his name occupies in history.

402. ***Vae victis!***
(Woe to the conquered!)

— BRENNUS THE FIRST,
Chief of the Celtic Gauls.

IN 391 B. C., Brennus led his horde of barbarian warriors across the Apennines into Italy, annihilated a Roman army of 40,000 in battle (July 16, 390) on the Allia, twelve miles from Clusium (the modern Chiusi), and entered Rome, unhindered. The surviving defenders of the city, who had shut themselves up in the Citadel and Capitol with the women and children, after a siege of six months were forced by famine and pestilence to submit to terms of surrender. One thousand pounds of gold was agreed upon as the ransom of a people (quoting Livy) "who were soon after to be the rulers of the world." When the Roman tribune complained that the Gauls were using false balances in weighing out the gold, Brennus added to the humiliation of the defeated by casting his heavy sword into the swinging scales, with the insolent cry, "Vae victis!" . . . . In imploring mercy for the inhabitants of the Italian city of Crema, which was forced to surrender to Frederick Barbarossa (Jan. 27, 1160) after a long siege, the consul Giovanni de Medici approached the German emperor with the mournful exclamation:

Sad is ever the lot of the vanquished!

Barbarossa might have treated the Cremascans harsher: he permitted them to depart from their homes into exile, with as many household goods as they could carry.

403. ***We are Republicans, and we don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been rum, Romanism, and rebellion.***

— Samuel Dickinson Burchard (1812–1891),
American clergyman and lecturer.

DR. BURCHARD'S aptitude for striking alliteration brought him unenviable political notoriety near the close of an honorable and useful career, and saddled him, justly or not, with the responsibility for the defeat of James G. Blaine in the presidential election of 1884. . . . . Only a few days before the close of the campaign (Oct. 29), at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, Burchard addressed a Republican meeting of six hundred ministers of all denominations. He was dignified and dispassionate until the very end, when he stigmatized the Democratic party as standing for "rum, Romanism and rebellion." Though Blaine himself was present, he sat silent. Had he risen and repudiated the utterance, he might have gone into the White House. The words proved fatal to his chances. Quickly seizing the opportunity, the Democratic managers covered the country with *Rum, Romanism and Rebellion* posters and leaflets, falsely charging the sentiment of the phrase to Blaine personally. A wave of resentment swept the Catholics, and thousands of Irish voters who had favored Blaine were alienated. In a bitter contest he lost the pivotal state of New York by 1047 votes, and Grover Cleveland defeated him. For weeks afterward the unfortunate Burchard had to suffer innumerable insults, but took them philosophically.

404. ***Rex regnat, sed non gubernat.***
(The king reigns, but does not govern.)
—Jan Zamoyski (1541–1605),
Polish statesman.
(Compare 396, 716, 899.)

ZAMOYSKI made this declaration in the course of his last speech in the Polish parliament shortly before his death (June 3, 1605). He was strenuously opposing the attempts of Sigismund III to strengthen the royal power by a reform of the Polish constitution, and championing the principle of free election. He said it in Latin, which was then the language of the Polish and Hungarian diets. . . . . How long some political thoughts like this live! One hundred and twenty-five years afterward, another statesman, Louis Adolphe Thiers, drafted Zamoyski's words as the slogan for *Le National,* the paper he started with Mignet and Carrel to attack the Polignac ministry (January, 1830), and which did as much as anything to bring on the French Revolution of July of that year.

405. ***I am not an optimist; there's too much evil in the world and in me. Nor am I a pessimist; there's too much good in the world, and a God. I am rather, I suppose, a meliorist, believing God wills to make the world better, trying to do my bit to help, and wishing it were more.***

— Henry Van Dyke (1852–1933),
American author, clergyman and professor.

ON his seventy-fifth birthday (Nov. 10, 1927), Dr. Van Dyke, in good health and still eager for work, looked out upon the swirling tides of modern life with wholesome cheer at his home in Princeton, N. J. In the mellow style which pervades his essays and poetry, the author of "Fisherman's Luck" and "Golden Stars" philosophized genially. Dr. Van Dyke's writings cover a period of two score years. He holds a high place in American literature.

406. ***He serves his party best who serves his country best.***

— RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

(See 201, 241.)

IN his first inaugural address (March 5, 1877), Hayes struck the clear keynote to which he harmonized all his official acts while in the White House. The President, he declared, should always be mindful that country ranks above party. His consistent adherence to this principle made him unpopular with the professional Republican politicians, but this was outweighed by the satisfaction he gave the people in his conduct of public business. . . . . When Louis Bonaparte was proclaimed president of the French Republic the people had demonstrated a desire for the end of intrigues and party bitterness, and in his electoral address (Dec. 20, 1848) he sounded the key of national unity:

Let us be men of the country, not men of a party!

407. ***Spare your prisoners. I command it!***

— MARQUIS OF BONCHAMPS, Charles Melchor Artus (c. 1760–1793).

(Compare 483.)

BONCHAMPS, leader of the Vendean peasants in their uprising after the French Revolution, was defeated and mortally wounded at the battle of Cholet (Oct. 17, 1793), dying the next day. His soldiers, enraged over his fate, vowed to slay the five thousand Republican prisoners in their hands, but refrained in obedience to the last order that he ever issued. . . . . Bonchamps gained his first military experience fighting for the American colonies against England. A statue of him by the famous sculptor David d'Angers stands in the church at St. Florent, where he had a chateau.

408. ***Hier stehe ich! Ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir! Amen.***

(***Here I stand! I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen.***)

— MARTIN LUTHER (1483–1546),
German reformer.
(See 165.)

THE great reformer, standing in the Diet of Worms (April 18, 1521), thus concluded his spirited defense before the emperor Charles V against the sentence of excommunication which had been pronounced upon him by the Vatican. The words are inscribed on his monument in the Lutherplatz at Worms. . . . . On the day before his hearing Luther, alert to the plot to keep him silent, had thwarted it by asking time to draft an answer to the question whether he was prepared to maintain or to abjure his treatises denouncing the papacy. He put forth that answer with a firmness, an eloquence, a zeal which thrilled his audience. He stood his ground, he declared: he would not recant a syllable of what he had written. Though surrounded by enemies capable of carrying their hatred to any extreme, his demeanor was that of a champion, not of a man on trial. He said:

> *Unless I be convinced by Scripture and reason, I neither can nor dare retract anything, for my conscience is a captive to God's word, and it is neither safe nor right to go against conscience.*

Luther's uncompromising courage so enraged the Spaniards in the Diet that when he had finished they shouted their threats in his ears; but he was unmoved. He emerged unharmed, for his German friends encircled him and with arms held high above his head, like so many spears, safeguarded him to his place of lodging.

409. ***I have seen one of the wonders of the world. I have seen a man laboring all night to support his family, who has made the fortune of a nation.***

—TALLEYRAND (1754–1838),
French diplomat and statesman.

WHILE Talleyrand was an exile in the United States (he arrived in February, 1794 and remained thirty months), late one night he found Alexander Hamilton, no longer Secretary of the Treasury, but a lawyer in New York, toiling diligently at his desk. The sight of this statesman who, by his debt-funding system, had restored the stability of the national credit, hard at work many hours after other professional men had put aside their cares at the end of the traditional office day excited Talleyrand's astonishment. But Hamilton had resigned his cabinet post (Jan. 31, 1795), for the very reason that the salary was insufficient for his needs, and had returned to his old calling, where the extent of his recompense depended upon his capacity for mental labor. So here he was, the savior of his country's finances, ignoring the arbitrary line between daylight and dark, work and leisure, that his family should not want for ordinary comforts—not luxuries. Talleyrand was a subtle judge of men. Some time after this midnight visit he pronounced a verdict upon Hamilton which is of substantial worth:

> *I consider Napoleon, Fox, and Hamilton the three greatest men of our epoch, and without hesitation I award the first place to Hamilton.*

. . . . Daniel Webster, in his speech on Hamilton before Congress (March 10, 1831), uttered these memorable words:

> *He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.*

410. *Je n'ai rien fait pour la postérité; pourtant j'avais quelque chose là!*

(*I have done nothing for posterity; nevertheless there was something* Here!) (Striking his head.)

— Andre de Chenier (1762–1794),
French poet.

CONDEMNED on a false charge of conspiracy, Chenier went to the guillotine (July 25, 1794), with his fellow-poet Jean Antoine Roucher. As the tumbril jolted over the cobblestones of Paris he lamented to his companion the fruitlessness of his life. . . . . Chenier was in error that day. His bequests to posterity were of no mean worth. He left the memory of a gallant spirit, and an output of verse which ranks high in the literature of his country. During his imprisonment of 140 days in the foul prison of Saint-Lazare his bitter hatred of the Convention that had doomed him found utterance in his celebrated "Iambics." He also composed there the pathetic "Jeune Captive," best known of all his poems. . . . . Even as he rode on to death, regretting his empty career, History was preparing to make a place for him as "a very great artist." It was only a year before (he mused) that he had sung the heroism of Charlotte Corday; little had he thought then that he would meet the same fate. But the cart had stopped—here was the scaffold.

411. ***I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die.***

— Joseph Addison (1672–1719),
English author.
(Compare 116.)

THESE were Addison's last words to his stepson, the earl of Warwick, whose unsteady habits he had vainly endeavored to correct. With the end of his life near, he called Warwick to his side and tried once more to turn the heedless young man to ways of right living. . . . . The solemn scene at the deathbed in Holland House, Kensington, inspired two of the finest lines in Thomas Tickell's beautiful elegy on his friend Addison (addressed to Warwick):

He taught us how to live; and (O, too high
The price of knowledge!) taught us how to die.

. . . . Whether the Christian serenity of his famous stepfather at this hour made any lasting impression on the wayward earl is not known, for he outlived Addison only a short time; but for the moment his impetuous nature must have felt its salutary influence. Addison died (June 17, 1719) in calm conformity to the religious precepts which had ever guided him in private and professional life. He was entombed in Westminster Abbey.

412. ***No! let us not imitate the barbarity of the Goths our ancestors.***

— Gustavus (II) Adolphus,
King of Sweden.
(Compare 302, 483.)

THE gates of Munich had been opened to Gustavus and his army (May, 1632). The city was at his mercy, and some of his companions urged him to sack it in revenge for the barbarities committed by Tilly's troops at the capture of Magdeburg. Why not burn the splendid palace of the elector? But in his whole military career the Swedish king had never descended to brutality over the conquered; so he indignantly resented the cruel suggestion. . . . . Gustavus had all the boldness and hardihood of his ancestors, without their fierceness. He relished armed combat—when he was in the heart of it. Yet his skill and enthusiasm as a soldier did not mark the real height of his stature. It was his firm piety, his Christian faith, which stamped him a monarch above monarchs:

> ** * * a prince God-fearing in all his doings and transactions, even to his death—*

as his chancellor Oxenstierna described him.

413. ***Since the capture of Troy and the destruction of Jerusalem, a victory such as this has never been seen!***

— Count of Tilly, John Tzerclas (1559–1632),
General of the Catholic League in the Thirty Years' War.

THE great captain Tilly was indeed a modest man. . . . . He stormed Magdeburg (May 10, 1631), and for four days abandoned the city to the savagery of his soldiers, who slew nearly all the 36,000 inhabitants. When the butchery was over and the streets had been cleared, he made his own pompous entry and sent off to Maximilian I, elector of Bavaria, the remarkable dispatch in which he compared himself with Agamemnon and Titus. Then he went into the cathedral to have a *Te Deum* sung in honor of his wonderful triumph.

414. ***His mind was cast in the true mold; in my hands he would have done great things.***

— Napoleon Bonaparte.

NAPOLEON'S tribute to Georges Cadoudal, the leader of the Chouans against the Republic following the French Revolution, was a just measure of a brave and honest rebel, who sought no quarter and scorned bribery. At the same time it expressed Bonaparte's self-glorification as a maker of great heroes. . . . . Under the tutelage of the dictator this miller's son might have become another Ney; with an army of peasants he had matched the military cleverness of Hoche. But Cadoudal scoffed at all compromise. He could have been a lieutenant-general in Napoleon's army—he brushed it aside. He refused a pension of a hundred thousand francs, to "keep quiet." Eventually he was snared while lurking in Paris, and executed (June 10, 1804) with eleven companions, refusing to sue for the clemency which he probably could have obtained.

415. ***Silent enim leges inter arma.***
(Laws are silent amid the clash of arms.)

— Cicero.

CICERO made this apology for his feeble defense of Titus Annius Milo, tried for the murder of Publius Clodius. The friends of Clodius surrounded the courthouse with soldiers to intimidate the judges and Milo's supporters. When Cicero rose to speak they greeted him with such a tumult of threatening shouts that he feared for his own safety and pleaded the case of his client with far less than his usual vigor and eloquence. . . . . Cicero's oration "Pro Milone" was written after the trial. It is an elaboration of the appeal which he left unspoken in the court. When Milo was reading it at Massilia (Marseilles), where he was exiled, he remarked drily that he was glad Cicero had never uttered it, *else I should not now be enjoying the delicious mullets of this place.*

416. ***Sickles, they charge you with bringing on the battle. They say that you pushed out with your men too near the enemy and began to fight just as that council of war met. I am afraid that what they say of you is true, and God bless you for it!***

— Abraham Lincoln.

THE letter which President Lincoln wrote to Gen. Daniel E. Sickles after Gettysburg was balm to the feelings of the doughty commander of the Third Corps of Meade's army. Fate had dealt roughly with him on the morning of the second day of the great battle (July 2, 1863). He was shot in the right leg (it was amputated later); his troops were mauled; and, harshest of all to his gallant spirit, his tactical conduct was under question. He had asked the President to grant a court of inquiry for the correction of the official reports of Meade and Halleck. In answer he received Lincoln's reassuring message. . . . . Meade had ordered Sickles to station his corps between Cemetery Hill and Little Round Top, with Hancock on the right and Sykes on the left. Overzealous, perhaps (for the veteran who had been cited for valor at Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville was by nature impatient for action), Sickles moved forward to another elevation which he thought it desirable to hold. There he was assaulted by Longstreet with 15,000 men and driven back in confusion. It was but a temporary misfortune, however; the loss of the salient did not disturb the real front of the Union army, and in fact it forced Meade, who had shown hesitation, into decisive action all along the line.

417. **** * * Sirrah, when ye were in your swaddling clouts, Christ reigned freely in this land in spite of all his enemies!***

—ANDREW MELVILLE (1545–1622),
Scottish religious reformer.
(See 499.)

IN 1596, Melville led a deputation of Protestant ministers to Cupar in Fifeshire, where James VI frequently resorted with his retinue, to remonstrate with the king for showing favors to the Catholic lords and for asserting the royal supremacy in spiritual affairs. In the course of the discussion the reformer spoke so plainly that James exclaimed: "Remember you are *my* vassal!" Melville's ire flamed out in a retort which might have cost him his head if it had been addressed to a ruler like Elizabeth:

> *Sirrah! ye are God's silly vassal; there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland—there is king James, the head of this commonwealth; and there is Christ Jesus and his kingdom the Kirk, whose subject James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king, nor a head, nor a lord, but a member. * * **

. . . James gave no sign of the resentment and mortification that he felt—but he did not forget. In 1606, on a hollow excuse, he thrust Melville into the Tower; and when the old man, then in his sixty-sixth year, was released (1611), forbade him to return to his home in Scotland. He spent the last eleven years of his life an exile in France, occupying a chair in the University of Sedan.

418. ***I seek to imitate the modern Socrates; not in talents, but in way of living.***

— Auguste Comte (1798–1857),
French philosopher.

AT the age of eighteen Comte, who was to achieve fame as the "Positivist," idolized Benjamin Franklin, whom he was pleased to term the "modern Socrates," and resolved to pattern his life after the celebrated American. "You know," he said, "that at five-and-twenty Franklin formed the design of becoming perfectly wise, and that he fulfilled his design. I have dared to undertake the same thing, though I am not yet twenty." . . . . This young teacher of mathematics in Paris certainly set himself a great task—none the less noble though it was impossible. (Even Franklin never became "perfectly wise.") But he blazed a bold path in philosophy, and John Stuart Mill admitted many years later that Comte's "Cour de Philosophie" was of valuable aid to him in the completion of his own "System of Logic."

419. ***The old fool has put to death more people in that naked country than I did here for the murder of my father.***

— Charles II,
King of England.

THUS Charles indicated his displeasure with Sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, who had been hanging the people of that colony indiscriminately in revenge for Bacon's Rebellion (1676) and confiscating their property. He summoned Berkeley home to render an account, but the governor died at Twickenham before he had an opportunity to justify his cruel conduct to the king. . . . . While Charles had lopped off the heads of many of the regicides concerned in the execution of his father, Charles I, he felt that the brutalities inflicted by Berkeley upon the Virginians were out of all proportion to their offenses.

420. ***Ce que j'ai appris je ne sais plus; le peu que je sais, je l'ai déviné.***

(***What I have learned I know no longer; the little that I do know I have guessed.***)

— Sebastien Roch Nicolas Chamfort (1741–1794),
French man of letters.
(See 461.)

MAKING his way to Paris from his native village in Auvergne, Chamfort got into the College des Grassins and advanced so rapidly in his studies that he astonished his instructors. In two years he captured nine of the ten prizes for which he competed, but became so disgusted with the Latin hexameters which he had to master that he paid his respects to them in an epigram of rare irony, quoted here. Chamfort became one of the most remarkable of those talented, thriftless writers known as the French Bohemians.

421. ***Suretyship is the predecessor of ruin.***

Also rendered:

Who hateth suretyship is sure.

— Thales of Miletus (640–546 B. C.),
Greek philosopher and astronomer.

TO judge from this motto which Thales, chief of the Seven Greek Sages, had inscribed in the Delphian Temple, he considered a bondsman to be a reckless individual. Had he at some time risked his property as an obligation for a friend, who proved false to him? . . . . Thales was the founder of Greek astronomy and geometry. He astonished the Hellenes by forecasting a year in advance the total eclipse of the sun which occurred on May 28, 585. The Medes and the Lydians were fighting that day, and the sudden darkness so terrified both armies that they quit. This was the famous "night battle" referred to by Herodotus.

422. ***I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not.***

— John Logan, Tah-gah-jute (1720–1780),
American Shawnee chief.

TO Lord Dunmore, governor of the Virginia colony, Logan made a passionate complaint of the white man's treachery which stands as one of the most striking examples of Indian eloquence. . . . . In April, 1774, marauders attacked Logan's cabin on the Ohio river and wantonly killed his sister and other relatives. In revenge he incited the neighboring tribes to the conflict known as Lord Dunmore's War, in which he took thirty scalps himself. To the suggestion that he discuss peace terms with Dunmore, after the battle of Point Pleasant, Logan returned the scornful message which Thomas Jefferson quoted in full in his "Notes on Virginia," with this comment:

> *I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to it.*

423. ***If you could only organize diplomacy properly, you would create a body of men who might influence the destinies of mankind and ensure the peace of the world.***

— Baron Ampthill, Odo William Leopold Russell (1829–1884), British diplomatist.

LESS than fifty years after Ampthill, an assistant undersecretary of the British foreign office, delivered this pithy philosophy before a committee of the House of Commons, *disorganized* diplomacy, in a delirium of envy and vulgar ambition, treacherously plunged the nations into the World War and almost exterminated civilization. Had his principle been carried out by the political chieftains who were holding the cards in those critical days of July and August, 1914, Belgium might not have shuddered under the heels of an invading horde; French bell-towers that were bombarded to dust might still point to the blue of heaven; millions of deluded men who hurrahed at the "glory" of war as they marched off to slaughter might now be enjoying the sunlight; and a host of innocent women and children might have escaped that long nightmare of death and desolation. But the gamblers who stacked the chips of their countries in the game—the most tremendous game ever engaged in for stakes—played their hands with reckless unfairness. They had aces up their sleeves.

424. *Madame, pour vous avertir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie—qui est sauvé.*

(*Madame, to let you know the full extent of my misfortune, of all things there remain to me only honor and my life—which is saved.*)

— Francis I,
King of France.

THROUGH his blundering, Francis was disastrously defeated by the forces of Charles V, emperor of Germany, at Pavia (Feb. 24, 1525); but he did himself no injustice in the letter which he wrote, as a prisoner in the imperial camp, to his mother, Louise of Savoy, on the morning after the battle. His honor was secure—he had displayed unquestioned bravery on the field, though he had ruined the hopes of his Italian campaign and brought eight thousand of his soldiers to a useless death and his chief subordinates, including Henry d'Albret, the king of Navarre, to captivity with himself. He was imprisoned in Charles' own castle at Madrid, but finally obtained his liberty by signing a humiliating treaty. He afterward got some revenge for Pavia by his decisive victory over Charles at Cerisolles (April 14, 1544).

425. ***Then I will seal it with my own blood.***

— Zaleucus (c. 660 B. C.),
Greek lawgiver.

ZALEUCUS the Locrian is famous in history for having obeyed his own statutes so literally that he killed himself rather than stand convicted of evading one of them. . . . . Heedlessly he entered the senate-house, one day, wearing a sword at his side. Someone reminded him that it was a capital offense for a citizen to appear armed in a public assembly (though it was a time of war). Exclaiming that he would "seal" it, then, he plunged the blade into his breast, and died on the spot. (The same story has been told of Charondas, a lawgiver of Catina in Sicily, but with less probability. . . . .) Zaleucus drew up the first code of laws used among the Greeks. The judges had no choice of minimum fines, paroles, or probations, for punishments were definitely stated and there was no necessity for appeal courts. The laws worked so well that the Locrians kept them for centuries. Any citizen bold enough to question their justice had to appear before the Council of One Thousand with a noose around his neck, and if he failed in his plea he was strangled where he stood.

426. ***The people chose you to be legislators; you were not appointed to be judges.***

— Duke of Parma, Jean de Cambacérès (1753–1824), French statesman.

THE French National Convention was engaged in the trial of Louis XVI—a perfunctory performance, for his death under the knife was inevitable. In those days (Dec. 25, 1792—Jan. 20, 1793), when ferocity against the doomed monarch overrode all inclinations to mercy, the moderation of the duke of Parma was as noteworthy as his clear sense of parliamentary justice and his courage in expressing it. He stood up before his fellow-deputies and declared in words which admitted of only one meaning that they were going out of bounds in assuming the right of acting as a court. His protest did not prevail. Parma voted with the majority for the death of the king, but demanded ratification of the sentence by some legislative body. The royalists reckoned him among the regicides and exiled him in 1816, but he was restored to his civil rights two years later.

427. ***I could not have done it better myself.***

— Prince von Kaunitz-Rietburg (1711–1794), Austrian statesman.

ON rare occasions Kaunitz would admit that somebody else had shown merit; then he made use of a favorite expression (quoted above), invariably stressed with an oath. However, his notorious egotism was not altogether founded on thin air. For almost forty years, as chancellor of court and state, he was the chief director of Austrian politics and became known as "the European coach-driver." Frederick the Great (who once had to listen to him for two tedious hours without a chance to get in a word) observed that with all his presumption Kaunitz had a good intellect, certainly knew it himself, and insisted that everybody else should acknowledge it.

428. ***I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveler than death was to her.***

— John Arbuthnot (1667–1735),
British physician and author.

WHEN Arbuthnot, the court physician, made this comment on the last moments of "Good Queen Anne" (Aug. 1, 1714), he undoubtedly had in mind the unhappiness which had fallen to her lot throughout her reign. From the day of her accession factional jealousies and intrigues eddied around her throne and left her little peace. Bodily ills plagued her severely. Even as she lay on her deathbed the bickerings were forced upon her ears. Well might she wish for eternal release from the crown which had lain so heavily on her head. . . . . Arbuthnot's own end was pathetic. With the passing of Anne he forfeited his position in the royal household, and was never so prosperous afterward. He died (Feb. 27, 1735) grieving over the loss of his youngest son.

429. ***Old Creevey is a living proof that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly poor.***

— Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville (1794–1865),
English diarist.

GREVILLE made this entry, in 1829, concerning Thomas Creevey (1768-1838), English politician, who for eleven years had been struggling along without his wife and her money (for when she died her life interest in a comfortable income stopped as suddenly). With six children on his hands, and small resources, Creevey accepted his change in fortune cheerfully. He managed to escape the poorhouse and continue his journal, which covered a period of thirty-six years altogether. "I think he is the only man I know in society who possesses nothing," remarked Greville. But Creevey did possess something—an active intellect and an agreeable character which defied melancholy.

430. ***Nothing is impossible to industry.***

— PERIANDER (625–585 B. C.),
Second tyrant of Corinth.

PERIANDER'S wisdom made him one of the Seven Sages of Greece, and when invited to join the others in contributing an inscription for the Delphian Temple he wrote this maxim, only one of many which he collected in a didactic poem of two thousand verses. . . . . Periander hated idleness and luxury. He made every citizen of Corinth live within his income. He kept the street corners clear of loafers by providing plenty of work on new temples and public structures. He was centuries in advance of the American immigration-quota law, admitting to the city no more people than could be comfortably assimilated. He made land-owners stay on their estates and spade up the gardens (instead of becoming spendthrift tourists in Egypt or Phrygia). He protected the weak and the indigent by curbing the power of the aristocrats and the capitalists. He sent Corinthian ships of commerce all over the seas, established colonies, and would have dug a great canal across the isthmus had not death interfered. So soundly was his government financed by his trade revenues that none of his subjects had to pay a direct tax (although modern statesmen avow it cannot be done). A real "captain of industry" was Periander.

431. ***These are my jewels.***

— Cornelia (2nd century B. C.),
Mother of the Gracchi.

CORNELIA'S "jewels" were her two sons (all that were left of twelve). A lady from Campania who was paying her a social call at her home in Rome proudly displayed some new diamonds and expressed a curiosity to see Cornelia's gems. The widow of Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus cleverly diverted her visitor's attention till her boys came in from school, when she presented them as the ornaments which gave her most delight. . . . . Cornelia, celebrated for her virtues and accomplishments, was the daughter of the great P. Scipio Africanus. She was extremely solicitous concerning the education and training of her sons, providing them with the Greek teachers Blossius and Diophanes. She watched over their growth with adoring eyes. It was her dearest hope that they might become great. She wished to be known, she often said, as "the mother of the Gracchi"—and thus history has perpetuated her remembrance. . . . . And the fate of these two brothers, reared with such affectionate care? Both became eminent as reformers—and both came to a violent end. The elder, bearing his father's name, was beaten to death by a mob on the slope of the Capitol and his body cast into the Tiber. Gaius Sempronius, nine years younger, perished a suicide in the grove of Furrina while a fugitive in a factional conflict.

432. ***No dearness of price ought to hinder a man from the buying of books, if he has the money demanded for them, unless it be to withstand the malice of the seller or to await a more favorable opportunity of buying.***

— Richard Aungervyle, Richard de Bury (1287–1345),
English bishop and bibliophile.

THIS celebrated English bibliophile, who was bishop of Durham, seems not to have been above driving a bargain in his passion for rare volumes, especially with monks ignorant of the real value of the prizes in their possession. The abbot of St. Albans let him have nearly twoscore books for fifty pieces of silver when he used the influence of his church station to obtain certain privileges for the monastery. Aungervyle amassed a precious library, and on his death (April 14, 1345) left little else besides. The treasures which had cost him so much labor to collect were widely dispersed after he had gone, and only two of the books are known to be in existence to-day; one is in the British Museum, the other in the Bodleian.

433. ***This is a criminal act of yours. The curse of the nations will be upon you.***

— Serghei Dmitrievich Sazonov (1866–1927),
Russian statesman.

AT seven o'clock in the evening of Aug. 1, 1914, Count Pourtales, the kaiser's representative in St. Petersburg, brought to Sazonov, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, the German declaration of war against the czar. Sazonov took in the dispatch with a quick glance: he had been expecting it. Looking up from the momentous paper and weighing his words deliberately, he pronounced his indictment upon the act which sent all the nations, one after the other, tumbling into the world catastrophe.

434. * * * ***Not a man of iron, but of live oak.***

— James A. Garfield.

WHEN iron snaps from a flaw, the break is complete; the live oak, more stubborn, yields only if hacked to pieces. So the comparison chosen by Garfield in his estimate of the Civil War hero Gen. George Henry Thomas, in an oration at Cleveland, Ohio, (Nov. 25, 1870), did splendid justice to the "Rock of Chickamagua," who steadfastly held the Union left when the right was swept away, and beat back Bragg's whole army, though outnumbered two to one (Sept. 19,1863). Then there was that charge of the Army of the Cumberland up Missionary Ridge (Nov. 25, 1863)—ancient or modern warriors never did anything more gallant. But the greatest feat of this general who "never made a serious military mistake" was his annihilation of Hood's army in Tennessee (Dec. 15-16, 1864). . . . . One historian says of Thomas that he "perhaps falls as little short of the model soldier as any man produced by this country."

435. ***L'enfer des femmes, c'est la vieillesse.***
(Women's hell is old age.)

— Francois de la Rochefoucauld (1613–1680),
French author.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, the greatest of French epigrammatists, was reminding the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos (whose friend he remained after he had ceased to be one of her numerous lovers) that drab years confronted her; for she was long past her bloom. Ninon outlived him, however, by twenty-five years, dying in 1705 at the age of ninety. To the last she preserved her vivacious spirits and that humor of which La Rochefoucauld had abundantly availed himself in gathering material for his famous "Maxims."

436. *Cet enfant deviendra un homme célèbre, mais sa vie sera des plus laborieuses, des plus tourmentées, et toujours livrée à la contradiction.*

(This child will become a celebrated man, but his life will be moreover laborious and tormented, and always given to contradiction.)

SOMETIMES a horoscope hits the truth. An extraordinary case in point is found in the life of the French historical painter Ferdinand Delacroix (1798-1863). "Celebrated—laborious—tormented," said an astrologer at his birth; and the prophecy began to come true when he was a mere child. His first nurse dozed over a dull novel and let the candle fall on his coverlet; ever after he carried on his face the scars from the burns. Another servant, equally inattentive to her charge, dropped him into the sea in her eagerness to get up the side of a ship and see her sailor sweetheart. Once he was accidentally poisoned; at another time he almost choked to death. And, as if all this were not enough to brand him with perpetual ill-luck, he put a rope around his neck (out of curiosity, not despondency) and tried to imitate a picture he had seen of a man hanging himself. After he got into the studios his troubles continued. A bold colorist and romantic in his visions, he used his brush with dashing energy, openly sacrificing accuracy for spectacular effect. This brought him into conflict with the critics and with many of his brother artists—though they were forced to acknowledge his power. Those of his canvases which got into the Salon roused little enthusiasm. Yet to-day his countrymen regard Delacroix as one of their greatest painters. . . . . *Laborious,* did the fortune-teller say? A year after the death of Delacroix one hundred and seventy-four of his paintings were put on exhibition on the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, with no fewer than three hundred and three drawings.

437. ***Fellow-citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington lives!***

— James A. Garfield.
(See 784.)

THE death of Abraham Lincoln had just been reported in New York City (April 15, 1865), and the news had spread with lightning speed. Following it closely came a report that a general conspiracy to kill other Northern leaders had been uncovered. Excitement ran high. Two men, heard exulting over the assassination of the President, were roughly handled by the mob and left in the street to die. There was a mass meeting of patriotic citizens before the Merchants' Exchange to demand vengeance on certain newspapers for utterances considered treasonable. . . . . Amidst the tumult Garfield appeared on the balcony of the Exchange and with a small flag that he carried motioned for quiet. He was a representative in Congress at the time, and little known. At first he was scarcely heard above the clamor, but as he proceeded his solemn words and impressive manner of speech calmed the crowd. His conclusion is well-known (he quoted Psalm 97:2):

> *Fellow-citizens! Clouds and darkness are around Him; His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds; justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne; mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow-citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington lives!*

The mutterings ceased—the throng soberly dispersed. The man who was fated to be President himself—and a martyr—had laid a tempest of hate and fear.

438. ***Him, and no other one, will I receive and trust.***

— HYDER ALI (c. 1722–1782),
Ruler of Mysore.

WHEN Hyder, the most formidable antagonist the British ever had to cope with in India, was asked by the Madras government, with which he was at war, to receive a private embassy to talk peace (1779), he demanded that they should send the German Protestant missionary, Christian Friedrich Schwarz (1726-1798). Thus he paid the highest possible tribute to that noble worker's integrity and good sense. While Hyder was ravaging the plains of the Carnatio he allowed Schwarz free passage through his camp; and the universal esteem in which the missionary was held by the native rulers and people proved the salvation of the garrison and populace of Tanjore from famine (February, 1782). The farmers had refused to sell provisions to the besieged city, despite the joint pleadings of the British and the rajah, who in despair appealed to Schwarz. On his pledge to the cultivators that they would be paid, they relented and sent in the supplies so sorely needed. . . . . At the rajah's death Schwarz became tutor and guardian of his young son Maha Sarboji, and molded him into one of India's most accomplished sovereigns. A monument to the missionary's memory was raised by the East India Company in St. Mary's Church at Madras, and the rajah set up another shaft in the Mission Church.

439. *I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!*

— JUSTINIAN I, the Great (483–565),
Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire.

FOR almost six years, ten thousand workmen, under the watchful eye of the Greek architect genius Anthemius, had labored on the creative masterpiece of Justinian's reign, and the glory of Byzantine art—the new Cathedral of St. Sophia in his capital Constantinople. The quarries of many countries had yielded for it their choicest stones. Eight of the porphyry columns had once adorned the Temple of the Sun at Baalbeck. A hundred mighty pillars of marble and jasper upreared their splendor. The grand aerial cupola hung like a floating heaven. The very pavement had blossomed in blended colors. Now, on Christmas Day, 538, this miracle of magnificence stood complete. . . . . During the solemn festival of dedication Justinian gazed about him in awe. Where gold did not glitter silver shone. All this handiwork had cost five millions of dollars. Surely the Temple of Jerusalem was no more worthy of adulation. Oblivious for the moment to the grave voice of the patriarch, the emperor in his vanity exclaimed: "I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!". . . . But even all this majesty of huge freestone blocks crusted with marble proved fragile in the grasp of an earthquake twenty years later, and the greater part of the dome was ruined. Justinian, not to be outdone, restored it and raised it still higher. In 563 there was a second consecration. To-day, after thirteen centuries, St. Sophia still offers its wonders to the eye.

440. ***Look at this man: his appearance is insignificant, but he has put new life into three of my provinces.***

— Louis XV

A FRENCH king never thought his court was adequately outfitted unless it swarmed with elegant courtiers, with spicy *bon mots* ready on their tongues and charms of person sufficiently engaging to please the ladies. But when it came to wrestling with the hard business of the realm these hangers-on were of little more account than the poodles always under foot at Versailles. Louis was more than ever convinced of this after Armand Joseph de Bethune (1738-1800), the last duke of Charost, finished straightening out a few of the provinces. . . . . The duke was so lacking in physical graces that it was difficult for him to get a partner at royalty's fancy dress balls; but as an economist his judgment was remarkably sound. In the eyes of the peasants he was handsome; for he revised taxes in their favor, improved agriculture, abolished the need for beggary, helped rural education, and made them contented subjects.

441. ***If the people cannot get bread, let them eat hay.***

— Joseph Francois Foullon (1717–1789),
French administrator.
(Compare 720.)

THE brutal remark of Foullon when his attention was called to the sufferings of the poor was afterward brought home to him with irony by the French people. As minister of the king's household Foullon turned the revenues to his own profit. After the fall of the Bastille he fled to his estate at Vitry and had the news circulated that he was dead, but he was seized and borne back to Paris. A bundle of hay was tied on his back and, though Lafayette tried to save him, he was dragged to the Hotel de Ville and strung up to a lamp-post (July 22, 1789).

442. *You may raise the pile of calumny as high as you will; vous n'arriverez jamais a la hauteur de mon dédain.*

(*You will never reach the height of my contempt.*)

— Francois Pierre Guillaume Guizot (1787–1874),
French statesman and historian.

FAMOUS as a writer, Guizot was also one of the most forceful statesmen in Europe, and his achievements in public affairs may engage a reader quite as profitably as his "Memoirs of My Own Time" or his "History of France." . . . . When the Continent was threatened with war late in 1840, Guizot, ambassador to London, was recalled to France by King Louis Philippe to form a new cabinet. He constituted himself minister for foreign affairs, and by his firm adherence to a pacific policy (in which he was ably supported by Lord Aberdeen, the English foreign secretary), succeeded in keeping France and England from conflict. He maintained his conservatism despite bitter opposition from the belligerent Thiers and his following. Once when attacked for his "servility" to England, Guizot made his celebrated retort: that his contempt for his political enemies overtopped all the slander they could heap against him.

443. *O that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air!*

— Robert Emmet.
(See 724.)

IT was while Emmet was at Trinity College (1793-1798) that one day his fellow student, Tom Moore, the poet, sat down at the piano and played "Let Erin Remember." The song has a stirring melody, and as Emmet listened his enthusiasm grew, until he could keep still no longer. He had the same impulsiveness then which brought him to execution a few years afterward as an Irish rebel.

444. ***God willing, I will beat a hole in his drum!***

— MARTIN LUTHER.

(See 532.)

WITH these fiery words Luther declared war on the Dominican monk John Tetzel, who was raising money for the Vatican by the sale of indulgences at Zerbst and Juterbogk on the borders of Saxony (1517). Tetzel's guarantee was very seductive, and he did a thriving business. When a coin was placed in his chest for a soul in purgatory, and fell ringing upon the bottom (these are the words of Luther himself), the soul immediately started for heaven. These "papal tickets" were warranted to square all sins, and even licensed the purchasers to sin at their pleasure and convenience at any future time. Naturally Luther, who was preaching at the castle church in Wittenberg—"a young doctor fresh from the anvil, glowing and bold in Holy Scripture," as he described himself—was indignant because of this traffic at his very doors. The tenor of the friar's sermons added to his ire. So the day before All Saints' he nailed over the door of the Schloszkirche ninety-five theses assailing with sledge-hammer force Tetzel and his operations. Why, asked Luther, did not Pope Leo X build the Basilica of St. Peter's with his own riches rather than with the money of poor believers? . . . . The theses raised a furore. The press of Wittenberg University could not turn them out fast enough. In less than a fortnight they were known all over Germany. Luther was astounded at their vogue. The bottom did indeed fall out of Tetzel's trade, though he countered with a set of theses of his own devising. The pope summoned Luther to Rome; but the reformer, suspecting that he might never come back, refused to go. He disputed the question with Dr. Johann von Eck at Leipsic in a memorable debate. The Reformation was fairly launched.

445. ***If people knew how hard I have had to work to gain my mastery, it wouldn't seem wonderful at all.***

— MICHELANGELO.

(See 631, 831.)

HERE, in two words, is the secret of Michelangelo's success—*hard work*. He revealed it himself, shortly before his death, to a friend who found him in his studio in the act of destroying a multitude of sketches which he had used in developing his masterpieces. . . . . There were two other arts in which the great Florentine painter and sculptor excelled—poetry and architecture. His achievements were amazing, not only in number but in quality. In 1501, he was commissioned by the gonfalonier of Florence to make some use of a huge block of marble which had been spoiled and discarded by another sculptor, Agostino d'Antonio, and had lain neglected for forty years. From it he carved the colossal figure of "David" which stands to-day in the Academy at Florence. To this same period (1501-1505) belonged the famous cartoon of "The Bathing Soldiers," now unfortunately lost beyond recovery. . . . . In 1505, the artist was called to Rome and told to prepare a mausoleum for Pope Julius II, but Julius, hearing that it was unlucky to build one's own tomb, gave up the plan. The whole scheme dwindled at last to the statue of "Moses"—now in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli at Rome. When a later pope, Paul III, saw it, he said: "That is enough for one pope," and promptly transferred the activities of "the man with four souls" to the Sistine Chapel. Michelangelo decorated the vaulted ceiling with three hundred and forty-three figures (embodying the story of Genesis from the Creation to the Flood), toiling on it for four and a half years, face upwards, much of the time unassisted. On the altar wall of the Chapel he later painted the fresco of "The Last Judgment," probably the most celebrated single picture in the world. Michelangelo's last labor, for which he refused all remuneration, was to supervise the completion of St. Peter's, and his famous dome crowns the great basilica as it crowned his life work. . . . . A mind like Michelangelo's appears about once in a century—or even more rarely.

446. ***If you are victorious, spare all the aged, the women, and the children.***

— Abu Bekr, (573–634),
First caliph after Mohammed.
(Compare 302, 483.)

ABU Bekr was far more humane in his conquests than many a great captain in subsequent ages. His code for the treatment of the vanquished (first addressed to his general Abu Sufyan) is celebrated among military students. The occupants of monasteries were to be strictly spared; desecration of houses of religious worship was sternly forbidden. But—

> *Cleave the skulls of those members of the synagogue of Satan who shave their crowns; give them no quarter, unless they embrace Islamism or pay tribute.*

Thus he freely countenanced murder to extend the creed of his illustrious father-in-law, the prophet Mohammed. . . . . The triumphs of Abu Bekr's arms gave him the richest countries in the world for tribute; yet on his death he left behind as his personal possessions one Ethiopian slave and a camel!

447. ***Cogito, ergo sum.***
(I think, therefore I exist.)

— Rene Descartes.
(See 372).

ON this celebrated Latin proposition Descartes founded his whole system of thought: rationalism, or "pure reason." He determined upon it after years of reflection and study. "He could not doubt that he felt and thought, therefore he could not doubt that he, the feeler, the thinker, really existed." From this it was only a step to his conclusion that "whatever is clearly and distinctly thought must be true; and amongst these clear and distinct thoughts he soon recognized the idea of God as the absolutely perfect being." . . . . On the pedestal of the modern statue erected to Descartes at Tours is inscribed the French rendering of his declaration: *Je pense, donc je suis.*

448. *These are the last tears I shall shed.*

— Frederick the Great.

FREDERICK'S passion for his dogs was one of his most conspicuous traits in his last years. He gave to these faithful friends the affection which he denied to man or woman. They had free run of his picturesque castle San Souci just outside of Potsdam. No servant had the audacity to rebuke them. . . . . The king's preference was for Italian greyhounds, and his favorite was Alcmene, a lady of gentleness and refinement. She slept at his feet and shared his food. One day Alcmene died. Frederick had her brought to him, and taking one of her paws tenderly in his hand, he said, with choking voice: "These are the last tears I shall ever shed." . . . . Another affecting instance of his love for his pets occurred on the night of his death. On a stool near his bed sat one of the dogs, in loyal vigil. The fire was low, and Frederick noticed that the four-footed watcher shivered. Even then pressed for breath, he murmured with difficulty: "Throw a quilt over it." When that had been done, he seemed easier. This is said to have been his last conscious utterance.

449. *If Mr. Cotes had lived, we should have known something.*

— Sir Isaac Newton.

ROGER Cotes, English mathematician and philosopher, was cut off by death at the age of thirty-four (June 5, 1716), before his uncommon genius could flower. He earned this enviable encomuim from the great Newton by the remarkable promise that was apparent in the unpublished manuscripts and the series of elaborate researches on optics which he left unfinished.

450. ***Call no man happy till you know the nature of his death. * * * He who possesses the most advantages, and afterwards leaves the world with composure, he alone, O Croesus, is entitled to our admiration.***

— SOLON.

This saying is commonly rendered, "Call no man happy till he is dead"—a condensation which stops far short of Solon's real meaning.

SOLON once visited the Lydian ruler Croesus in his splendid palace at Sardis. After proudly displaying to his guest the treasures for which he was famed, the king asked: "What man, of all whom you have beheld, seemed to you most happy?" (expecting that his vanity would be gratified). Solon gave the palm to Tellus the Athenian, who fell in battle at Eleusis. And who after Tellus? persisted Croesus (confident that he would now hear his own name). But the Greek lawgiver said, "Cleobis and Bito, the Argives," who yoked themselves like cattle to the carriage of their mother and drew her to the Temple of Juno for the festival. Greatly offended, Croesus exclaimed: "Think you so meanly of my prosperity as to place me even beneath men of private and obscure conditions?" Then Solon affirmed that the *truly happy man* was "the poor man with health and strength, a stranger to misfortune, blessed in his children, and amiable in himself, if, at the end of such a life, his death is fortunate." He reminded Croesus that material riches were likely to be fleeting:

> *Sir, if any other come that has better iron*
> [better arms], *he will be master of all this gold.*

. . . . Sophocles closes his tragedy "King Oedipus" with the following lines (uttered by the leader of the chorus):

> *I will call no mortal happy, while he holds his house of clay,*
> *Till without one pang of sorrow, all his hours have passed away.*

451. *In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!*

— Col. Ethan Allen (1739–1789),
American soldier.

THE capture of Ticonderoga by Colonials under Allen (May 10, 1775), while a military feat of high importance, was also a scene for comic opera which historians have not appreciated. . . . . In choosing the gray of the dawn for the daring attack the American commander made it embarrassing indeed for the British captain De La Place. He was in bed, like all the garrison except a lone sentinel, when the Green Mountain Boys, eighty-three of them, burst into the fort. Rudely roused by their huzzas as they raced across the parade-ground, he shed his blankets and, blinking like an owl, was standing with his breeches in his hands when Allen suddenly appeared before him and demanded his surrender. To a more polished conqueror the ludicrous situation would have made huge appeal, but the rough and ready Ethan never even smiled. When De La Place, now thoroughly awake, inquired by what authority he acted, Allen cited such extraordinary sanction for his enterprise that the outwitted and astonished Briton hustled into his trousers without further ado and arranged for the capitulation of the fortress. . . . . By his bold stroke Allen, in ten minutes and without injury to a man of his small force, had won the stronghold which dominated all northern New York, and made it possible for Washington's army to free Boston from the British. The guns of Ticonderoga, drawn two hundred miles over the snow on sledges the next winter, were mounted in the American fortifications on Dorchester Heights (February, 1776) and made the city untenable for Gen. Howe and his redcoats. . . . . According to the historian Albert Bushnell Hart, Allen's ultimatum to De La Place was much rougher than the accepted version, but the Harvard professor does not divulge it. Here we take the word of Allen himself, as given in his own narrative of his life.

452. ***I am glad that he has the grace to thank God for anything.***

—Samuel Johnson (1709–1784),
English writer and lexicographer.

FOR more than seven years (1748-1755) Johnson labored at his dictionary—the first in the English language. It was an arduous and unremunerative undertaking. The few cheap scriveners who helped him he had to pay out of the fifteen hundred guineas ($7500) which he received from the booksellers' combination that commissioned him; and he himself selected every definition from the mass of quotations collected by these assistants. Undoubtedly he felt a great load slide from his shoulders the day that he came to the end of his task—a relief that was evidently shared by his publisher. When the messenger came for the last page of manuscript, Johnson inquired: "What did he say?"—referring to the man who was to print the two ponderous volumes. The messenger showed some confusion, and only with reluctance replied:

He said, sir, 'Thank God I have done with him!'

Johnson's response was prompter. (There was a mutual contempt between authors and publishers in those days, of which all traces have not entirely disappeared.)

453. ***Legatus est vir bonus peregrare missus ad mentiendum rei publicae causae.***

(*An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of the commonwealth.*)

— Sir Henry Wotton (1568–1639),
English diplomat and author.

IN an unfortunate moment Sir Henry wrote this epigram, in Latin, in the autograph album of his friend Christopher Fleckamore, at Augsburg, in 1604. It became famous and has attached undeserved notoriety to his name. In 1611, the German controversialist Caspar Schoppe (Jasper Scioppius), who had borne a grudge against Wotton since they were fellow students at Altdorf, cited it in his "Ecclesiasticus" as evidence of deceit in the tactics of James VI of Scotland and his envoys. Wotton, who was James's ambassador at Venice, happened to be in England on leave when the book was published, and found himself in disgrace with the incensed king. He was finally restored to favor, however, and permitted to return to his post. Replying to Schoppe in a letter to Marcus Welser, the scholastic burgomaster of Augsburg, Sir Henry made light of the debatable sentence as a "merry definition," and affirmed that he had intended a pun on "lie abroad." . . . . Wotton's counsel to a young man breaking into the diplomatic service is not so often quoted, though a more trustworthy index to his character:

> *Tell the truth, and so puzzle and confound*
> *your adversaries.*

454. ***The battle of Waterloo was won here.***

— Duke of Wellington.

MANY years after Waterloo the conqueror of Napoleon uttered these words as he watched a cricket match at Eton. It seemed to him only yesterday that the Irish boy Arthur Wellesley, from Dungan Castle in Meath, was swinging a bat himself out there, never suspecting that the same sure eye and quick thought with which he followed the ball would serve him well in his greatest test, on a famous battle-field in Belgium. Eton sportsmanship, from its most ancient times has been hard but clean, inculcating moral courage and physical sturdiness. "The Iron Duke" personified it in war. Some will say that his remark at the cricket-ground had a broader significance; that he referred to the athletic training in English schools in general as the animating force which drove his soldiers over Bonaparte. Still the text remains clear: it was the spirit of Eton that brought victory to Wellington and his army at Waterloo.

455. ***Tired! when you have all eternity to rest in?***

— Antoine Arnauld, "Le Grand" (1612–1694),
French theologian.

CONTROVERSIALIST of unflagging energy and aggressiveness, Arnauld was forced by religious persecution to flee into Belgium (1679), with his Jansenist co-worker Pierre Nicole. Elderly and ailing Nicole complained that he was worn out and wanted rest from the hardships of a fugitive existence; whereupon his more vigorous companion reproached him in words that are famous. They soon separated. Arnauld's industry as an author was amazing. His complete works as published at Paris (1775-1781) filled thirty-seven volumes, in forty-two parts. He once remarked regretfully:

In spite of myself, my books are seldom very short.

He was eighty-two when he died at Brussels (Aug. 8, 1694).

456. *Patria Cara,*
Carior Libertas,
Veritas Carissima.
(My Fatherland is dear,
Liberty dearer,
Truth the most precious.)

— Francis Lieber (1800–1872),
German-American publicist and philosopher.

THE motto which Lieber kept before him in his study was the watchword of his life—as soldier, professor, writer. He fought under Blücher and with the Greeks in their war for independence. The Prussian universities closed their doors against him because of certain songs of freedom he had written. When, in 1827, he turned toward the Republic across the sea, the Fatherland that had given him birth lost his keen intellect, his sincerity and congeniality, which America was fortunate enough to gain.

457. ***Adieu, toi si belle et si cruelle, qui me tues et que je ne puis cesser d'aimer!***

(Adieu, thou so fair and so cruel, who killed me and yet I cannot cease to love thee!)

— Pierre de Chastelard (1540–1563),
French poet and courtier.

CHASTELARD'S rash infatuation for Mary, Queen of Scots, proved his ruin. Following her to Scotland, he began his suit by addressing ardent verses to her, of which she did not disapprove. But his conduct became so obnoxious that the queen turned against him, and he was hanged over night. On the way to the scaffold he occupied himself in reading the "Hymne de la Mort" (Hymn to Death) of Pierre de Ronsard, who had tutored him in song. At the fatal moment he turned toward Holyrood Palace and spoke reproachful words of farewell to Mary, who could not have heard them if she had been listening.

458. ***La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas.***
(The Guard dies but does not surrender.)
Also rendered:
La Garde ne se rend pas; elle meurt.
(The Guard never surrenders; it dies.)

THIS heroic phrase has been attributed repeatedly to the French general Pierre Jacques Etienne Cambronne (1770-1842), in the last stand of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo. The traditional picture is thrilling: Cambronne, at bay with the remnants of Napoleon's proudest battalion, choosing to perish rather than become prisoner. But, although more than one of the grenadiers swore that he heard Cambronne say it, not once but twice, there is no truth in it. Cambronne himself denied the utterance at a banquet in Nantes (1835); furthermore, he did surrender—to Brig. Gen. Hugh Halkett and the Hanoverian militia. Now for the source of the saying:—Two days after the battle a Paris journalist, Rougemont, who was given to writing *mots,* invented it in the *Independent.* The French painter Nicholas Toussaint Charlet used the line as a motto on his lithograph "Grenadier de Waterloo" (1817). . . . .The Old Guard went into Waterloo 10,000 strong; when darkness fell there were only 150 survivors, but they kept their squares and scoffed at surrender till finally trampled down by the British and Prussian horsemen.

459. ***That gallant officer is General Fraser. I admire and honor him, but it is necessary he should die; victory for the enemy depends upon him. Take your station in that clump of bushes and do your duty.***

— Col. Daniel Morgan (1736–1802),
American soldier.

MORGAN'S moccasined riflemen from the Shenandoah Valley and western Pennsylvania, who wore the motto *Liberty or Death* on their hunting shirts, were the crack marksmen of the American army that encompassed Burgoyne. At the second battle of Saratoga (Oct. 7, 1777) their shots brought down Gen. Simon Fraser, the most inspiring figure among the British officers. . . . . Morgan, whose hawk-like eyes never missed an essential on a battlefield, recognized that the death of Fraser would be as fatal to Burgoyne as the loss of a regiment. He hesitated to give the cold-blooded command, for he was a square, magnanimous fighter; but the Colonials were striving for a rich prize this day—to let the life of one man stand in the way of triumph was not soldierly business. So he rallied a group of his sharpshooting frontiersmen about him and showed them the target they must not miss. A dozen bullets sped from the bushes with deadly aim. . . . . When the British saw Fraser fall, mortally wounded, panic seized their ranks, and victory for the Americans was assured.

460. ***Do you think that the spirits of such base, mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honor and courage and resolution in them?***

— Oliver Cromwell.

WHEN the first battle of the Great Rebellion was fought at Edge Hill in Warwickshire (Oct. 23, 1642), Cromwell, just coming to the front in the Parliamentary cause, commanded sixty horses under the earl of Essex. As he saw the Royalist mounts of Prince Rupert charge down into the plain and demoralize the Parliamentary cavalry he was stirred to vigorous criticism of the inferior morale of Essex's forces. Cromwell's own troop stood firm in the rout, for he had recruited not adventurers or mercenaries but men who warred for the faith that was in them. Only the opportune arrival of Hampden with artillery saved the Parliamentarians from absolute defeat. The lesson was obvious. The Royal army was made up mostly of high-spirited gentlemen accustomed to fencing, the use of firearms, and bold riding on their own horses; moreover, they would quicker die than suffer dishonor. The Parliamentary ranks, on the other hand, swarmed with soldiers of fortune and rabble who had enlisted for hire. Thus the successes of the Cavaliers of Charles II in the early part of the Rebellion are easily explained; but Cromwell instituted military reforms which changed all that.

461. ***Moi, Sebastien Roch Nicolas Chamfort, déclare avoir voulu mourir en homme libre plutôt que d'être reconduit en esclave dans une maison d'arrêt.***

(***I, Sebastien Roch Nicolas Chamfort, declare that I would sooner suffer death as a free man than be conducted as a slave to prison.***)

— CHAMFORT.

(See 420).

THE cynicism which gave Chamfort his reputation as a brilliant aphorist triumphed over the tragedy of his death. He had thrown himself into the Revolution with ardor, but after the fall of the Girondins his satirical attacks on the new régime in the Convention caused his arrest. He anticipated it by attempting suicide with a poniard. The officers found him still alive, but beyond recovery. He dictated to them his last defiant pronouncement, quoted above, and signed it with a pen dipped in his ebbing blood. He lingered on in the custody of a gendarme, whom he rewarded with a crown a day. Just before he died (April 13, 1794), he said:

Je m'en vais enfin de ce monde ou il faut que le coeur se brise ou se bronze.

(*At last I am about to leave this world, where the heart must be broken or be brass.*)

462. *Rightly served!*

— Gnaeus Domitius Corbulo (1st century A. D.),
Roman general.

WITH a cryptic exclamation Corbulo, plunging his sword into his heart, met the demand of Nero that he forever efface himself from Roman affairs by suicide (67 A.D.). Perhaps he was reproaching himself for his folly in obeying the fatal summons instead of seizing the throne—a *coup* which would have been easy enough; for his legions in Armenia were intensely loyal to him, and hatred for Nero was rapidly increasing. . . . . Rome was about to invade Syria, and Corbulo's seasoned troops were closest to the scene. Already jealous of the triumphs and popularity of this proconsul, Nero feared that he might gain further prestige in the new war. Ordering Vespasian to the command in Armenia, the emperor hastened into Greece and cited Corbulo to attend on him. . . . . Superseded, disgraced, Corbulo must have realized the deadly significance of the order. Yet straight to his doom he went, saying farewell to the veterans who, at his word, would have swept him into imperial power. He kept his faith as a soldier at the cost of a scepter.

463. *Our blind confidence in our kings has been our ruin.*
— MIRABEAU.

ALARMED at the unmistakable signs of popular revolt, Louis XVI was drawing in troops on Paris, when Mirabeau stood up in the Assembly and in one of his most famous speeches demanded the immediate withdrawal of the battalions. His address was enthusiastically adopted as a resolution and he was one of the deputation that presented it to the king, who explained that he was assembling soldiers only to maintain public order. When the count de Crillon ventured to suggest that Louis was "an honest man" and his word should be taken in faith, Mirabeau retorted:

> *The word of an honest king is but a sad guarantee for the conduct of his ministry; our blind confidence in our kings has been our ruin.*

These words were impromptu, and Mirabeau's own; but, like many another of his public utterances, his address in the Assembly just previously was prepared for him by his talented friend Pierre Dumont, his affinity in principles.

464. ***When a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.***

— SAMUEL JOHNSON.

TO Johnson the city of London was the world. He had no desire to stir out of it. There was his work, and his club where he regularly met his friends. . . . . Sir Charles Bell, the celebrated Scottish anatomist (1774-1842), on sacrificing a large and profitable surgical practice in the British metropolis to accept the chair of surgery in the University of Edinburgh (1836), remarked:

> *London is a place to live in, but not to die in.*

Consequently it was agreeable to him that his last days were spent at Hallow Park, near Worcester. . . . . John Dalton, English chemist and physicist (1766-1844), took still another view of the great town:

> *A surprising place and well worth one's while to see once, but the most disagreeable place on earth for one of a contemplative turn to reside in constantly.*

Absorbed in his laboratory work, Dalton lived for more than a quarter of a century in George Street, Manchester.

465. ***Why should I regret to die? I have enjoyed the Revolution. Let us go to slumber.***

— DANTON.
(See 352, 388.)

FAULTS Danton had—the clay of which he was molded was far from flawless; but no affectation abode in him, and he carried his frankness to the scaffold (April 5, 1794). At the foot of the steps he stopped for a last embrace of his friend, the handsome and elegant Herault, condemned to die in the same hour. The executioner interfered and ordered him along. Danton shook off the grasp, exclaiming:

> *Go, churl! you can't at least prevent our heads from embracing in yon sack.*

He continued loudly, to the crowd:

> *One thing consoles me; 't is that Robespierre follows us. Why should I regret to die?*

Untamed, contemptuous of religion, still defiant of his enemies, he mounted to the platform. . . . . In the case of Danton, there was harmony in the doings of Destiny. He had led a violent life—his lot was a violent death.

466. *My friend, the pulse has ceased to beat.*

— Albrecht von Haller (1708–1777),
Swiss anatomist and physiologist.

VON HALLER faithfully recorded the symptoms of his last illness—a combination of gout and disease of the bladder —and an instant before the almost imperceptible beats of his heart failed altogether he addressed to his physician the words which left his lips on his dying breath (Dec. 17, 1777). As calmly and accurately as though he were reading the condition of a patient, Haller noted each grade in the decline of his own vital forces. To the end his mind was keen on the subjects which had crowded his life with fruitful study and brought him high repute. For seventeen years he occupied a chair in the University of Gottingen. He was ennobled by the emperor of Germany (1749), and was an honorary member of all the scientific societies of Europe. He has been called "the father of physiology."

467. *For a man's house is his castle, et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium (and his house is his safest refuge).*

— Sir Edward Coke.
(See 394.)

THIS affirmation of Coke, contained in his "Third Institute" (published in 1628, when he was no longer chief justice of England but a member of Parliament), has long been a standard formula in Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence for expressing the inviolability of the home from arbitrary invasion and search. Edmund Burke, with ample reason, praised Coke as "that great oracle of our law."

468. ***It is ill arguing with the master of thirty legions.***

— FAVORINUS (2nd century A. D.),
Greek philosopher.

FAVORINUS had extensive learning—and tact: a combination of virtues rarely found. He was an intimate companion of the Roman ruler Hadrian, but did not press the imperial patience too hard with his logic. On one occasion he permitted himself to be silenced by Hadrian's reasoning when it was apparent that he could have easily won the argument himself. An officer who heard the debate chided him, saying: "I could have answered better myself." The philosopher shrewdly explained why he had let the emperor have the honors. . . . . Favorinus subsequently incurred the resentment of Hadrian, and the Athenians (probably desiring to stand well with their master) pulled over a statue they had erected in honor of the sophist. Favorinus commented satirically on the incident:

If only Socrates had had a statue at Athens
he might have been spared the hemlock.

469. ***Improve your style, sir! You have disgusted me with the joys of heaven!***

— FRANCOIS DE MALHERBE.
(See 478.)

LYING on his deathbed, the epigrammatic Malherbe had been listening overlong to a priest whose rapturous pictures of the pleasures of Paradise had surfeited him. His sharp interruption undoubtedly brought him prompt relief. . . . . Malherbe's own "Consolation a Duperier" is a beautiful poem, and his odes to Marie de Medici and Louis XIII are well worthy of remembrance. He died in Paris on Oct. 16, 1628.

470. ***God grant you have not made yourself king of nothing!***
—CATHERINE DE MEDICI (1519–1589),
Queen of France.
(See 336.)

THE "Forty-five," hired by Henry III to put out of the way his most dangerous rival, the duke of Guise, had done their work and left the murdered nobleman lying in a hall of the Chateau of Blois. Assured that the duke was really dead, and consequently harmless, Henry stepped out of his room, sword in hand, and prodded with his foot the body of his fallen enemy, crying out dramatically, for the ears of the courtiers who had gathered:

We are no longer two. I am now king!

Then he went to the apartments of his mother and proudly repeated the remark. Catherine, sophisticated in royal intrigue and well aware that a king's grasp on power was always precarious, frowned on the presumption of her cowardly son. Her intimation that his *coup* might prove his own undoing came true—but she did not live to see it. . . . . The friends of Guise had their vengeance. A Dominican friar, Jacques Clement, was admitted to Henry on false letters of recommendation (Aug. 1, 1589), and stabbed him mortally as he sat in his chair.

471. ***Twelve miles an hour! as well trust one's self to be fired off on a Congreve rocket.***

THIS apprehensive exclamation in the staid English journal *The Quarterly Review* was prompted by the announcement of George Stephenson (1781-1848) of the alarming speed with which he proposed to send an engine over the projected Liverpool-Manchester steam railway. The comparison of the wild steed he was holding in leash with the dashing war rocket of Sir William Congreve probably amused Stephenson—may have nettled him a little. His confidence seemed mere bombast to the skeptical public, but he knew the wonderful possibilities of his invention. Still he would undoubtedly have been astonished to read, almost a hundred years afterward (October, 1927), that the crack Royal Scot train was driven by William Ward from London to Carlisle, three hundred miles, in 338 minutes without a stop. . . . . Stephenson's engine had its trial at Rainhill (in October, 1829). Both of the other rival entrants broke down, but his *Rocket* more than fulfilled his own prediction. To the amazement of everybody, it hauled a thirteen-ton train thirty-five miles in forty-eight minutes, or nearly forty-four miles an hour.

472. *You are the real sovereigns of Castile, enjoying all the rights and revenues of royalty, while I, stripped of my patrimony, have scarcely wherewithal to procure the necessaries of life.*

— Henry III (1379–1406),
King of Castile.

THE old Castilian nobles were distinguished by their imperious manners and luxurious style of living. They extorted rents, fortresses, and vast estates from the crown during the minority of Henry III, but after he became king he got it all back by a clever device. . . . . Coming home with a keen appetite after a day of hunting, Henry found a bare table. His crestfallen steward reported that there was neither money nor credit for food, bewailed the fact that the nobles were enjoying the fat of the land, and incidentally mentioned that they were feasting that very evening with the archbishop of Toledo. The indignant king got into the archbishop's palace in disguise and saw for himself the lavish spread of wines and viands. The next day he summoned the nobles before him and, after upbraiding them for having usurped the "real sovereignty" of Castile, signaled for the public executioner. When he entered with his grisly implements the dismayed courtiers fell to their knees and promised complete restitution of all that they had purloined from the royal possessions. The sagacious Henry held their persons as security until they had fulfilled their pledge.

473. ***Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!***

— PATRICK HENRY (1736–1799),
American statesman.
(See 59.)

THE second revolutionary convention of Virginia had for two days been in session in St. John's Episcopal Church at Richmond. Proposals for a peaceful settlement between the Colonies and England had been put forward strongly. Patrick Henry had listened to them with rising indignation; he was for American independence at whatever cost. On the third day (March 23, 1775), realizing that war was inevitable, he offered resolutions for arming the Virginia militia and putting the colony in a state of defense immediately. There was pronounced opposition, but Henry overwhelmed it in a powerful speech, mounting to a peroration which is famous. When he concluded with *give me liberty or give me death!* and sat down, the silence that held all the delegates was tenfold more impressive than the most tumultuous applause would have been. Then the tension created by his burning words relaxed, and several members started to their feet to speak. Richard Henry Lee got the floor first and supported Henry. His eloquence was not needed; the fire had been lighted. Without a dissenting vote the resolutions were adopted, and when news came of Lexington and Concord, Virginia was ripe for revolt.

474. ***It is my first battle as a commander: it may be my last. At sixty, that makes little difference; but my feelings are, it shall be do or die.***

— Sir Charles James Napier (1782–1853),
British soldier and statesman.

NAPIER made this entry in his journal on Feb. 17, 1843, just before leading his little army of four hundred English and twenty-two hundred Sepoys to victory over thirty thousand Baluchis in the battle of Meeanee, in Sind—one of the most extraordinary deeds of warfare in British military annals. . . . . The Baluchis, "thick as standing corn," were driven from a ridge after three hours of desperate conflict. Napier, who fought in the thick of his troops like a private, completed the rout of the enemy with the dash of a picked band of cavalry. . . . . All the emirs submitted except Shere Muhammed of Mirpur, who brought 25,000 men into battle (March 24) before the walls of Hyderabad. Here Napier, reinforced to five thousand, achieved another notable triumph. Shere Muhammed fled into the desert, and the spirit of the rebels was utterly broken. Napier took possession of Hyderabad, and from the palace of the emirs reported his success to the British War Office in a punning dispatch of a single word—one of the most whimsical messages of victory ever sent by a general:

Paccavi. (*I have sinned* [*Sind*].)

475. ***If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it on the plank-road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere: could you not break it?***

—Abraham Lincoln.

THIS half-humorous prod which the President gave to Gen. Joseph Hooker in a letter written after Lee had commenced his invasion of Pennsylvania (spring of 1863) appears to have been just cause for irritation to the commander of the Army of the Potomac. It was true, as Lincoln intimated, that the corps of Longstreet, Ewell and A. P. Hill were strung out loosely from Strasburg in the Valley of the Shenandoah to Fredericksburg; it is also confirmed that Hooker had seen his opportunity to "step on the snake," and begged in vain for authority to attack Lee's commanders in detail. The war might have been ended then and there; but the Federal headquarters felt safer in keeping Hooker's army as a screen between Lee's eighty thousand veterans and the city of Washington. Furthermore Hooker was not trusted by Halleck, the general-in-chief, who constantly interfered with the disposition of his forces. Disgusted and discouraged at the limitations which harassed him, Hooker resigned his command (June 28) and left it to Meade to win the honor of Gettysburg. . . . . Halleck's incompetence was at last recognized (March 1864) and Grant was put in his place. Perhaps if he had been removed two years earlier the war would have been shortened.

476. ***Vous me permettrez bien encore une douzaine d'huîtres.***

(*I beg a thousand pardons, my friend, but permit me to finish this last dozen of oysters.*)

— Duke of Biron, Armand Louis (1747–1793),
French soldier.

THE Revolutionary Tribunal had decided to guillotine Biron because he had thrown up his command of the army that was operating against the insurgents of La Vendée. So, on the morning of Dec. 31, 1793, they sent a messenger to the Abbaye, where he was a prisoner, to apprise him that this last day of the year was also to be his last day on earth. . . . . Biron was having a leisurely breakfast of oysters and white wine. It was an inopportune moment to break the distressing news to him; the bearer of it made his apologies and offered to await the duke's orders. "No, *morbleu,* 't is just the other way; I am at your orders," replied Biron, smiling, and requested only that he be allowed to finish his oysters. . . . . Shortly afterward, as the duke adjusted himself beneath the knife, he remarked:

I shall arrive in the other world in time
to wish my friends a happy New Year.

477. ***Il n'y a que moi pouvais concevoir la tête de Léonidas.***
(***Only I could have conceived the head of Leonidas.***)

— Jacques Louis David.
(See 203.)

"LEONIDAS at Thermopylae" was one of David's most striking pictures, and he cherished it as fondly perhaps as any of his numerous works. When he lay on his deathbed (Dec. 29, 1825), at Brussels (he had been exiled from Paris as one of the regicides of Louis XVI), a friend thought to cheer his last moments by showing him a print of the Leonidas. As he looked at it, half conscious, his artistic pride showed in his eyes and was expressed in the whispered exclamation with which he passed away.

478. *Votre potage vaut mieux que vos psaumes.*
(Your porridge tastes better than your psalms.)

— Francois de Malherbe (1555–1628),
French poet, critic and translator.
(See 469.)

MALHERBE'S ill-natured commentary on Phillippe Desportes' translation of the Psalms, while quite consistent with his unamiable character and carping style of criticism, was a display of sheer impudence; for in his earlier verses he had boldly imitated Desportes. Had he continued this habit his poetry undoubtedly would have been more readable. As it was, little could be found in it to inspire the emotions, though after Henry IV made room for him at court he was called the first poet of France. Desportes himself was a copyist, but whatever he used from Petrarch, Ariosto, and others he at least converted into such graceful sonnets that they, in turn, were "borrowed" by more than one of the English versifiers. In dainty villanelles he also excelled. Desportes was in his old age when he translated the Psalms.

479. *Do you wish to hasten my last hour?*

— Nicolas Boileau-Despreaux (1636–1711),
French poet and critic.

DOWN to the hour of his death Boileau retained the spirit of pleasant humor which gave him a wide reputation through his "Satires" and "Epistles." Not long before he passed out of the world (March 13, 1711), a playwright gained access to his bedside in the cloisters of Notre Dame (where he had lived with his confessor since 1705), and entreated him to read a new play and give his opinion of it. Boileau felt forced to decline this untimely request, but did it with the best grace possible. Generous and warm-hearted, he never embittered his writings with the sting of malice. "He was always gay, never cruel."

480. ***How much blood will be required to wash out our own?***

— Jean Pierre Brissot (1754–1793),
French Girondist.

TWENTY-ONE Girondists were spending their last night in prison. On the morrow they would be free—the Guillotine would see to that. Among them was Brissot, whose journal *La Patriote Francais* had given strong impetus to the Revolution. Able writer, student of law, history, economics, and politics, ardent champion of the rights of the masses, he bore himself calmly on the eve of execution. He talked thoughtfully of his philosophical system for improving the condition of humanity, while the night wore away, faster than usual it seemed. . . . . At ten o'clock in the morning (Oct. 31, 1793) Brissot died bravely, with his companions. *How much blood?* he had wondered, before starting for the scaffold. History has given the lurid answer.

481. ***You are the master of the sky.***

— Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot (1796–1875),
French landscape painter.

One of the most graphic of all critiques was a brief sentence of praise bestowed by one eminent artist upon another. . . . . "Pere" Corot, as he was affectionately known in the Paris ateliers, was the most distinguished of the Barbizon school. Standing before some of the remarkable canvases of Eugene Boudin (1824-1898), who was at his side, the elder artist expressed his admiration of the sublimely pictured skies over stretches of strand and rocky coast. Boudin was passionately fond of the sea, and his paintings are rich with its numerous color-notes. . . . . Those words of Corot were something for him to treasure, for they came from one of the greatest landscape artists the world has ever seen.

482. ***It would have been better if man never had been created, but since he is now in the world, let him be careful in his actions.***

ONE of the most curious debates ever recorded took place at Jerusalem, in the time of Herod the Great, between the great rival schools the House of Shammai and the House of Hillel, on the question whether "it was better for man to have been created, or not." It was decided in the negative; but by mutual agreement a clause was added admonishing the species *homo* to make the best of an unfortunate situation by wisely watching his steps. . . . . Shammai was supreme judge of the Sanhedrin while Hillel was the president (about 30 B. C.), or a hundred years before the destruction of the temple. The religious views of the two eminent doctors of Jewish law were in marked contrast. The strife between the two houses was continued after the death of their leaders, until Gamaliel II settled it in favor of the Hillel school, thus putting an end to the division between the scribes and asserting his own authority as president of the high court of Judaism.

483. ***Kill them all! God will easily recognize his own!***

— AMALRIC,
Abbot of Citeaux.
(Compare 302, 446.)

THE Albigenses were being hunted down with fire and sword in southern France by the forces of Simon de Montfort, fanatical feudal lord, and Amalric, the pope's legate-commander (1209). The crusaders fell first upon Beziers. The garrison essayed a sally, but were driven back in a rout, and the Catholics swarmed in. The town was at their mercy, but whom should they strike? How tell the "heretics" from the faithful? The problem was put up to the abbot of Citeaux. He solved it promptly. "Kill them all!" It was done literally.

484. ***The only sound reason why a great State goes to war, being distinguished from a small State, is egoism and not romanticism.***

— Prince Otto von Bismarck (1815–1898),
German statesman.

HERE Bismarck put his finger squarely on the great passion which impels a country to wave its flags and march its men off to be slaughtered in the name of War. With this utterance in the Landtag just after Frederick III had appointed him Prussian representative at the Frankfort Diet (1851) he indicted succinctly the various kinds of national "ego" which bring on conflicts—conceit in the power of an army or a new fleet of armorclads; selfish ambition for trade supremacy; the lust of a ruler for a conqueror's prestige; the greed of Business for huge profits through the exploitation of soldiers blinded with a studied propaganda of battle-field "glory.". . . . Bismarck was a Junker through and through—a militarist—a champion of combat; but he was honest enough to admit that all the shouting under the banners, all the romantic pictures of the charge and the siege, all the eloquent appeals to "patriotism," usually screen a sinister design. He spoke another truism on this subject when he declared:

> *If ministers for foreign affairs had been obliged to go into the field with the generals, fewer wars would have been recorded in history.*

485. ***What! shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak?***

—John Newton (1725–1807),
English divine.
(Compare 105.)

JOHN Newton had not completed his task, and though more than eighty years old—his sight and hearing feeble, his memory fast failing—he kept at it resolutely. He was working out a huge debt—an obligation to Christianity; and not even the well-meant urgings of his friends could make him stop. . . . . For four years Newton was master of an African slaveship. Gradually his mind turned to higher things. While his cargo of wretched blacks, penned in the pest-holes below decks, fought for air, and the vessel creaked and groaned with her labors, above in his cabin he prayed; read the New Testament and Thomas à Kempis; studied Horace, Livy, and Erasmus. Quitting the sea in 1775, he was for eight years tide-surveyor at Liverpool— all the time learning Hebrew and Greek and digesting theological books in Latin, French, and English. In 1764 he was ordained, and for sixteen years was curate of Olney. Then he became rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, and remained there till his death (Dec. 31, 1807). . . . . Many of the most famous of the Olney Hymns (the poet Cowper was his collaborator) were written by this man in whom the leaven of religion was working even while the curses of prisoned slaves sounded beneath the planks at his feet.

486. ***You seem solicitous about that pretty thing called soul. I do protest you know nothing of it, nor whether it is, nor what it is, nor what it shall be. Young scholars and priests know all that perfectly. For my part I am but a very ignorant fellow.***

— VOLTAIRE.

JAMES Boswell, the biographer of Samuel Johnson, in his quest among his fellow-men for an assurance of the reality of the spiritual life, wrote to Voltaire seeking some commitment on paper from the great French philosopher which he might keep as a record. He received his reply in a letter dated at the Chateau de Ferney (Feb. 11, 1765). Voltaire concluded with this congenial humor:

> *Let it be what it will, I assure you my soul has a great regard for your own. When you will make a turn into our deserts, you shall find me (if alive) ready to show you my respect and obsequiousness.*

This letter, which had lain all the years unpublished, was obtained from the heirs of Boswell by Col. Ralph H. Isham of New York, who had it printed as a Christmas booklet (1927) and sent it to a select few of his friends. . . . . Boswell spent a night (Dec. 27, 1764) as Voltaire's guest at Ferney, an experience to which he refers gratefully in his "Life of Johnson." With a Bible before them, they engaged in a religious debate which must have been long and spirited, for Boswell says of it: "If ever two mortal men disputed with vehemence we did." But he desired something on the subject in Voltaire's handwriting to treasure.

487. ***I have not begun to fight!***

— John Paul Jones (1747–1792),
American naval officer.

FOR two hours, on the fair evening of Sept. 23, 1778, Jones' flagship Bonhomme Richard—a refitted merchantman—had been engaged with the British frigate Serapis, Captain William Pearson, in one of the most desperate naval battles on record, off Flamborough Head. So close were the ships locked that their guns grated and the flames from the muzzles seared the faces of the sailors. There had come a momentary slackening in the American fire, and Pearson, in hard straits, grasped it as an encouraging sign. *Have you struck?* he shouted through the smoke to his adversary. The round-shouldered, unprepossessing Jones, struggling to keep his footing on a deck slippery with blood, sent back his famous reply. . . . . For another hour the fight went on. The Serapis took fire; her mainmast fell into the sea; two-thirds of her officers and crew were killed or wounded. The situation was little better on the Bonhomme Richard; only a fifth of her three hundred and seventy-five men were in shape to fight. Finally at half past ten o'clock, Pearson, dismayed at the failure of his last attempt to board, hauled down his grimy and tattered colors. The next day the American ship went to the bottom, after Jones had abandoned her and gone on board his prize. . . . . Some time afterward Jones heard that Pearson, though defeated, had been knighted for this battle, and he remarked:

If I fall in with him again, I will
make a lord of him!

488. ***I really do not see the signal. I have a right to be blind sometimes.***

— Lord Horatio Nelson.

NELSON lost the sight of his right eye at the capture of Calvi in Corsica (1794). Seven years later this misfortune provided him with an excuse for ignoring orders and thus averting a British defeat. . . . . At the battle of Copenhagen (April 2, 1801), the commander of the British fleet, Sir Hyde Parker, was dispirited by the desperate defense of Olfert Fischer and his Danish sailors against a far heavier force. In the heat of action he flew the order to stop firing and retire. To obey would have exposed his ships to a raking by the forts and deprived his men of a victory which seemed within their grasp. . . . . When the order was brought to the attention of Nelson, on the Elephant, he exclaimed:

Damn the signal! Keep mine for 'closer battle' flying.

Then, looking through his glass, he declared solemnly to his captain Foley that he "couldn't see" the signal of his superior. He was holding the telescope to his blind eye. . . . . Assuming all responsibility for possible failure, Nelson forged ahead with his division into Copenhagen harbor, and after a severe combat irretrievably shattered the naval power of Denmark.

489. ***I will make this day an auspicious one for Rome.***

— Lucius Licinius Lucullus, Ponticus (c. 110–56 B. C.),
Roman general.
(See 627.)

LUCULLUS, who had invaded Armenia to settle a score with the King Tigranes I had at last come up with his foe, and now his soldiers (on the verge of rebellion because of being led away into these wastes) urged him not to fight—because it happened to be the 6th of October. It was an unholy date, they declared. On that day, in 105, had not the Cimbri crushed the consul Caepio at Arausio on the Rhone, in punishment for his plundering of the temple of the Celtic Apollo at Tolosa (Toulouse)? . . . . The shrewd Lucullus promised them rich booty and ample entertainment in the gigantic city of Tigranocerta where Tigranes held his court. So, still murmuring but thinking of the great prize ahead, his little army charged on the barbarian host, thick as locusts on the heights—almost 250,000 of them. It was ridiculously easy for the legionaries to stampede this unorganized multitude and put a hundred thousand to the sword. In his flight Tigranes abandoned his diadem and tiara—and his gorgeous capital, which Lucullus, true to his pledge, let his warriors loot.

490. ***And we shall toll our bells!***

— Piero Capponi (1447–1496),
Florentine statesman and soldier.

WITH these words the fearless Capponi tore to bits a king's ultimatum, in the face of the king himself. . . . . Charles VIII of France, when proceeding against Naples, entered Florence in November, 1494, and was received peaceably, but grew imperious, and the signory ordered the citizens to arm. They went further, putting up barricades and stoning the French soldiers from the windows. Street brawls between the populace and the troops became common. Charles presented a demand to the signory for an unreasonable sum of money. When it was rejected he declared: "Then we shall sound our trumpets." Capponi, chief of the Florentine republic, seized the paper of requisition and destroyed it, with the retort: "And we shall toll our bells!" . . . . Thinking of the guns in every house, and the temper behind them, Charles concluded a fair treaty and marched out with his men.

491. ***Je suis venu au monde sans culotte: je m'en irai bien sans chapeau!***

(I came into the world without breeches: I can leave it without chapeau!)

— Charles Pinot Duclos (1704–1772),
French author.

DUCLOS was well-known for his caustic wit, which he frequently exercised without regard for the feelings of others. When he was dying in Paris (March 26, 1772) a priest by the name of Chapeau came to console him, and might have succeeded had he not made himself tiresome by remaining too long and saying too much. Duclos, annoyed beyond endurance, bade him go, and hastened his departure with a keen pun.

492. *I, O king, * * * seeing the world and all things in it, that it is moved by compulsion, I understood that He that moveth and governeth it is God. For whatsoever moveth is stronger than that which is moved, and whatsoever governeth is stronger than that which is governed.*

— Opening of the "Apology" of ARISTIDES.

ABOUT all that is known concerning this martyr of the early Christian era (who must not be confounded with the Greek rhetorician and sophist) is the scant information given by Eusebius: that he was an Athenian philosopher who presented an apology to the Roman emperor Hadrian in defense of his faith. It is not unreasonable to assume that Aristides was received by Hadrian in person on one of the royal visits to Athens, perhaps in the autumn of 128. If it was on this occasion that he offered his argument, he displayed courage of the highest order. The emperor had come to dedicate the temple of Olympian Zeus and to take the name of Olympius to himself, and Aristides would have been directly challenging his superstitions. Hadrian, however, was fond of having learned men around him, so perhaps he contented himself with ridiculing the philosopher's denunciation of the gods of Olympus as myths.

493. *Death is a law, not a punishment.*

— JEAN-BAPTISTE DUBOS (1670–1742),
French author.

THE last words of Dubos as he died at Paris (March 23, 1742) were not his own, but the remark of some ancient. Still they served well to show the philosophical calmness with which he bade farewell to a steady, studious life. He gave up first theology, then the law, to write histories, and it was through them that he gained entrance to the Academy (1720) and arrived at literary distinction.

494. ***Death is too near; he must not steal upon me; * * * I will meet him awake.***

— Maria Theresa (1717–1780),
Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia.

THE last hours of Maria Theresa were full of pain, but she bore it with fortitude. When urged to take a sleeping-potion for relief, she refused. For fifteen years, she said—since the death of her husband, Francis I (Aug. 18, 1765)—she had been waiting for Death, and he should not find her slumbering. . . . . "You are not at ease," protested her son (who succeeded her as Joseph II). She replied (and they were her last spoken words):

I am sufficiently at my ease to die.

. . . . With the passing of this queen (Nov. 28, 1780), there was removed from the political stage of Europe a woman who, while not coveting empire and its cares, "grasped the helm of state with the strength of a man, and guided it firmly through times of weal and woe." She once wrote that, if God had willed it, she would have preferred to remain simply the grand duchess of Tuscany:

> *but as he has chosen me to bear the great burden of government, I hold it on principle and consider it my duty to apply all my resources to the task.*

"Very few women," says Wolf, "have awakened so much devotion, love, and trust as Maria Theresa." She was devotedly attached to her husband, who was quite willing to leave the conduct of imperial affairs in her capable hands. His sudden death at Innsbruck saddened all her after-life.

495. ***Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have war, let it begin*** **Here!**

—Capt. John Parker (1729–1775),
American patriot.

THE British regulars were coming through Lexington, eight hundred of them, on their way to Concord to destroy the military stores of the patriots. Paul Revere on his galloping horse had sounded the alarm, and Capt. John Parker was summoned post-haste from his home about three miles from the centre of the town to rally his Minute Men. On the meeting-house green he drew up his little battalion of seventy in line of battle. . . . . The column of royal grenadiers and light infantry tramped up confidently, led by Maj. John Pitcairn on horseback. Contemptuously Pitcairn shouted:

Disperse, disperse, ye rebels! damn you!
why don't you disperse?

Parker calmly ordered his men to load their muskets with powder and ball; then instructed them to hold their fire unless attacked—"but if they mean to have war, let it begin *here!*" . . . . Prophetic words—for there, on Lexington parade, the Revolution did begin (April 19, 1775). The British guns flashed. Some of the yeomanry turned as if to flee. Parker cried:

I will order the first man shot that offers to run!

All stayed, and returned the foe's volley. Some of them fell. Hopelessly outnumbered, Parker commanded his troop to scatter, and the British marched on to Concord Bridge—deeper into the hornets' nest. . . . . Captain Parker was buried in the old cemetery near the green where he valiantly defied the invaders. Surmounting the drinking-fountain on the common is a bronze statue of him, executed by Henry Hudson Kitson, in 1900.

496. *Eh bien! quand vous m'auriez mis à la lanterne, y verrez-vous plus clair?*

(*Well, then! when you have put me in place of the lantern, will you see better?*)

— Jean Siffrein Maury (1746–1817),
French cardinal and Archbishop of Paris.

THE Abbé Maury was in a tight place. On bad terms with the people because of his extreme royalist views, which frequently put his life in peril, he seemed at this moment to be faced with a violent end; for he had been seized in the street by a mob and dragged to a handy lamp-post. But the Abbé was by no means at the end of his rope. Famed among Parisians for his wit, he made a clever use of it now. His joke set the crowd to laughing, and with a shove they bade him begone. . . . . The Abbé Maury died in his bed (1817)—but in Rome, and only a year or so after his release from the castle of St. Angelo, where he had been imprisoned six months for disobeying orders of the pope.

497. *Would that the Roman people had but one head, so that I could strike it off at a blow!*

— Caligula,
Roman emperor.
(See 211, 519.)

CALIGULA, the madman, considered his subjects fair game to be butchered at his pleasure, and he often complained bitterly (according to Suetonius) because it was beyond his power to decapitate them all with one stroke. In many respects the most depraved and despicable of all Roman rulers, in his whole reign he performed not a single worthy deed—unless we except the careless act whereby, one January morning, he afforded opportunity for the tribune, Chaerea, to waylay and slay him.

498. ***Probably all laws are useless; for good men do not want laws at all, and bad men are made no better by them.***

— DEMONAX (c. 150 A. D.),
Cynic philosopher.

LITTLE is known of Demonax, but sufficient to show that he thought legal restraint of crime was of little worth to the commonwealth. Whether or not he tried to wipe out all the Greek laws (he lived in Athens for a time), his views evidently made no impression on his fellow-citizens; for they continued to depend upon their statutes to keep order. . . . . One incident has come down to us which indicates that Demonax was a humorous chap. A rich man was strutting before him one day, proudly showing off the purple dye of his costly mantle, when the cynic remarked:

Before you wore it, it was worn by a sheep.

. . . . Pythagoras was a skeptic like Demonax in matters of jurisprudence. He said once:

As soon as laws are necessary for men,
they are no longer fit for freedom.

499. ***Let God be praised, you can neither hang nor exile His truth!***

— ANDREW MELVILLE.
(See 417.)

SUCCEEDING to the leadership of John Knox in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Melville stanchly fought the attempts of James VI to impose a system of episcopacy upon Scotland. On one occasion the regent, James Douglas (fourth earl of Morton), whom Melville had irritated by his bold talk, said to him, in an outburst of ire: "There will never be quietness in this country till half a dozen of you be hanged or banished!" Melville's reply was characteristic of his intrepid spirit.

500. ***Well, I don't see why they should not have his bones if they want them. Why should we object?***

— Duke of Wellington.

LOUIS Philippe, with the support of his ministers, in 1840 demanded from England the remains of Napoleon, which were still on the island of St. Helena, where he had died almost twenty years before. Wellington was asked by his government what he thought of the proposition. The military leader who had hurled Bonaparte from his pedestal of power at Waterloo promptly made it known that he had no objection to the removal of all that was mortal of his old enemy. Lord Palmerston, the English minister for foreign affairs, gave his assent. . . . . The body of the renowned Corsican was brought back to France on the frigate Belle Poule. It was borne through the streets of Paris on a huge funeral-car (Dec. 15, 1840), before the solemn gaze of 600,000 people, to the Church of the Invalides. There it was buried while a thousand voices chanted the *Dies Irae*. . . . . Bonaparte's long banishment was ended—he had come home.

501. ***Stupid country, where they do not even know how to hang!***

— Paul, Count Pestel (1794–1826),
Russian political agitator.

PESTEL was the commander of the Viatka infantry regiment and the principal leader of the Southern Alliance in the Southern Russian Army, one of those secret revolutionary societies on which Nicholas I proceeded to stamp hard soon after coming to power. He was arrested and executed in Moscow, with four others. His companions were put out of the way with due precision, but the rope broke on Pestel, and he made an ironical remark about the clumsy blunder. The second attempt was successful.

502. ***I will not wear a crown of gold where my Saviour wore one of thorns.***

— Godfrey of Bouillon (c. 1060–1100),
A leader in the First Crusade.
(See 219.)

GODFREY was first of the knights to stand triumphant on the walls of Jerusalem that memorable Friday (July 15, 1099) at three o'clock in the afternoon—"the day and hour of the Passion"—when the Christian army took the city from the Moslems and brought to an end the First Crusade. His standard waved proudly above the first swell of the mount where Christ suffered crucifixion. Eight days later (July 22), when Raymund of Provence refused to be king of Palestine, Godfrey accepted the trust, but rejected the sceptre of royalty and contented himself with the more humble title of Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre. Only a fortnight later he took the field, and totally defeated in the battle of Askalon the sultan of Egypt, who had come to recapture Jerusalem. He hung the sword and standard of the vizier before the Sepulchre. . . . . Godfrey was "a quiet, pious, hard-fighting knight." When he died (July, 1100), he was given a resting-place on Calvary. Tasso has preserved his virtues in "Jerusalem Delivered."

503. ***There, there, my brave fellows—the bullet that will kill me is not yet cast!***

— Napoleon Bonaparte.
(Compare 883.)

NAPOLEON gave his artillery-men much uneasiness at the battle of Montereau (Feb. 17, 1814). Though the cannon-balls sent over by Schwarzenberg's Wurtemberg troops were rattling on the frozen ground in front of his guards, he would not remove to a safer post—even when the grapeshot ticked his boots. Some of his veteran gunners, privileged to address him familiarly because of their long service, appealed to him to withdraw from the spot on which the enemy were centering their fire. Napoleon smiled, and made a reply contemptuous of death. Was he not the Man of Destiny? He escaped unscathed, and won Montereau.

504. ***Dieu seul est grand, mes frères!***
(God alone is great, my brethren!)

— Jean Baptiste Massillon (1663–1742),
French bishop and preacher.

WITH this solemn sentence—a dignified rebuke to the pompous pretensions of all royalty wherever found—the powerful preacher Massillon began his funeral oration over Louis XIV (d. Sept. 1, 1715). All around were princely draperies, symbols of imperial wealth and grandeur—but where was the king? There he lay—nothing. He had been humbled by the same stroke which falls with rigid impartiality upon high and low alike. . . . . Sixteen years before (1699) Louis had paid ungrudging tribute to the divine who was now his eulogist. After listening to the Advent sermon of Massillon at the court of Versailles, he had said:

> *When I hear other great preachers, I feel satisfied with them; but when I hear Massillon, I feel dissatisfied with myself.*

. . . . Massillon shunned theatricals in his discourses, and instead of denunciation employed impressive persuasiveness on the feelings and passions of his listeners. He kept aloof from dogmatic propositions, aiming directly at human actions and human morals. Two years after the death of Louis XIV he was made bishop of Clermont (1717), and the next year delivered his famous series of ten sermons, the "Petit Carème," before the young king Louis XV—who was destined to be as wayward and wicked a sovereign as his father had been wise and generous.

505. ***No one shall leave this country till we have conquered it.***

— Ferdinand (Hernando or Fernand) De Soto (1496?–1542),
Spanish soldier and explorer.

THE soldiers of De Soto, floundering through the trackless swamps and cane-brakes along the Mississippi, their dreams of huge treasure turned to mockery, became mutinous and demanded to be led home to Spain. Their captain, still holding to the desperate hope of discovering the riches with which he had been cajoled by the tales of the natives, declared sternly against any retreat. . . . . Credulity was the ruin of De Soto—credulity and avarice. Lured hither and yon by visions of gold, and finding only poverty-stricken villages in a vast wilderness, for nearly four years he kept up his futile quest. His little band of adventurers dwindled rapidly, harassed by two deadly foes—fever and Indian arrow. . . . . Worn out by his wanderings, stricken with malaria, disillusioned and discouraged at the age of forty-two, the Spanish cavalier turned over the dark fortunes of his melancholy expedition to his captain-general, Luys de Moscoso de Alvarado; the next day (May 21, 1542) he drew the coverlet over his gaunt face, and died. To keep his body out of the hands of the savages, his followers wrapped it in mantles weighted with sand, placed it in a canoe hollowed from a tree-trunk, and pushed it out into the Mississippi—all in the darkness of night. . . . . So De Soto found his grave in the mighty stream which he had reached in June, 1541—first of all Europeans to gaze upon its broad waters. An empire had slipped from his grasp.

506. ***Censeo ceterum, Carthaginem esse delendam.***
(Moreover, I hold that Carthage should be destroyed.)
Also rendered:
Delenda est Carthago.
(Carthage must be destroyed.)
— MARCUS PORCIUS CATO, the Elder (234-149 B. C.),
Roman statesman.

IT was a sorry day for the Carthaginians when they wounded the vanity of Cato. In 157, he was one of the Roman deputies sent to them to arbitrate their differences with the Numidian king Massinissa. They rejected the decision of Cato and his fellow-commissioners as giving too much favor to Massinissa, and Cato took the snub so bitterly to heart that ever afterward he was their implacable enemy. Never did he make an address in the Senate but he concluded with the reminder that the obliteration of Carthage was his grand object. However, revenge was not the only reason for Cato's insistent battle-cry. He was a far-seeing statesman, and during his visit to Carthage the evidences of her strength and opulence were not lost upon him. . . . . More than any other one Roman, Cato was responsible for the Third Punic War, which was launched in the same year that he died (149). Three years later the proud African city was a melancholy waste; for Scipio overthrew it, ran the plows over the desolate site, and sowed it with salt, as a sign of utter destruction.

507. ***This is the last honor we can pay to these brave men who have fought us so long and so hard. We are all aware what worthy and gallant foemen they have been.***

— Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain (1828–1914),
American general.

THE vanquished soldiers of Gen. Robert E. Lee faced a painful ordeal at Appomattox Court House (April 12, 1865). Before the victorious Army of the Potomac they must march to a designated spot and stack the arms which they had used so valorously for the lost cause of the South. Chamberlain, who led the Union advance in the final operations that cornered the remnants of Lee's forces, was appointed by Grant to receive the submission of the guns and swords. The men of his Maine brigade—one of the crack Northern units—were drawn up in line close to Grant's headquarters. The Confederates were to pass in front of them. . . . . The troops of Gen. John B. Gordon advanced first. As the veterans in gray approached, Chamberlain addressed his ranks briefly, then gave the order *"Present arms!"* Promptly, eagerly, it was done. The downcast Southerners marched by with their heads higher, their hearts beating stronger, because of this unexpected tribute. Many years afterward Chamberlain said that his act was not an inspiration of the moment: he had "thought it all out beforehand."

508. ***Abbé-libertin, militaire-philosophe, diplomat-chansonnier, émigré-patriote, républicain-courtisan.***

(***Abbe-libertine, soldier-philosopher, diplomat-song-writer, emigrant-patriot, republican-courtier.***)

— ANTOINE DE RIVAROL (1753–1801),

(See 195.)

THE brilliant epigrammatist, De Rivarol, thus described, and aptly, the versatile character of his contemporary, Stanislas Jean, Chevalier de Boufflers, member of the Academy and a favorite of the Paris salons because of his wit and his skill in producing the light, racy verse so popular in the period of Louis XV. Boufflers inherited his conversational cleverness and his agreeable manners from his mother, Marie Catherine de Beauveau Craon, who was the favorite of the Polish king Stanislaus and one of the fairest ornaments of his court. He threw up his studies for the priesthood to enter the French army, served in several campaigns, and governed Senegal wisely for three years. He was a member of the States-General, and joint librarian of the *Bibliothèque Mazarine*.

509. ***Penes reges est inferre bellum, penes autem Deum terminare.***

(It is the province of kings to bring war about, but it is the province of God to end it.)

— REGINALD POLE (1500–1558),

English cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury.

POLE showed the courage of his convictions when he said this to Henry VIII, for the crafty and cruel English king had taken off more than one head on much less provocation. Besides, he resented the cardinal's outspoken opposition to his divorce from Catherine. For some unaccountable reason, Pole was permitted to escape the royal vengeance by exiling himself, but his aged mother Margaret, countess of Salisbury, one of the noblest of English women, was executed to satisfy Henry's vengeance.

510. ***Après nous le déluge.***
(After us the deluge.)

— Madame de Pompadour (1721–1764),
(See 815.)

LA Pompadour was sitting for the court painter, Maurice Quentin de La Tour, in her boudoir at Versailles, when Louis XV entered, showing great dejection because the French-Austrian allied armies had just been defeated by Frederick the Great in the battle of Rossbach (Nov. 5, 1757). Without changing her pose, she lightly bade her consort to keep his spirit. This thing at Rossbach was of little consequence. "*Apres nous le déluge,*" she said. Louis brightened and, according to La Tour, remarked:

Things will last our time.

. . . . The French monarch and his favorite were both right. When the Revolution broke they were long dust; but their extravagances, their mockery of the popular misery and discontent, gave force to the storm. They were haunted (observes Saint-Beuve) by "a vague and sinister foreboding like anticipated remorse."

511. ***The marquise will have a very disagreeable day for her journey.***

— Louis XV,
King of France.
(See 244.)

IT was a cold, rainy April day, in 1764, when the body of Madame de Pompadour, on whom Louis XV had showered such costly indulgences as almost to ruin his realm, was borne from Versailles to Paris for burial. The king stood at a window of the chateau looking out upon the funeral cortège as it started from the courts. Not a word of lament passed his lips. Turning to his attendants, he made a careless remark about the weather; and the woman whose fascinations had governed his life for so many years rode on to her tomb unmourned.

512. *Blücher or night!*

— Duke of Wellington.
(See 814.)

AT five o'clock on the afternoon of Waterloo, Wellington drew out his watch and looked at it anxiously. The French cuirassiers, in a thunderous charge on Mont St. Jean, had shaken his center almost to pieces. His infantry, terribly mauled, was near exhaustion. His reserves were insufficient. "Blücher or night!" . . . . Victor Hugo says that Napoleon "bothered God"—hence his downfall at Waterloo. God, then, employed as a human agency the obscure shepherd lad who guided Blücher and his four Prussian corps to the battle-field, over the only clear road. By any other approach, this little Belgian would have led them into a ravine impassable for their guns—and Napoleon would have continued to "bother God." . . . . Wellington, gazing off toward the heights of Frischemont, saw a line of advancing bayonets glistening in the June sun. Blücher had come. Leading the cavalry of Zeiten in person, he instantly perceived the crisis.

We must give the English army a breath,

he said to his lieutenant Bulow, and ordered the attack. . . . The French battalions were swept away from Ohain, from Papelotte, by this new army, unspent despite its severe march. The Old Guard made its glorious charge in vain. Into the falling dusk fled the rout of Napoleon's battalions. . . . . Gebhardt Leberecht von Blücher (1742-1819), prince of Wahlstad, was the savior of Wellington and the Allied army. There are statues of him in Berlin, Breslau, and Rostock. He should have one in the midst of the Waterloo battle-ground.

513. ***C'est mon métier d'être royaliste.***
(I am a royalist by trade.)

—Joseph II (1741–1790),
Emperor of Austria.
(Compare 521.)

WHILE visiting his sister, Marie Antoinette, in Paris, incognito as "Count Falkenstein," Joseph attended an evening party where the elderly Duchess de Bourbon was playing chess with Jefferson, the American minister. As he stood watching the game the duchess said to him: "How happens it, M. le Comte, that while we all feel so great an interest in the Americans, you say nothing for them?" Joseph replied simply that he was "a royalist by trade." The sentiment befitted Joseph, who, as was well known, had advised against any French assistance to the Colonies; but other circumstances of this generally accepted narrative are confusing. . . . . It was in April, 1777, that Joseph, then co-regent of Austria with his mother Maria Theresa, paid his visit to the court of Louis XVI. At that time Thomas Jefferson was far from Paris, engaged in important activities in the Virginia Legislature. The Colonies had no "minister" in Paris, but Benjamin Franklin was attracting great attention in the salons as one of the American commissioners appointed to obtain the cooperation of the French government in the War of Independence (the other commissioner was Silas Deane). Franklin became the sole plenipotentiary to the French court on Oct. 28, 1778. Jefferson did not succeed to that office until 1785. . . . . So, in the correct picture, it is Franklin who sits across the chess table from the Duchess de Bourbon. At that time he lived in a house at Passy, suburb of Paris, and one of his fellow-tenants was Joseph's physician, Dr. Johannes Ingenhousz.

514. ***We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did"; and so (if I might be judge) God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.***

— Izaak Walton (1593–1683),
English writer.

WE see the kindly, contemplative Walton, with his favorite companion Sir Henry Wotton, the diplomatist, playing his rod in the bend in the Thames below the playing fields known as the "Black Potts," famous because of his association with it. Sometimes John Hales, the genial scholar, was with them. Or, as in the later years of his life, we fancy him on the pleasant banks of the river Dove in the fishing-house of Charles Cotton, the poet. Over the door was a cipher formed of the initials of the two devoted friends. To Walton's "Compleat Angler" Cotton added, for the edition of 1676 (more than fifty editions have appeared), a treatise on fly-fishing. . . . . Dr. "Boteler," to whom Walton refers in the Angler, was Dr. William Butler, an English author, who died in 1621.

515. ***Decet imperatorem stantem mori.***
(An emperor ought to die standing.)

— Vespasian Titus Flavius Vespasianus (9–79 A. D.),
Roman emperor.
(Compare 667, 879.)

THIS Roman ruler was in his death throes at a country-seat near the capital. Realizing that his end was very near, he rallied his failing energies, and with an exclamation struggled up from his couch. His attendants sought to restrain him, but he insisted upon getting to his feet. A moment later he fell back and expired (June 23, 79 A. D.). To the last, Vespasian retained the force of will which marked his progressive and popular reign of ten years.

516. ***That city is well fortified which has a wall of men instead of brick.***

— Lycurgus (lived probably about 800 B. C.),
Spartan lawgiver.

THERE is much confusion concerning the life and works of Lycurgus (who should not be confounded with the Attic orator). Many of the sayings credited to him are undoubtedly imaginary, but his reply (quoted above) to the question whether Sparta should be enclosed by walls is probably authentic. It is assumed that one of his most important acts was to organize anew the military establishment. Philostephanus says that he was the first to divide cavalry into troops of fifty drawn up in squares. According to Hippias the sophist, Lycurgus himself was a commander of experience and courage. He seems to have been sententious in his speech. For instance (this is from Plutarch), when someone advised him to found a democratic government in Sparta he responded:

Go and first make a trial of it in thy own family.

517. ***I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns, plenty of ammunition, and 25,000 bales of cotton.***

— Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.

WITH this brief dispatch to President Lincoln, Sherman reported the successful conclusion of his historic "March to the Sea," which broke the back of the Confederacy and made inevitable the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. . . . . Sherman left Atlanta on Nov. 15, 1864, with an army of 62,000, to cut his destructive swath through the heart of Georgia. On Dec. 13, he stormed Fort McAllister, the southern defense of Savannah, and laid siege to the city. The Confederate general Hardee evacuated on the 20th, however, and the following day Sherman entered without opposition, to take one of the richest prizes of the war.

518. ***God punished the foolish; the bones of the audacious foreigners were scattered from Moscow to the Niemen—and we entered Paris.***

— NICHOLAS I, Nikolai Pavlovich (1796–1855), Emperor of Russia.

THIS graphic summary of Napoleon's Russian catastrophe was contained in the order written by Nicholas and read before 120,000 troops drawn up for review on the battle-field of Borodino (Sept. 7, 1839). The occasion was the unveiling of a monument erected to the memory of the 42,000 Russian soldiers who had fallen there twenty-seven years before, to the day, in opposing the French advance on Moscow. . . . . Napoleon crossed the Niemen on his "grand parade" into Russia (June 24, 1812) with more than 350,000 men. Six months later (Dec. 20), the intrepid Marshal Ney, fighting like a grenadier, led the exhausted survivors of that superb army back over the same stream—twenty-one thousand of artillery. The rest of the guns were scattered along the route of retreat, monuments to fruitless valor. . . . . Well indeed might Nicholas declare: "God punished the foolish."

519. ***So beautiful a neck must be cut whenever I please.***

— CALIGULA, Caius Cæsar Augustus Germanicus (12–41 A. D.), Roman Emperor.
(See 211.)

MURDER was one of the favorite recreations of this Roman emperor. It was in his heart even while he caressed his wife Caesonia, evidently a woman of unusual charm. Why he never surrendered to this savage prompting and struck off her head is no more to be explained than his abnormal nature. Suetonius intimates that the wily lady held him under her spell with a love-potion but she must have had her easy moments.

520. ***Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a Noble Familie: for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous.***

SELDOM, if ever, has family rectitude been so proudly proclaimed as in this celebrated epitaph over Margaret, duchess of Newcastle, who was buried in Westminster Abbey (Jan. 7, 1674). Formerly maid of honor to Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I, she became, in 1645, the second wife of William Cavendish, duke of Newcastle (1592-1676), who fought long and well in the cause of King Charles. The duchess wrote a "Life" of her husband which was lavishly praised by Charles Lamb, but ridiculed by Pepys. Her father was Sir Thomas Lucas of Colchester. . . . . Sir Charles Lucas, the only brother named in the inscription, was a gallant soldier, who commanded a troop of horse in the army of Charles I. Taken prisoner by Fairfax in the capture of Colchester (1648), he was court-martialed and shot in the Castle of Colchester.

521. ***Born a prince, and become a king, I shall not employ my power to ruin my trade.***

— Frederick the Great.

(Compare 513.)

THERE is a suspicion of humor in this apparently serious answer of Frederick to Benjamin Franklin, who, as American commissioner in Europe, had endeavored to obtain his aid in the War of Independence. In reality, Frederick was not opposed to the cause of the Colonies, but he could not see how a country with so great an area—from Maine to Georgia—could long exist as a republic. He contended that unless it could be controlled by a monarchy, it would collapse. The Prussian king showed his friendliness to the Americans by forbidding the Hessians, hired by England to fight them, to pass through his territory on the way to take ship.

522. ***There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a tavern or inn.***
— SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THIS observation was judged well worth preserving by Johnson's biographer, Boswell, who caught it in one of the learned man's intimate conversations (1776). The doctor was seldom happier than when comfortably posted in the taproom of a tavern, with his boon companions about him. As the central figure of a circle of fellow authors and wits, under the mellowing influence of a blazing fire and a cup of good brown ale, Johnson uttered many of those bits of homely philosophy which have attached celebrity to his name. . . . . The landlord of an English tavern was a genial servant. There formalities were forgotten, and the spirit of jollity reigned. . . . . Keats sang regretfully of the famous Mermaid in Bread Street:

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysiums have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

. . . . Along with Raleigh, Ben Johnson, and other notables, Shakespeare resorted to the Mermaid, but the Boar's Head in Eastcheap is connected with the well-known utterance which he put into the mouth of Sir John Falstaff in the play "Henry IV":

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

. . . . Gratefully recalling the hospitality of a Henley inn, Shenstone penned this familiar verse:

Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

523. ***I often wish that I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can.***

— Sir Walter Scott.
(See 360.)

NO braver vow was ever made—no nobler enterprise ever undertaken. . . . . In his fifty-sixth year, with failing health, Scott set himself to the enormous task of clearing off the debt of 130,000 pounds (half a million dollars) that had fallen upon him with the collapse of the publishing concern in which he had invested his money. He might have taken refuge in bankruptcy, but shrank from the dishonor. He was too proud to accept offers of assistance. From his creditors he asked only time, and began his resolute race with death. . . . . To be free from interruptions, he withdrew to a solitary lodging-house in Edinburgh (Mrs. Brown's), leaving behind at Abbotsford his dying wife, Charlotte. It "withered my heart," he says in his Diary, but his attendance could avail her nothing now. Soon after, he went home to bury her (May 22, 1826), but even at her grave he was haunted by his tremendous obligation. On May 26 he wrote:

> *Were an enemy coming upon my house, would I not do my best to fight, although oppressed in spirits; and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by heaven!*

With this heroic cry, he returned to the battle, stifling his grief. He turned out "Woodstock," "Count Robert of Paris," "Castle Dangerous," and other works. Though twice stricken with paralysis, he labored steadily on until the autumn of 1832. Then came a merciful miracle. Although Scott's mental powers had left him, he died (Sept. 21, 1832) happy in the fancy that all his debts were paid. . . . . Thomas Carlyle says:

> *No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time.*

524. ***Here we go; we'll bite them in two!***

— Ferdinand Foch.

IT was the morning of July 18, 1918—the turning-point of the World War. Foch had just launched the great offensive of the combined French, British, and American armies which was to roll back the Germans in the whole vast zone of battle, despoil them of all the territory they had mastered at such cost, and force them to sue for peace and clemency. At last, after four weary, disheartening years, the generalissimo of the Allies had a clear superiority in men, guns, tanks, and resources back of the line. . . . . "Here we go!" said Foch, in calm satisfaction, as the dashing Mangin, privileged to start the counter-attack, threw his eager poilus into the German salient between the Aisne and the Marne. By night they had gone eight miles, taken fifteen thousand prisoners and three hundred guns, and had reached Soissons. . . . . It was the first "bite," and a savage one.

525. ***Peace!***

— Alden Bradford (1765–1843),
American clergyman.
(Compare 68.)

ALMOST seventeen hundred years after one of the greatest and most honorable of Roman emperors passed into eternity with "tranquillity" on his lips, a Congregationalist minister, dying in Boston (Oct. 26, 1843), murmured, at the last, a word equally significant of a mind untroubled by the mystery of the grave and free from remorse for any act in a busy life. It is a far cry from ancient Etruria to nineteenth century Massachusetts; from Antoninus Pius, beneficent master of an empire, to Alden Bradford, modestly and faithfully attending to his duties as preacher, official of the state, bookseller, and journalist. Yet the intervening ages vanish as we ponder on these two men, so far apart in station, bidding farewell to mortal things with the same calm trust.

526. ***He was the delight of armies, the divinity of the people, the hero of officers, the darling of parliament, and the admiration of the most learned savants.***

— Duke of Saint-Simon, Louis de Rouvroy (1675–1755), French soldier and diplomat.

SAINT-SIMON, in his celebrated "Memoires," bestowed this noteworthy eulogy upon the prince of Conti, Francois Louis de Bourbon, and it was not so extravagant as it might appear. . . . . The most remarkable member of a brilliant family, Conti came naturally by his ability and spirit. He was lettered and polished. He proved his courage with arms at the battles of Steinkirk and Neerwinden. He was elected to the throne of Poland (June 27, 1697), but was forced to yield it to his rival Augustus because Louis XIV withheld the money and troops necessary to fortify him in power. Appointed to command the French army in Italy, he died before he could take the field (Feb. 9, 1709). His personal attractions, his gracious manners, and his renown for valor had made him so popular that he was mourned by all classes.

527. ***Le jour où Marat mourra, il n'y aura plus de Paris; et le jour où Paris périra, il n'y aura plus de république.***

(***The day Marat dies, Paris will be no more; and the day Paris perishes, the republic will be no more.***)

— Jean Paul Marat.

(See 150.)

UNDER attack by the Girondists because of his fanatical demands for more blood in the Revolution, Marat, a red cap on his head, appeared in the Convention (May, 1793). "Death to Marat!" someone shouted. He raised his voice in defiant answer. Let anything happen to Marat, and see how long the republic would last! . . . . But Marat cherished too fond an opinion of his own importance to France. After Charlotte Corday had stabbed him to death in his tub, the republic still existed—purged of a polluting presence.

528. *War means fightin', and fightin' means killin'.*

— Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest (1821–1877),
Confederate cavalry leader.

FROM the planting of cotton Forrest leaped to the back of a horse, and though unlettered and without military training became famed as the greatest cavalry leader, next to Sheridan and Stuart, in the Civil War. Sherman ranked him "the most remarkable man the war produced on either side." Lord Wolseley credited him with combining the strategy of Alexander and Hannibal. Never commanding more than five thousand men, Forrest created an illusion of great numbers which was one of the chief factors in the success of his brilliant thrusts. He rode and fought fast and furiously, and his bold raids made him the idol of the South. . . . . Forrest was one of the last of the Confederate chieftains to give up the struggle. When finally he surrendered (May 9, 1865), following the capture of Selma, Alabama, by the Union general James H. Wilson, he laid down all his martial rancor with his sword. In bidding his men farewell, he said:

You have been good soldiers; you can be good citizens.

529. ***O Cannae, Cannae!***

— HANNIBAL (247–183? B. C.),
Carthaginian soldier.
(See 735.)

THE ghost of his lost opportunity after the battle of Cannae rose in later years to torment Hannibal. He was heard to lament because of his failure to follow up his famous victory with a direct march on Rome. . . . . At Cannae (Aug. 2, 216 B.C., or in June, according to some authorities) the Carthaginian general inflicted upon the army of the consuls Terentius Varro and Aemilius Paulus, ninety thousand strong, one of the most complete defeats in the annals of war. The road straight to Rome now lay open before him. His soldiers were restive for the advance. Maharbal, the fiery leader of his Numidian horsemen, said to him eagerly:

> *Only send me on with the cavalry, and within five days thou shalt sup in the Capitol.*

But Hannibal went into winter quarters in the rich city of Capua, and awaited aid from Carthage. The Romans rallied, and though they were fifteen years dislodging Hannibal from their country, never did he get inside their gates.

530. *Nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is so dear to me as the love and good will of my subjects.*

— ELIZABETH,
Queen of England.
(Compare 380.)

ELIZABETH was twenty-five when she acceded to the throne (January, 1559), and made this pronouncement to Parliament. She ruled nearly forty-five years, and as Death took the scepter from her helpless hand she could look back upon one of the longest, most prosperous reigns in the history of her country. It was a golden era in literature, commerce, and home trade. From the arts of war the nation turned to the arts of peace. Industries flourished; social conditions improved. Parliament asserted its constitutional rights. Religious hatred disappeared. . . . . At the first session of the Commons following Elizabeth's inauguration it was respectfully suggested that she fix her choice of a husband. She replied that England was her husband, and all Englishmen were her children. That sentiment may be said to have governed the course of "Good Queen Bess" to her last hour.

531. *He is the man who said your father was illiterate.*

LUCIUS Cestius, a rhetorician who flourished during the reign of Augustus, was once bidden to a banquet, and got a flogging instead of a feast. . . . . Before leaving his native Smyrna for Rome, Cestius, a Greek by birth, was invited to dinner by the governor of the province, Marcus Tullius Cicero, son of the great orator. Unfamiliar with the appearance of his guest, Cicero asked a slave who the man was. When informed that it was the same vain and satirical Cestius who had sneered at the learning of his father, the governor, who was a soldier, ordered him disciplined with the lash—before the first course was served.

532. ***This monk will puzzle our doctors, and bring in a new doctrine.***

(See 444.)

THE rector of the new university at Wittenberg, opened in 1502 by Frederick the Wise, elector of Saxony, said this of the young priest Martin Luther, who had but recently come there from the Augustinian convent at Erfut (1509). Luther was delivering lectures on the holy Scriptures. The novelty of his views, his bold disregard of the traditional dogmas, his vigorous speech, all distinguished him as a reformer to be reckoned with. . . . . The rector's forecast of this picturesque monk was correct enough as far as it went; but he did not vision the half of it. Luther not only confused the grave doctors, but he shook the dry bones of religious thought in Europe so emphatically that all the Saxon nations stirred at the sound and took on nobler life. Blunt, fearless, robust, he carried through a titanic task, and proved himself, as Carlyle says, "a right spiritual hero, great in intellect, in courage, affection, and integrity."

533. ***Let me light my pipe at your ladyship's eyes!***

AMONG the gallant Whig ladies who braved the Westminster election riots and war of caricatures in 1784 to get votes for Charles James Fox, candidate for Parliament, one of the most prominent was the beautiful duchess of Devonshire, Georgiana Spencer (1757-1806). She employed her charms of manner so effectively upon a poetical Irish dustman that he addressed to her a sentiment which she ever afterward remembered with pleasure. "After the dustman's compliment," she used to say, "all others are insipid!"

534. ***Face the other way, boys; we're going back!***

— Gen. Philip Henry Sheridan (1831–1888),
American soldier.

THE dashing personality of Grant's chief cavalry leader made history more than once in the four years of the Civil War, but never more vividly than on the autumn morning in 1864 when he galloped twenty miles up the Shenandoah Valley, stemmed the rout of his army, and turned flight into victory. . . . . Sheridan had been summoned to Washington for a conference with General Halleck, chief of staff. Taking advantage of his absence, Gen. Jubal Early, the Confederate commander in the valley, struck a sudden blow at Cedar Creek, early on Oct. 19. Crook's Eighth Corps gave way, and soon all the Union forces were in full retreat. . . . . Sheridan, on his way back, had reached Winchester when he heard the sound of battle on the frosty air. Spurring on his big charger, he raced to the scene, shouting to his disorganized soldiers to "face the other way!" Thrilled by his dramatic appearance, the fugitives rallied and re-formed. A few hours later Sheridan attacked and swept Early's men from the field, recovering all the ground that had been lost and the abandoned guns and baggage. "Sheridan's Ride" has been immortalized in spirited verse by T. Buchanan Read.

535. ***Grass never grows again where my horse has trod.***

— ATTILA (d. 453 A. D.),
King of the Huns from 444 A. D.

ALL Christendom shuddered at the name of this short, squat barbaric chieftain. Heading a countless horde of hairy warriors on tough horses, he raged like a deadly pestilence from the borders of Gaul to the Great Wall of China. He swept across Thrace, Macedon, and Greece, desolating over threescore populous cities. Under the thundering hoofs of his troops the fair plains of Lombardy were left a waste; Milan, Padua, Verona, Vicentia, Aquilea, and other rich towns became rubbish heaps. Many of the terrified Italians who fled his fury found refuge among the lagoons of the Adriatic, and there founded Venice. Defeated in the plains of Chalon by the Gauls and Visigoths, Attila soon rallied and resumed his ravages. His followers acclaimed him as the "Scourge of God." Other people swore that he was Satan incarnate. For almost ten years he destroyed and slew up and down the earth; but one night, after much feasting and drinking in honor of the beautiful maid Ildico whom he had just added to his long list of wives, he died of a hemorrhage. Stowed away in three coffins of gold, silver and iron, he was buried with the trappings of his horses, his arms, and his ornaments—and a great shadow was lifted from Europe.

536. ***It is sweet to die for the fatherland.***

(See 755.)

IN token of his valor at the battle of Hohenfriedberg in Silesia (June 3, 1745) during the war of the Austrian Succession there was added to the escutcheon of the Prussian general von Gessler, Frederick Leopold, the above inscription, with a shield picturing the Roman hero Marcus Curtius taking the death-leap on his charger. . . . . Von Gessler, with a single regiment of Bavarian dragoons (fifteen hundred sabers), made one of the most remarkable charges ever recorded of any field of conflict. He shattered a score of Austrian battalions, took twenty-five hundred prisoners, sixty-seven flags and four cannon, and completed the victory for Frederick the Great. His own loss was only ninety-four men. He was made a count, and honors were bestowed upon the regiment and its commander, Col. von Schwerin. (Hohenfriedberg is also called the battle of Striegau.)

537. ***Have my bill passed by to-morrow, or else to-morrow this head of yours will be off!***

— HENRY VIII,
King of England.

HENRY was decidedly out of sorts because the Commons was delaying his bill for the dissolution of the monasteries and the confiscation of their buildings and lands by the crown. He therefore employed a form of persuasion which seldom failed. Summoning Sir Edward Montagu, lord chief-justice, the angry king startled him with an ultimatum which proved more effectual than all the political tricks in the bag. Montagu hastily informed the Commons that further trifling would be perilous, and as there was no way of telling where the Tower axe might stop when once it was set to work, Henry's favorite measure went through the house speedily (March 4, 1536). Montagu later served as one of the executors of Henry's will and a guardian of his son Edward.

538. ***I do not believe in a word that you say, but I will defend with my life, if need be, your right to say it.***

— Francois Marie Arouet Voltaire (1694–1778),
French man of letters.

VOLTAIRE, a fearless apostle of free speech, warmly defended the circulation of Rousseau's "Social Contract" (Principles of Political Right) when all the copies of the work were ordered burned by the Swiss authorities. He was living in Geneva, the home of Rousseau, at the time the official ban was laid on the book, and he hastened to assure Rousseau of his sympathy. This was the more remarkable because the two were irreconcilable enemies. . . . . At their first meeting (1732), in Brussels, Rousseau read to Voltaire his "Ode to Posterity," and asked him for an opinion. Voltaire could not resist a rather satirical rejoinder, which Rousseau resented:

Mon ami, voilà une lettre qui n'arrivera jamais a son adresse.
(My friend, there is a letter which will never arrive at its address.)

539. ***Must I quit all these?***

— Jules Mazarin (1602–1661),
French cardinal and statesman.
(Compare 843.)

THERE was still ringing in Mazarin's ears the solemn warning of his physicians, that he had but a brief time to put his affairs in order, when with a friend he walked slowly about in his magnificent gallery of paintings and statues at Vincennes, and wistfully regarded his treasures. He had accumulated them not in the eagerness of a true lover of art but for the pride of possession. Now as he gazed upon them—perhaps for the last time—he suddenly realized that mere material holdings, however costly, turn to dross in the refining test of death. His lament to his companion was ages old. . . . . Mazarin's motto was:

Le temps et moi.
(Time and I.)

On the 9th of March, 1661, Time broke this imposing partnership by forsaking him altogether.

540. ***It is the right of our people to organize to oppose any law and any part of the Constitution with which they are not in sympathy.***

— Alfred Emanuel Smith (1873–),
Governor of New York.

OF all the gentlemen who had paraded as Presidential possibilities for 1928, Smith was the only one to boldly declare himself on the Wet-or-Dry issue. While the others studiously avoided it as a question that might imperil their political chances, he affirmed at the annual convention dinner of the New York State League of Women Voters in Albany (Dec. 2, 1927) that the opponents of Prohibition were as free to band together as its advocates. He urged respect for the law, however, and obedience to it, so long as it remained on the statute books. He said:

> *Four times as governor * * * I have taken an oath to sustain the constitution of the state of New York, and yet there are parts of it I hate.*

By his frank statement he risked the everlasting displeasure of many of the women who were listening to him. But on the sidewalks of the East Side, where Smith played as a boy, they talked and punched straight.

541. **** * * In the truth of that gospel which hitherto I have written, taught, and preached, I now joyfully die.***

—John Huss (c. 1373–1415),
Bohemian religious reformer.

CHAINED to a stake in a meadow outside the city of Constance, surrounded with fagots ready for the lighting, Huss steadfastly refused to renounce his faith when offered a final chance to escape the flames. Treacherously enticed to the general council with a "safe-conduct" from Sigismund, he was tried on thirty-nine charges. When he would not admit his guilt in any of them, Sigismund declared his "pernicious heresies" had been proved, and added: "I will not defend a heretic; nay, if anyone remained obstinate in heresy, I would burn him with my own hands." When the hour of execution came, however, the loud-mouthed king left the torch to others. . . . . During the four weeks that Huss lay in prison fruitless efforts were made to shake his resolution. He was publicly degraded, his soul was formally consigned to the devil by his persecutors, and the victors led him out to his death. He perished chanting the "Kyrie Eleison" from the Liturgy (July 6, 1415). . . . . His ashes were cast into the Rhine, to cheat his followers of any relic of the martyr.

542. ***Mon ami, c'est de froid.***
(*My friend, it is from cold.*)

— Jean Sylvain Bailly (1736–1793),
French astronomer, politician, and author.

WHEN Bailly was mayor of Paris, he was idolized by the populace. When he was executed (Nov. 12, 1793), they assailed his ears with their curses and made his torture the keener by forcing him to drag his own gibbet about from one place to another. The guillotine was in the Champ de Mars, but the mob insisted that it be set up by the side of the Seine. Then they kept Bailly standing in the cold rain until he shivered. One of his guards said sneeringly: "You tremble, Bailly." The doomed savant protested calmly that it was not from fear but from the cold. . . . . So the Jacobins killed a man who had written learned treatises, who was a member of the French Academy, the Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Inscriptions (besides him, only Fontenelle had that threefold honor), and who had served as president of the States-General.

543. ***Beatissime pater, fac ut lapides isti panes fiant.***
(*Most blessed father, make these stones into bread.*)

— Ferdinando Galiani (1728–1787),
Italian savant.

GALIANI, who had fitted himself for a church post by taking holy orders, found preferment slow in coming; so he turned his knowledge as an archaeologist to excellent account with Benedict XIV. Collecting a valuable assortment of the lava and other volcanic matter of Vesuvius, he presented it to the pope, with a thesis written in his most learned vein—not forgetting to inscribe one of the stones with an artful hint that some practical favor from the Vatican would not be rejected. Benedict appreciated his shrewdness and by way of reply appointed him over the prebend of Amalfi, one of the wealthiest benefices in all Italy.

544. ***Poetry is vocal painting, as painting is silent poetry.***

— Simonides of Ceos (556–c. 468 B. C.),
Greek lyric poet.
(See 674.)

HERE is one of the vivid epigrams of literature. Simonides himself provides an exemplification of the sentiment, in a dirge which is perhaps the most celebrated of the extant remains of his works. He takes the legendary subject of Danae, who was cast adrift at sea with her babe Perseus by her husband Acrisius, king of Argos. He was angered with her because she had borne him a boy by whom, the oracle had warned, he would be slain. So putting mother and infant into a wooden box, he cast them upon the mercy of the waves. In the setting of a tempestuous night the Greek poet pictures the devoted Danae, heedless of the perils of the dark, finding solace in the quiet, trustful slumber of her child. This "vocal painting" was produced by the author of the noble epitaph to the Spartan martyrs of Thermopylae.

545. ***I would rather cut off my thumb than do anything against the honor of my prince and of my country.***

— Jacques Callot (1592–1635),
French engraver.

CALLOT, one of the most eminent artists of his time, so adored his native city, Nancy, that he braved the displeasure of a king to declare his fidelity to "his prince," the duke of Lorraine—and drew a royal compliment instead of chastisement. . . . . In 1633, Nancy was taken by Louis XIII, who requested Callot to make an etching of the siege. Callot had accommodated the monarch with designs of the beleaguerment of Rochelle and the attack on the Isle of Rè, but he rebelled at this latest commission. Louis merely remarked that the duke of Lorraine was fortunate in having such subjects, and generously offered Callot a large pension. The engraver declined it, however, and went back to Nancy, where he died and where his statue stands.

546. ***After four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been forced to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.***

— Gen. Robert Edward Lee (1807–1870),
American soldier.
(See 645.)

WITH these words the Confederate commander-in-chief began his celebrated farewell to his soldiers after the surrender at Appomattox (April 10, 1865). The message is treasured as a classic in the South and is generally praised for its simple dignity, its accuracy of statement, and its profound spirit of affection for the divisions that had followed their commander so faithfully on many bloody battle-fields. The men whom he addressed were ragged and half-starved—a sorry remnant of the army that for the last three years had "carried the Rebellion on its bayonets," and fought grimly to hold back the ever-tightening ring which Grant and Sheridan drew around them in the closing days of the conflict. But when the Army of Northern Virginia was in its stride, with full ranks, ample artillery and adequate equipment, it was a fighting force equal to any of its size that the world has ever seen in action. And it paid unstinted devotion to a magnetic leader, of sincere purpose—a daring strategist. Brave and pure-minded was Lee, and his stature shrunk never an inch in the acknowledgment of the defeat which, through no fault of his own, was inevitable:

> * * * *Feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid useless sacrifices.* * * *

. . . . The original manuscript of the address, valued at $25,000 by collectors, is in the possession of a Louisville attorney. It bears Lee's signature and is in the penmanship of his secretary, Col. Charles Marshall.

547. ***Dieu le veut,*** **or** ***Deus id vult.***

(*God wills it.*)

Pronounced in the language of the time:

Dieu le volt **or** ***Diex le volt.***

VAST things were fermenting in the French city of Clermont-Ferrand (Nov. 26, 1095). The capacious square held a multitude. Urban II, head of the Roman Catholic Church, had convoked an ecclesiastical council to set on foot one of the most spectacular ventures of all history—the wresting of Jerusalem from the Moslems. . . . . From a high throne in the middle of the plaza the pontiff spoke. Peter the Hermit, that zealot in fantastic dress, had already been heard. The fiery words of Urban were like reiterated blows on an anvil:

> ** * * Christian warriors, * * * go and fight for the deliverance of the holy places. * * * If you triumph over your enemies, the kingdoms of the East will be your heritage; if you are conquered, you will have the glory of dying in the very same place as Jesus Christ. * * * If you must have blood, bathe your hands in the blood of the infidels! * * * Soldiers of hell, become soldiers of the living God!*

. . . . The knights rose in one great wave and rattled their swords. *Dieu le veut!* rose the cry from every throat. Then all fell to their knees for absolution. Thousands took the red cross, and like a swift-running flame the frenzy of the First Crusade swept over Europe.

> [The legend that the preaching of Peter the Hermit originated this Crusade, prior to the Council of Clermont, does not rest on facts. It is possible that he influenced a rabble following, but the real impetus was given by Urban II, and *"Dieu le veut!"*]

548. ***Tell me what are your grievances, and I will do all in my power to redress them.***

— ISABELLA, "the Catholic" (1451–1504),
Queen of Castile.

STANDING in the courtyard of the citadel at Segovia, one day in 1476, Isabella calmly faced the angry populace. They had revolted against the stern government of the magistrate Cabrera, marquis of Moya. At the news the queen hurried to Segovia on her horse, accompanied only by Cardinal Mendoza and a small retinue of courtiers. Though lacking an armed guard, she ordered the gates of the castle opened to the crowd, and they poured in with threatening cries. . . . . "Tell me your grievances," said Isabella. * * * "I am sure that what is for your interest must be also for mine, and for that of the whole city." . . . . Before this brave and candid sovereign the uproar subsided. To the demand that Cabrera be removed Isabella assented and authorized the expulsion of all his officers from the castle. Acclaiming her, the insurgents scattered. . . . . Then the wise Isabella investigated for herself the charges against Cabrera, and finding that they were caused by the jealousy of his enemies, reinstated him. The people, now assured of her impartial justice, made no further trouble for the alcalde.

549. ***Gentlemen, as I am blind, I request of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword.***

— JOHN OF LUXEMBURG (1296–1346),
King of Bohemia.

IT was at the celebrated battle of Crécy (Aug. 26, 1346) that a sovereign bereft of sight implored his retainers to guide him into the thick of the fighting, and there perished wielding his good blade valiantly. This exploit is unparalleled in war. . . . . John brought a mounted force to the aid of his French ally, Philip of Valois, against Edward III of England. At the order of battle he first satisfied himself by inquiries that his son had entered the combat, then prepared for an act of personal heroism which could have but one ending. Four devoted knights fastened the reins of their horses to his own, so that he should not become separated from them, and in one line they rode in among the foe—the blind king at the head. . . . . More than one stroke John delivered that day. With his followers he cut his way deep into the ranks of the English. The little company were all slain by the men-at-arms of the prince of Wales. They were found the next morning, their steeds still tied together in death. . . . . The motto of this romantic Bohemian ruler—*Ich Dien* (I serve)—was adopted by the prince of Wales, and has ever since been borne by his successors.

In June, 1929, Czechoslovakia and Luxemburg became engaged in a dispute over the possession of the bones of blind King John. As the castle in the Sarre Valley where they lay buried was on German soil, it seemed likely that the matter would be left to Germany for arbitration.

550. ***Do not confuse biology and religion—one is a science to be proved or disproved, the other is a life to be lived.***

— Quintin Hogg (1845–1903),
English merchant and philanthropist.

SELDOM has the distinction between the scientific and the spiritual been more compactly expressed. Hogg, famous as the founder of the Royal Polytechnic Institute in London, wrote the above words many years ago in a letter to his son, Sir Douglas McGarel Hogg, the present lord chancellor of Great Britain. Sir Douglas cited them in an address to the Post-War Brotherhood Federation at Portsmouth, England, (October, 1927), as fitting watchwords in the never-ending struggle between truth and error, good and evil. He further quoted his father as follows:

> *Whatever else may be shaken, there are some facts established beyond warring; for virtue is better than vice, truth is better than falsehood, kindness than brutality. These, like love, never fail.*

551. ***Caesarem vehis, Caesarisque fortunam,***

or,

Caesarem portas et fortunam eius.

(***Thou carriest Caesar and the fortune of Caesar.***)

— JULIUS CAESAR.

CAESAR, encamped against Pompey at Dyrrhachium, waited impatiently for the arrival of the rest of his army from Brundisium. Finally he resolved to go over and hasten the movement of his dilatory legions. Secretly and in disguise, he put off on a stormy night in a light boat with three of his slaves and a native pilot. When they reached the mouth of the river, the waves of the sea beat against them so savagely that the men at the oars exhausted themselves to no purpose, and the terrified pilot abandoned the helm. Then Caesar revealed himself, exclaiming, "Courage, pilot, fear no storm, for thou carriest Caesar and his fortune." Driven by this discovery to fresh endeavors, the pilot went back to his post and the rowers renewed their efforts; but the task was hopeless and Caesar ordered them to return. Some of his friends praised his boldness; others criticised his rashness.

552. ***Young man, thou shouldst respect my gray hairs: nevertheless, thou canst abridge my life but little (aussi bien ne feras-tu ma vie plus brève).***

— GASPARD DE COLIGNY (1517–1572),
French admiral and Huguenot leader.
(See 74, 336.)

BRANDED for death by the enmity of the queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, who wanted him out of the way because he was overcoming her evil influence with her son, Charles IX, De Coligny was listed to be the first victim of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew (Aug. 24, 1572). His murder was allotted to Henry of Lorraine, third duke of Guise. . . . . De Coligny was abed and asleep in his house when the death tocsin sounded on the great bell of the palace at midnight. Guise and his party forced entrance and slew the Swiss guards at the bottom of the stairs. The tumult wakened the admiral, and of an attendant he inquired the cause. "My Lord, God calls us to himself," was the response. De Coligny said:

> *Save yourselves, my friends; all is over with me. I have long been prepared for death.*

As they all left him but one, he calmly uttered a prayer, while the smashing of doors came ever nearer. . . . . "Art thou Coligny?" demanded Guise's henchman, Besme of Lorraine, striding in with raised sword. "I am he indeed," replied the admiral. "Young man, thou shouldst respect my gray hairs." Besme thrust him in the side, and some soldiers who had crowded into the chamber completed the work. . . . . Sixteen years later Guise himself felt the poniards of assassins and died miserably, betrayed by Henry III.

553. ***Men of Kufa, I see before me heads ripe for the sickle and the reaper—I am he.***

—Hajjaj B. Yusuf,
Omayyad prince.

THE troops of Kufa had deserted the caliph Abdalmalik in his war on the Kharijites (A. D. 694) and dispersed to their homes. They remained obdurate to all appeals to return to the army. Abdalmalik commissioned Hajjaj, one of his most loyal officers, to bring them back into line. . . . . The mosque at Kufa was filled for morning prayers, when a veiled young man nobody had ever seen before ascended the pulpit. Lifting his veil, he began to speak—and all were attention at his reference to "heads ripe for the sickle." He went on:

> *It seems to me as if I saw already the blood between your turbans and your shoulders. . . . . The Prince of the Believers has spread before him the arrows of his quiver, and has tried every one of them by biting its wood. It is my wood that he has found the hardest and strongest, and I am the arrow which he shoots against you!*

Hajjaj ordered his clerk to read the letter from the caliph, berated the audience for not rendering the customary obeissance at the name of Abdalmalik, and commanded a second reading. The response was promptly forthcoming. Then he gave to every man capable of bearing arms the choice of immediately joining the caliph's general Mohallab in Khuzistan, or losing his head. . . . . They prized their heads, these men of Kufa. So they went out again to fight, and Mohallab subdued the Kharijites.

554. *The devil go with it* [the crown]! *it came wi' a lass, and it'll gang wi' a lass!*

— JAMES V,
King of Scotland.
(See 215.)

HEART-BROKEN over the rout of his army at Solway Moss (Nov. 25, 1542) by the invading forces of Henry VIII of England, James sickened and died in his Falkland palace (Dec. 14), uttering a curse on the crown which had brought him only misfortune. Seven days before, his second wife, Mary of Guise, had borne him a daughter who, as Mary Queen of Scots, was fated to fill many tragic pages of history. The news was brought to James on his deathbed, and added to his anguish. . . . . The scepter of Scotland came to the Stuarts with Marjory, daughter of Robert the Bruce, who married Walter Stewart. Their only son, Robert II, took the throne in 1371. . . . . On the February day in 1587 when the queen of Scots was executed at Fotheringay, the mournful prophecy of King James was completely fulfilled.

555. *Build me rather a dwelling in which all my countrymen may behold everything I do.*

— MARCUS LIVIUS DRUSUS, the Younger (c. 120–91 B. C.),
Roman tribune.

DRUSUS, son of the opponent of the Gracchi, was a man of probity and feared not to have the light shine upon his actions. When he looked over the plans of his new house and saw that the designer had been careful to shut him off from the observation of his neighbors, he protested that he had no desire to be thus screened. . . . . With all his integrity and generous devotion to reforms, Drusus had an overbearing demeanor which proved fatal to him. One evening as he was returning home one of his enemies stabbed him with a poniard, escaped in the crowd, and was never apprehended. Drusus expired in a few hours, with the exclamation:

When will Rome again find so good
a citizen as myself?

556. ***Si j'avance, suivez-moi! si je recule, tuez-moi! si je meurs, vengez-moi!***

(***If I advance, follow me! if I retreat, kill me! if I die, avenge me!***)

—Count de la Rochejacquelein, Henri du Verger (1772–1794),
French soldier.

BY the incentive of his own valor La Rochejacquelein so inspired the insurgent peasants of La Vendée that they won a number of brilliant victories over the republican forces. His undisciplined soldiers insisted on following their own irregular tactics, but they faithfully obeyed his standing command, to follow where he led. As a result of ignoring his plans of strategy they were routed at Le Mans; but La Rochejacquelein raised a fresh band of troops and kept up the hopeless struggle, till he was slain in a skirmish at Nouaille (March 4, 1794) by a republican soldier whose life he had generously spared. With the death of "the Achilles of La Vendée" the rebellion collapsed completely.

557. ***Je voudrais bien voir la grimace que M. le Grand fait à cette heure sur cet échafaud.***

(***I would like to see the grimace which M. le Grand is now making on the scaffold.***)

— Louis XIII (1601–1642),
King of France.

THERE had been a time when Louis preferred the witty pleasantries of the marquis of Cinq-Mars, Henry Coiffier Ruze d'Effiat, to any entertainment the other courtiers could offer; but now he was gloating as he imagined the distress of the young man at the moment of execution. . . . . As a matter of fact, Cinq-Mars bade farewell to the world with no wry face. Condemned for conspiring with the king's brother Gaston to overthrow Richelieu, it was an ignominious ending for the handsome master of the royal house (*grand equerry,* whence his nickname "le Grand"); but he faced the fate of a traitor with dignity and composure, in the Place des Terreaux (Sept. 13, 1642).

558. ***Je n'en suis pas moins Pierre Corneille.***
(I am none the less Pierre Corneille.)

— PIERRE CORNEILLE (1606–1684),
French dramatist and poet.

CORNEILLE—the creator of French tragedy—if not really conceited, was at least quite content with himself. This is seen in the reply which he invariably gave to those of his friends who ventured to expostulate with him for his well-known lack of amiability. He had a natural melancholy, and was unhappy whenever he heard praise lavished upon another author unless some was also bestowed upon himself. Guizot compared it with "the jealousy of an infant." Corneille fared fortunately in that his fame came to him while he was alive and could bask in its glow. . . . . It was much the same pride in his name which prompted the celebrated words of the French naturalist George Louis Buffon as he died in Paris (April 15, 1788), at the age of eighty-one:

Citoyens, je me nomme Buffon.
(Citizens, I am Buffon.)

559. ***Now I will sing, and you must sing with me, that it may be said that the king sang himself to the grave.***

— CHRISTIAN III (1503–1559),
King of Denmark and Norway.

A GREAT-HEARTED ruler lay dying. He had spoken words of comfort to his wife Dorothea and had blessed his children. He had urged loyalty upon his councillors. To his servants he had allotted gifts. He begged to be forgiven by any whom he had offended. Now, faithful to the daily custom of many years, he raised his voice in one of the songs of David, Psalm 103: "Praise the Lord, O my soul." Thus singing, he expired "almost imperceptibly.". . . . Christian rebuilt Denmark out of her ruins. Exigencies occasionally forced him to stern measures, but he was pious and just according to the dictates of his conscience; he fostered learning and showed generosity to the poor. This was his motto:

Mein Trost zu Gott allein, sonst andern kein.
(*My trust in God alone, and in no other.*)

560. ***Seek out a larger empire, my son, for the kingdom of Macedon is too small for so vast a spirit.***

— PHILIP II (382–336 B. C.),
King of Macedon.
(See 787.)

THERE came to the court of Philip at Pella a Pharsalian named Philonicus, with one of the most beautiful horses ever bred in Thessaly, and offered him to the king for sixteen talents (about $17,000). He behaved so wildly, however, that none of the grooms could mount him. Philip was about to reject him when the prince Alexander, about fifteen years old, said that he could manage the animal, with his father's leave, and agreed to forfeit the price if he should fail. The attendants all smiled, but Philip assented to the test, promising to pay for the horse himself if the boy made good. Alexander, having noticed that the horse was frightened by his shadow, removed that obstacle by turning him directly to the sun. Then, dropping his cloak, he mounted quickly. The mettlesome steed dashed away fiercely, scornful of the bridle. Being in an ample plain, Alexander let him have his head and spurred him to his utmost speed, till he was weary and tractable. When the prince returned to his father and alighted, Philip joyfully embraced him and bade him seek a larger kingdom for his ambitions. . . . . Thus Bucephalus (he was marked with the figure of an ox's head) became the charger of Alexander the Great and bore him faithfully on his campaigns of conquests. He was killed in the Macedonian victory over Porus, king of India, at the Hydaspes (spring of 326 B. C.), and Alexander gave the name *Bucephala* to the city which he founded near the spot where he crossed the river.

561. ***Qualis artifex peres!***
(What an artist is now about to perish!).

— NERO.

DRIVEN out of Rome by the conspiracy of Galba and Vindex, Nero for a few hours avoided his inevitable fate by taking refuge in the house of the freedman Phaon, four miles from the capital (June 9, 68 A. D.). He had poison in a golden casket, but was too cowardly to take it. He tried the edges of two daggers— they were sharp enough, but he laid them down again. Must this "artist" die, and by his own hand? . . . . It never entered the thoughts of Nero to express repentance for poisoning Britannicus, stabbing to death his mother Agrippina, smothering his wife Octavia in a bath, and ordering the suicide of the wise Seneca. He was lamenting because he could no longer write verses and paint pictures, cavort on the stage like a buffoon before his applauding subjects, play the water-organ for them, the flutes and the bag-pipe. He had planned still "greater" roles for himself. Cringing like a poltroon, he bewailed the wreck of such hopes. . . . . Fast-thudding horses drew near. Nero roused himself and took up one of the daggers. "Artist" to the last, he quoted a line of Homer:

Sound of swift-footed steeds strikes in my ears!

Then he held the weapon to his heart. His slave Epaphroditus forced it home—and that was the wretched end of the last of the Caesars; an emperor whose intellect had never matured.

562. *Vous pleurez, et vous êtes le maître!*
(You weep, and you are the master!)

— MARIA MANCINI,
Niece of Cardinal Mazarin.

THE beautiful Maria, taking her final leave of young Louis XIV at his court, was not ashamed of her own tears, but wondered at his show of emotion. A king—and yet he bowed to the decree of his mother, Anne of Austria, and allowed their romance to be wrecked! The reproach in her exclamation was plain enough. . . . . Only for Anne, it is not unlikely that Mazarin would have consented to the marriage, and Louis, then twenty years old, might have reigned happily with one affectionate wife instead of turning to a succession of mistresses. Maria had been his childhood playmate in the palace, and their attachment was sincere. But the cold and haughty "daughter, wife and mother of kings" ended the situation with the threat, to Mazarin, of putting herself and her second son at the head of the nation if the king "were capable of this indignity" to her royal blood. . . . . So Maria married the commonplace constable Colonna, and dropped out of history. (Charles II of England, had asked for her hand in 1655, but her uncle had rejected the suit—and afterward repented it.) As for Louis, he dutifully accepted the bride chosen for him—Maria Theresa, infanta of Spain—who brought him neither charm nor wealth; least of all, the love which he craved.

563. ***Our Federal Union! It must and shall be preserved.***

— Andrew Jackson.

(Compare 251.)

WITH this toast at a banquet in Washington (April 13, 1832) on the birthday anniversary of Thomas Jefferson, President Jackson delivered a sharp rebuke to the nullification sentiments expressed by preceding speakers. But he aimed more directly at Vice-President John C. Calhoun and the State of South Carolina, where the movement to substitute free trade for the Federal tariff laws was fast becoming a menacing issue. Calhoun, whom Jackson considered his open enemy, had taken the lead in this attempt to enforce state rights by the repeal of the protective system. These words of Jackson were caught up as a national slogan—but he said much more:

> *If a single drop of blood shall be shed there* (in South Carolina), *in defiance of the laws of the United States, I will hang the first man I lay my hand on, engaged in such treasonable conduct, upon the first tree I can reach!*

Jackson backed up this warning by ordering two warships to Charleston and posting Federal troops within handy distance. When the South Carolina legislature adopted an ordinance of nullification (Nov. 24, 1832), Calhoun at once resigned the vice-presidency and entered the senate. The controversy was eventually settled without bloodshed.

564. ***Good-evening, gentlemen. Shortly we shall either have beaten the enemy, or we never see one another again.***

— FREDERICK THE GREAT.

LIKE Caesar at the Rubicon, Frederick gathered his generals about him on the night of Dec. 4, 1757, in his camp at Parschwitz in Prussian Silesia, and gave them the free choice of advancing his colors against the Austrians on the morrow or withdrawing from the issue then and there. His position was grave. The enemy, 82,000 strong, with numerous artillery, lay across the Breslau road behind strong barriers, their centre in the village of Leuthen. Frederick had but 33,000 men, yet he determined to attack. . . . . He announced his decision and his plan of battle. Then, noting the apprehension on the faces of some of his officers, he said:

> *If any one of you does not want to go on, he can have his discharge this evening and shall not suffer the least reproach from me.*

There was not a defection. After all had sworn to stand by him, he quietly bade them "good-evening." . . . . In the battle of Leuthen, fought the next day, Frederick gained one of his most brilliant victories in the Seven Years' War. Confusing the Austrian commander-in-chief, Prince Charles of Lorraine, by a false attack on the right wing, he suddenly wheeled in force upon the left. A charge by Driesen's cavalry was the finishing stroke. The Austrians ran for Breslau like sheep. It was another Waterloo—Prince Charles lost more than half of his army.

565. ***Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than shall Argentines and Chileans break the covenant which at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain.***

— English translation of INSCRIPTION on "THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES."

IN the lofty Andes, on the border-line between Chile and Argentina, there stands a colossal statue of the Christ, perpetual reminder of the compact of amity signed by the two governments in settlement of the boundary controversy which almost brought them to war. The world has no more striking sign-post of international peace. . . . . In December, 1901, the tension over the disputed territory (about eighty thousand square miles) was so tight that troops were called out in both states. The outbreak of active hostilities was averted, however, by the exercise of British influence at Santiago and Buenos Aires. The decision was left with British arbitrators, and acting on their report, King Edward VII signed the award (Nov. 20, 1902), which was ratified without argument by the two countries. . . . . The statue of Christ was undertaken at the suggestion of Bishop Benavente, of Buenos Aires, and executed by a young Argentine sculptor, Mateo Alonso. The cast was made at the Buenos Aires arsenal from an old cannon taken from the ancient fortress outside the city. It was dedicated March 13, 1904. On the granite base is a granite globe weighing fourteen tons, with the outlines of the world. The bronze figure of the Savior is twenty-six feet tall and rises from a column of granite twenty-two feet high. Supported in the left hand is a large cross.

566. ***Hell, dig it out again!***

— Maj.-Gen. George Washington Goethals (1858–1927),
American army engineer.
(See 595.)

ONE day in January, 1913, Goethals, whose supreme authority and marvelous capacity for organization had in six years brought the Panama Canal almost to completion, stood at the top of the cut at Cucaracha and looked upon a scene of disaster. Another big slide had ruined the work of many tedious months. The huge ditch was choked. . . . . At Goethals' elbow was his chief aide, Col. David du Bose Gaillard (builder of the Gaillard Cut), almost frantic with despair. "What shall we do now?" he exclaimed. Goethals was lighting a cigarette, with a steady hand. Tossing the match away, he replied: *"Hell, dig it out again!"* He might have been talking about the cave-in of a well—but before the steam-shovels finished cleaning up at Cucaracha they removed 2,500,000 cubic yards of dirt and rocks. . . . . A Greek poet, Aleman, wrote a line 2500 years ago which may well be applied to Goethals:

Once there was a ditcher who was king.

. . . . Roosevelt, who turned the vast undertaking over to Goethals in 1907, in his "Autobiography" pays this tribute:

> *Colonel Goethals has succeeded in instilling into the men under him a spirit which elsewhere has been found only in a few victorious armies.*

. . . . James Bryce, the British historian, said of the Panama Canal that it was

the greatest liberty man ever had taken with nature.

And Goethals did it by making Nature respect him. He died Jan. 21, 1927, in New York City.

567. *C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*
(It is magnificent, but it is not war.)
— Pierre Francois Joseph Bosquet (1810–1861),
French marshal.

BOSQUET made this celebrated utterance at the battle of Balaklava in the Crimean War (Oct. 25, 1854), where as a division commander in the Allied army, he watched the memorable charge of the British Light Brigade, immortalized in Tennyson's stirring verses. . . . . Mistaking instructions, Lord Cardigan launched his six hundred and seventy-three cavalrymen straight at the centre of the Russian position—down a valley a mile long, exposed all the way to a withering artillery fire from the ridges on either side (twenty-two guns in all), and swept by the muzzles of a dozen cannon on the slope at the further end. Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of the allied forces, issued the famous order, and Capt. L. E. Nolan, 15th Hussars, took it to Lord Lucan, general-in-chief of the horse. It read:

> *Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns* [seven cannon taken in the redoubts still remained in the possession of the enemy].

Lucan was confused, and asked Nolan for a clearer explanation. Nolan is said to have pointed down the valley to the Russian artillery on the plain, as though that were the objective. Lucan at once rode to Cardigan and gave him the order. . . . . The Light Brigade consisted of the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons (now Hussars), 8th and 11th Hussars, and 17th Lancers. The advance was hardly under way when Nolan tried to ride across the front of the brigade, and was killed; for the Russians had seen what was coming and opened fire. (Perhaps he sought to change the direction of the charge.) . . . . The spectacular dash was all over in twenty minutes. A hopeless maneuver from the first, it cost the lives of 247 soldiers and 497 mounts.

568. ***Soldats, songez que du haut de ces Pyramides quarante siècles vous contemplent!***

(***Soldiers, think that from the summit of these pyramids forty centuries are looking down upon you!***)

— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(See 726.)

NAPOLEON had an unfailing regard for the dramatic. As he drew up his Army of Italy to receive the onset of Murad Bey's Mameluke cavalry at the "Battle of the Pyramids" (July 21, 1798), he sought to impress his soldiers with the sublimity of the situation. They were under the eyes of the ages. It is likely that they found keener incentive in the report that each of the Egyptian horsemen carried his fortune on his person: from the bodies of the slain they would obtain some reward for fighting Bonaparte's battles in a hot and dry land for which they had no particular fondness. At any rate, they won a victory which put Cairo and all of lower Egypt in the power of their leader. . . . . As a matter of fact, this encounter was not "within the shadow of the Pyramids," but at Embabeh. However, by following Napoleon's pointed finger as he harangued them, his troops could see the great monuments in the distance.

569. ***If you be a lover of instruction, you will be well instructed.***

— Isocrates (436–338 B. C.),
Attic orator and teacher.

ISOCRATES inscribed these words in letters of gold over his school at Athens, near the Lyceum, which he opened about 392 B.C., when forty-four years old. There was no foolish waste of time with non-essentials in the classes of this solid old pedagogue. His pupils found a book awaiting their attention, instead of a football. The institution had great celebrity. Cicero says its disciples were *brilliant in pageant or in battle* (*partim in pompa, partim in acie illustres*). Isocrates kept up his duties as master till he was ninety-seven, within a year of his death. The names of the writers and declaimers who absorbed learning from him make a brilliant roll; an industrious modern scholar, P. Sanneg, has assembled no fewer than forty-one out of his researches. They came from far parts to study under Isocrates—the Aegean, the Euxine, Sicily. And they seem not to have been drawn by a desire to learn how to sprint a hundred yards in nine seconds, or make the varsity crew.

570. ***Have we not the Kammergericht at Berlin?***

THE poorest subject of Frederick the Great was as secure in the possession of his property as the richest landowner. Just laws were justly administered. . . . . Once when it was planned to enlarge Frederick's garden an agent was sent to make terms with a miller whose windmill stood in the way. No, the miller would not sell his ground for any price. The agent put up the bid as high as he deemed reasonable. The man's stubbornness irritated him. "Don't you know the king could take the land away from you for nothing, if he chose?" he said, half-threateningly. With a shrug of his shoulders the miller reminded the royal representative that there still existed the supreme court of appeal in Berlin. . . . . When the crestfallen agent reported the failure of his mission, Frederick showed much amusement. The miller kept his windmill, and his retort became a common saying in Germany.

571. ***My God, open to me!***

— Jean Baptiste Lacordaire (1802–1861),
French preacher.

LACORDAIRE'S eagerness for the gates of Eternity to swing and let him through was not strange. His life had been fruitful in the extension of his faith, and he had nothing to fear on the other side. He led the reaction against the skepticism of Voltaire, and his sermons at Notre Dame exerted a remarkable influence on great congregations. At the height of his vogue he went to Rome and became a preaching friar of the order of St. Dominic. In 1854, he withdrew to the convent of Sorreze, and there he died (Nov. 22, 1861), at peace with the past because he had wasted none of his abundant energies in unworthy works, and sanguine of a larger life beyond the tomb.

572. ***I hope the edge of your guillotine is sharper than your scissors.***

— Jean Francois Ducos (1765–1793),
French Revolutionist.

DUCOS, a deputy to the Convention from Bordeaux, was one of the Girondists executed in October, 1793—and the lightest of heart. He saw nothing in it but a humorous proceeding. When his hair was being cropped so that it might not interfere with his prompt entrance into eternity, he joked about the dullness of the shears, but reserved his choicest wit for the very last. As he laid his head on the hard pillow which meant for him his longest sleep, he remarked with mock ruefulness:

What a pity the Convention did not decree
the unity and indivisibility of our persons!

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the knife fell.

573. ***Il pourrait aussi facilement naître de moi un Néron qu'un Auguste.***

(*I might bring forth a Nero as easily as an Augustus.*)

— Christina (1626–1689),
Queen of Sweden.
(See 681.)

CHRISTINA was a queen of marked eccentricities and extravagances. She continually worried her subjects with her unconventional actions and her careless expenditures of the revenues. So they urged her to take a husband, in the belief that marriage would prove a wholesome corrective. But Christina, when the plan was proposed to her, returned a reply of characteristic bluntness which proved that she was wiser than most people imagined. Her advisers could find no refutation for her ingenious argument.

574. ***You, sir, are born to no common destiny, for you have captured the Napoleon of the Western World!***

— Don Antonio Lopez De Santa Anna (1795–1876),

Mexican soldier and statesman.

(See 680.)

THE "Napoleon of the Western World" had been caught, disguised as a peon, wriggling away through the grass after his defeat in the battle of San Jacinto (April 21, 1836), which ended his invasion of Texas and freed that state from Mexico. When brought before Gen. Sam Houston (1793-1863), commander of the Texans, who lay at the foot of a tree with an ankle shattered by a bullet, the Mexican generalissimo was a cringing figure. Hysterically he begged for some of the opium that the Americans had seized with his supplies, and after receiving it addressed himself to his captor in his most grandiloquent style. Under the license of war Houston would have been justified in putting his prisoner to death without waste of time in formalities, for Santa Anna had committed inexcusable ferocities on American soldiers who fell into his hands. But his life was spared when he ordered all his forces to evacuate the country. It has been said of Santa Anna that "he was neither a general nor a statesman, nor even an honest man."

575. * * * ***The big thing is to do it.***

— CHRISTOPHER ("Kit") CARSON (1809–1868),
American hunter and scout.

IN the spring of 1848, Carson was bearing dispatches from Monterey, Calif., to Washington, when, on reaching Santa Fe, he learned that the politicians at the Capital had refused to confirm his appointment as a lieutenant in the Rifle Corps. His friends, resentful, urged him to quit the trail and let another courier do the perilous work for an ungrateful government. Carson's reply was emphatic:

> *No. This is a service for my country, and it doesn't matter whether I do it as an officer or as a plainsman. The big thing is to do it!*

Thereupon he mounted his horse again, and went on—through a country swarming with the Comanches, who were on the warpath—over wastes where water-holes were scarce—across plains where the coyote was the only living thing. To avoid the Indians he rode far off his course, into the arid stretches of the north. Emaciated and worn out from sleeplessness, he made Fort Leavenworth, and after a rest there continued on to Washington.

576. ***Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet? Soldiers, straight to the heart!***

— Michel Ney.
(See 116, 933, 1012.)

WITH the old fire that had turned him into a tiger at Waterloo when the fortunes of his lord Napoleon were crashing all around, Ney scorned the bandage for his eyes as he stood before the platoon of soldiers who were to shoot him down to satisfy the royalist anger of Louis XVIII. They executed him in the early morning (Dec. 7, 1815)—not in the plain of Grenelle, but in the Luxembourg gardens, near the Observatory. So they cheated the crowd, and possibly prevented a popular tumult which would have been very disagreeable to the authors of his death. For, next to Bonaparte himself, this impetuous, fearless soldier was the hero most adored by France. . . . . Ney died under the cloud of treason, but bore himself rather like a victorious commander.

I appeal to posterity and God. Vive la France!

he cried. Holding his hat above his head, and one hand to his left breast, he enjoined the riflemen to aim straight. . . . . But no volley came. Why this hesitation? Only that the officer in command quailed in his duty. Shoot the gallant fighter of Elchingen—Eylau—Friedland—Borodino—Leipsic—Quatre Bras: the resolute mainstay of the terrible retreat from Moscow? A courtier of Louis, a colonel, had to give the order to fire. . . . . On the spot where Ney fell stands his statue. As Henri Martin observes, his murder has never been pardoned by his country.

577. ***To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.***

— George Washington (1732–1799),
First President of the United States.
(Compare 376, 632.)

PROBABLY no utterance of Washington has been more commonly quoted than this sentence from the address which he delivered to both houses of Congress, Jan. 8, 1790. The question arises: did he unconsciously paraphrase a favorite saying of the ancient Romans?—

Si vis pacem, para bellum.
(*If you wish peace, be prepared for war.*)

Or did the words of Horace come to his mind?—

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello.
(*In peace, as a wise man, he should make suitable preparation for war.*)
Book II, Satire 2.

. . . . Perhaps he got the maxim by variation from Edward Fox, bishop of Hereford (1496?-1538), who gained considerable notice by his proverbial sayings. One of them was:

The surest way to peace is a constant preparedness for war.

. . . . Neither Washington nor Fox, it must be admitted, improved on the laconic Latin aphorism. . . . . Washington had occasion again (Dec. 3, 1793) to publicly affirm his policy of preparedness, when Great Britain's naval operations against France were injuring American commerce and had brought a vigorous remonstrance from the American government. He declared to Congress:

> ** * * There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace * * * it must be known that we are at all times ready for war.*

578. ***The king should buy and reward his enemies and do little for his friends, because they are his already.***

— Earl of Clarendon (1st), Edward Hyde (1608–1674), English statesman and historian.
(Compare 312.)

IN formulating this rule of statecraft, Clarendon seems to have rung a change on a well-known saying of Henry IV, king of Castile. As chancellor for Charles II, following the Restoration, he refused to enrich himself, thus making no claim on the royal friendship. Offered a grant of ten thousand acres in the Fens, he rejected it for fear it would set up a mischievous precedent. When the French minister Fouquet proffered him a gift of ten thousand pounds, he showed such indignation that Charles was highly amused. He did accept from Louis XIV a set of books printed at the Louvre, but no other present could the French monarch press upon him. Clarendon had his failings, but he never put a price on his loyalty to his king and his country—thereby fulfilling his proverb.

579. ***Don't forget your great guns, which are the most respectable arguments of the rights of kings.***

— Frederick the Great.
(Compare 107.)

IN a letter written April 21, 1759, Frederick thus enjoined his younger brother, Prince Henry of Prussia (1726-1802), who was one of his bravest commanders in the Seven Years' War. . . . Frederick in reality copied the watchword which the French king Louis XIV inscribed on his cannon:

Ultima ratio regum.
(*The last argument of kings.*)

580. *Ces trois choses, la Volonté, le Travail, le Succès, se partagent toute l'existence humaine.*

(These three things, Work, Will, Success, fill human existence.)

— Louis Pasteur (1822–1895),
French chemist.
(See 608.)

PLODDING along in his studies at the Royal College of Besancon was a youth who gave no promise of the wonderful capacity for research which was to make him eminent in science for his victories over anthrax, cholera, and hydrophobia. He was so far from brilliant with his books that when, at the age of twenty, he passed the examination for the degree of bachelor of sciences there was attached to his diploma a note stating that he was "mediocre" in chemistry—the very branch of learning in which he afterward shone gloriously. But what young Pasteur lacked of inherent talent he made up in Work and Will, the handmaidens of Success, as he wrote in one of his long, serious letters to his two sisters at home in the cottage of Franche-Comte.

581. *See the blood of a mortal, not of a god!*

— Anaxarchus (c. 340 B. C.),
Greek philosopher.
(See 257, 774.)

THE triumphs of Alexander the Great inflated his brain with the notion that all mankind owed him adulation as a god. One day he cut a finger, and Anaxarchus, who happened to be standing by, pointed out to him that the blood he was stanching came from the veins of a mere man. . . . . The philosopher escaped serious consequences for his boldness only because he was more highly regarded by Alexander than any of the other learned men attached to the Macedonian camp.

582. ***If I perish, my last thought but one shall be given to thee; my last to God.***

— HENRY IV (1553–1610),
King of France.

WHEN facing battle with the duke of Parma, general of the Spanish League, for the possession of Paris, (August, 1590), Henry's fondest thoughts turned to the castle of Coeuvres and the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrés, with whom he was enamoured; and to this girl of seventeen he wrote an ardent letter. . . . . Henry's affection for Gabrielle was sincere, and her love for him as true. Disguised as a gardener, he often left his camp and braved capture in threading the enemy's lines to reach the château where she dwelt with her father. His romantic courtship was successful. In 1592 Gabrielle became his mistress. He would have married her, but his dissolute queen Marguerite was in the way. He tried desperately to obtain a divorce, and was only dissuaded by the dispassionate counsel of his minister Sully, who convinced him of the serious objections to such a step. Henry made Gabrielle a peeress of France and gave her a dozen estates. When she died suddenly in Paris (April 10, 1599), the king, who was at Fontainebleau, was so grief-stricken that he ordered all the court to put on mourning and secluded himself for some days.

583. *I will sit down now, but the time will come when you* Shall *hear me.*

— Earl of Beaconsfield, Benjamin Disraeli (1804–1881), British statesman.
(See 1007.)

WHEN Benjamin Disraeli, prime minister and peer in embryo, stood up in the House of Commons as member from Maidstone (Dec. 7, 1837) to attempt his first speech, he was a young man of thirty-two bearing the bets of the professional money-lenders of London. To relieve his debts, they had made him advances in a speculation on his political success. Five minutes after he took the floor their chances of reimbursement looked indeed dubious. For Disraeli's parliamentary début was a distinct failure. He was laughed down for the high-flown style and extravagant gestures which he employed on such an unromantic subject as an Irish-election petition. In his mortification he stopped abruptly, but before taking his seat he delivered a prophecy which was fulfilled to the letter—though perhaps not soon enough to please the money-lenders. Disconcerted by this experience but not discouraged, he again defied the derision of the Commons only a week later, this time on a copyright bill, and spoke so sensibly that he received more respectful attention. Disraeli had now begun to play for position in the long race which was to reward him with eminence and power.

584. ***Meal, please your majesty, is half a penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing.***

— SOCRATES (c. 470–399 B. C.),
Greek philosopher.
(See 760, 769.)

SOCRATES was invited to dwell at the luxurious court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia, who provided himself with all the refinements that the East afforded and opened his palace at Pella to many celebrated poets, artists and thinkers, among them Euripides. Had the philosopher availed himself of this privilege he would have escaped the cup of poison, but not even the flattering inducements of this rich monarch could tempt him to leave Athens. Meal and water there was more to his taste than the company of Archelaus and his learned guests. Socrates preferred to mingle with the common humanity of the market-place, the gymnasia, the baths. There he found his real school. He said once, according to Plato:

> *Fields and trees will not teach me anything; the life of the streets will.*

. . . . So the greatest intellect of his age would not pass the city gates to share the pleasures of a king, but remained where water cost him nothing—and the hemlock cost him all.

585. *To Philip's right eye.*

PHILIP II, of Macedon, once wounded the pride of an obscure Greek bowman—and lost an eye. . . . . In the city of Methone, which he was besieging (353 B.C.), was an archer, Aster, who was extremely vain of his sure aim. Caring not in whose pay he drew his string, he offered to join Philip, boasting that he could bring down winging birds. The king replied sarcastically:

> *I will take you into my service when I make war upon starlings.*

Aster was much nettled—his companions chaffed him. So he posted himself on the wall, picked out Philip (who freely exposed himself among his troops), and let one of his best arrows fly—*to Philip's right eye.* So said a note which he affixed to the shaft—a quite superfluous note. Philip, enraged at such impudence—and such certain archery— had the arrow shot back, with the message that when he took the city he would see that Aster was properly hanged. And he made good his word.

586. *Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,*
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

— Earl of Rochester.
(See 994.)

ROCHESTER was one of the wittiest courtiers who ever baited a king with satire. Charles enjoyed his humor and high spirits, and for the pleasure of them gave small notice to his frequent impertinencies. So when Rochester boldly composed a burlesque epitaph on his royal master, and it was brought to the attention of Charles, he offered no reprimand but approved it with the facetious retort:

That is very true; but my words are my own,
while my actions are my ministers'.

. . . . Though Rochester wrote in jest, it has been said by one historian that his epigram would not have been amiss on the tomb of the English monarch.

587. *Ut puto deus fio.*
(*Methinks I am becoming a god.*)
— Vespasian, Titus Flavius Vespasianus (9–79 A. D.),
Roman emperor.
(See 515.)

VESPASIAN, always fond of a jest, uttered one shortly before he died. The plainest and most democratic of rulers, never making any pretensions of being other than a man of ordinary flesh and blood, it is not strange that his last thrust of humor was directed at those imperial claims to deification with which he had small patience.

588. ***I will not steal a victory.***

— ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

IT was the eve of the battle of Arbela, where Alexander overthrew Darius and gained the mastery of Asia (331 B. C.). The Macedonians had been ordered to take their supper and then rest for the night. On the plains below the Persians likewise waited for the morning light. . . . . To the tent of Alexander came his veteran general, Parmenio, and urged him to attack under cover of the darkness. But Alexander spurned the idea. He had no desire to afford Darius any ground of apology for defeat. His aim was a victory so decisive that there should be not the slightest doubt as to his superiority, and thus he informed Parmenio. . . . Alexander's innate shrewdness served him better than he knew at the moment. Darius guarded against surprise by keeping his soldiers under arms and in order of battle all night, and their lack of sleep told heavily against them when they clashed with the fresh Macedonians the next day.

589. ***Let us flee home, lest the bath fall while Cerinthus is within.***

— JOHN THE APOSTLE.

IF there was any one in Ephesus that John detested, it was Cerinthus, the coarse leader of the heretics (c. 100 A.D.). The aged apostle considered this Gnostic an object of such ill omen that one day when he encountered Cerinthus in the public baths he made a hasty exit, calling to his companions to follow and get clear of this polluting presence.

590. *You must obey this, now, for a law—that 'he that will not work shall not eat.'*

— Capt. John Smith (1579–1631),
American colonial leader.

JOHN Smith saved the little colony of Virginia from ruin by putting the lazy to work and abolishing the common pooling of labor and trade whereby about forty industrious men had been supporting the whole company of two hundred. Chosen president of the council Sept. 10, 1608, the following spring he enforced industry sternly. Calling the colonists together, he told them plainly that the indolent would no longer be favored:

> *And though you presume that authority here is but a shadow and that I dare not touch the lives of any, but my own must answer it, yet he that offendeth, let him assuredly expect his due punishment.*

The "Rule of John Smith," as it is generally known, was adapted from an injunction of the apostle Paul to the Thessalonians: "For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work neither should he eat" (Thessalonians 3: 10). Smith allotted six hours of the day for work, allowing the rest for recreation. Everybody had to cut wood or cultivate the land. Thus from a forlorn hope the struggling settlement became a venture of real promise.

591. ***I sent my ships against men, not against seas.***

— PHILIP II (1527–1598),
King of Spain.
(See 324).

PHILIP had just been informed of a terrible catastrophe. The "invincible" Armada which he had sent to conquer England had been shattered (August, 1588). The tempests and the hardy mariners of Elizabeth had pounded to pieces the great flotilla of warships, some of them the largest that ever had taken to sea, which the Spanish sovereign had confidently expected would fasten his power, and his religion, upon the Protestant island that Pope Sixtus V had accommodatingly made over to him. . . . . There were 131 vessels in that mighty fleet. They carried over twenty-one thousand of Spain's bravest soldiers and eight thousand sailors. Only fifty-three came straggling back; it has never been determined how many thousands of the crusaders perished. . . . . Yet Philip received the melancholy news with a resignation deserving of praise. He gave kind audience to his abject commander Medina Sidonia, heartening him with the reminder that human valor was helpless against the elements; and ordered masses of thanksgiving to celebrate the safe return of those who had survived the wreck of his hopes. . . . . But while Philip was content to charge his misfortune to the seas, the Spanish historian Mariana in his calm appraisal of it solemnly declares it was a punishment from God for "the many sins of this nation."

592. ***The names of the wives of kings die with them, but the name of Scarron's wife shall live forever.***

— Paul Scarron (1610–1660),
French poet, novelist and dramatist.
(See 303, 884.)

FATE treated Scarron ironically. Afflicted for twenty years with painful deformities, helplessly paralysed in both legs, as partial compensation he was humored with a lively brain which brought him recognition as the creator of French burlesque, and with an amazing fortitude as well. It was his odd fortune further to have as wife a woman who subsequently became noted in history as the mate of a king. . . . . Did Scarron, as he lay dying, look ahead and realize that Francoise d'Aubigne, who became Madame Scarron when she was sixteen, would grace a royal palace after he was gone? . . . . One day in 1651, the chevalier de Mere brought to Scarron an attractive girl whom he had discovered motherless and penniless. Scarron took a fancy to her, and offered to place her in a convent. Or, perhaps she would consent to marry him, though he was an invalid and would be a continual care to her? She chose matrimony, and for nine years nursed him faithfully. Her beauty and unaffected talents so pleased the literati who resorted to Scarron's house that they did not resent her efforts to check their licentious conversation. . . . . Came the day when Scarron's tortured body was about to find rest at last. The notary, sitting by his bed, asked what he intended to leave his wife. The famous humorist smiled, and, with a remark which accurately forecasted her future fame, made her an unusual bequest: she was free to wed again. . . . . It was twenty-five years later that Madame Scarron (then Madame de Maintenon) became the wife of Louis XIV at a private ceremony performed by Harlay, the archbishop of Paris.

593. ***Madame, vous êtes la femme la plus extraordinaire du monde; comme j'en suis l'homme le plus extraordinaire; à nous deux nous aurions, sans doute, un enfant plus extraordinaire encore.***

(***Madame, you are the most extraordinary woman in the world; as I am the most extraordinary man; between us we should have, without doubt, a child more extraordinary still.***)

— Count of Saint-Simon.

(See 717.)

SAINT-SIMON carried his theories for the socialistic regeneration of society to a fantastic extreme. He conceived the startling thought of breeding a new order of human beings to perpetuate his principles. Of course, there was but one woman fit to associate with him in such an important experiment—Madame de Stael: " a Rousseau in petticoats." She was witty and intellectual to a celebrated degree, fascinating in manner and person. Her salon at Coppet was a clearing-house of political and philosophical ideas. And her husband, Eric Magnus, baron of Stael-Holstein, had but just died (most opportunely for Saint-Simon). He left the widow comfortably financed—an asset by no means to be despised. For Saint-Simon's prodigal hospitalities to savants and artists had reduced him to straits. . . . . Ah, but there still remained one impediment—his own wife. In his enthusiasm he had almost overlooked her. But he speedily severed that bond—in France it is not so difficult. This annoyance off his mind, to Coppet he hurried and laid his proposition before Madame de Stael with all ardency. . . . . Madame was impassive to his suit. She was only thirty-six, and at the height of her charms. Why unite herself to this philosopher for the supreme purpose of providing progeny to revolutionize society? Anyway, she was in no haste to take another husband. . . . . So the world still awaits the super-race of Saint-Simon's dreams.

594. ***My cousin, do not hurry: no one could move more quickly who was loaded with laurels as you are!***

— Louis XIV,
King of France.

THE Great Condé, Louis II de Bourbon (1621-1686), went to Versailles to visit his cousin, the sovereign, after the battle of Seneff (Aug. 2, 1674), where he stood off the prince of Orange (afterward William III of England) and had three horses killed under him. Gout and years (Condé was fifty-three) will hamper any man; so it was that Louis outdistanced him going up the grand staircase, with its many steps, and stood at the top waiting for him. The great soldier, who could make his enemies step lively enough on the field, looked up and said apologetically: "Sire, I crave your majesty's pardon if I keep you waiting." In response Louis graciously alluded to the splendid victories the prince had won for him, generously overlooking the trouble that the "brilliant traitor" had caused him as well. For Condé's wounded pride (he was haughty and ambitious) led him to desert the fortunes of Louis in the civil war of the Frondé and to make common cause with the Spaniards. The king pardoned him, however, (January, 1660) after the peace of the Pyrenees, sagely choosing to reclaim him as a subject rather than have him a near menace as independent ruler of Luxemburg, a sovereignty with which Spain would have rewarded him.

595. **** * * I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate, and while the debate goes on the canal does too.***

— THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(See 566.)

IN a speech at Berkeley, Cal. (March 23, 1911), Roosevelt took only a few words to tell in his own direct fashion the whole story of the Panama Canal project. . . . . When the Colombian senate refused to ratify the Hay-Herran treaty (signed January, 1903), and it seemed the entire scheme would have to be abandoned, President Roosevelt promptly recognized the new Republic of Panama—fruit of a revolt from Colombia—guaranteed it commercial and military protection, and in return obtained the right to build a canal and control it in perpetuity. Then the work started in earnest. . . . . Roosevelt's critics declared he had violated the Constitution (the question was never raised before any national or international tribunal), but he ignored them and went right ahead with his characteristic vigor on one of the most gigantic undertakings ever conceived. He said at Berkeley:

> *I am interested in the Panama Canal because I started it. If I had followed traditional, conservative methods, I should have submitted a dignified statement of probably two hundred pages to Congress, and the debate on it would be going on yet.*

596. ***The best legacy I can leave my children is free speech, and the example of using it.***

— ALGERNON SIDNEY, or Sydney (1622–1683),
English politician.

LAW and justice were outraged by the execution of Sidney, a capable diplomat, on an unproven charge of implication in the Rye House Plot to assassinate Charles II and the heir presumptive. Denied counsel, he conducted his own defense when brought to trial (Nov. 21, 1683), with great courage and skill. He received his sentence (Nov. 26) with a brief but eloquent protest, in which he fearlessly upheld the freedom of speech. He was beheaded Dec. 7, dying with stoical fortitude. After placing his head on the block he made a movement which caused the executioner to ask if he wished "to rise again." Sidney replied:

Not till the general resurrection: strike on!

597. ***I never like being hit without striking back.***

— JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN (1836–1914),
British statesman.

THROUGH all his political career, from mayor of Birmingham to secretary of state for the colonies, Chamberlain was straightforward and aggressive—giving blow for blow. Whether meeting German hostility, Russian duplicity, or French nagging, he always used pointed sentences which could not be misunderstood. It was during his vigorous campaign for tariff reform that he declared at Greenock (Oct. 7, 1903) for "striking back" when foreign goods were dumped into England to undersell British manufactures. He was then sixty-seven years old, but as energetic and uncompromising as ever.

598. ***Myself, I was only a laboratory man, but I had cut up plenty of dogs and guinea-pigs and monkeys—so why not soldiers?***

— Sir David Bruce (1855–1928),
British bacteriologist.

BRUCE, who will always be remembered for his discovery of the micro-organism of the dreaded tsetse fly of South Africa, was in Ladysmith with his wife when the Boers besieged the city (Nov. 1, 1899 Feb. 28, 1900). Nine thousand English were penned up there, and not a single surgeon among them. The shells from the Boer guns wrought havoc with the soldiers. Rendered desperate by the moans of the wounded lying unattended, Bruce, who never lacked grit, brushed up his anatomical knowledge on some surgical books that happened to be handy, took a knife, and began to perform amputations. He saved the first leg that he operated upon, was promptly recognized as chief surgeon, and between fighting and starving with the rest of the defenders did yeoman work in the hospital.

599. ***In politics a capable ruler must be guided by circumstances, conjectures and conjunctions.***

— Catherine II,
Empress of Russia.

CATHERINE ruled Russia for thirty-four years (1762-1796) without any well-defined political "system," except always to advance the greatness of the nation and preserve its safety. Every turn in her public policy had this one aim. Her masculine force of character enabled her to cope successfully with her strong enemies. By vast conquests she extended the boundaries of her empire, and one of her last projects was the invasion of Persia. Only her death (Nov. 10, 1796) halted the armies of Valerian Zubov, which were already on their way.

600. ***Had I a son, I would sooner breed him a cobbler than a courtier, and a hangman than a statesman!***

— Earl of Shrewsbury, Charles Talbot (1660–1718), English statesman.

THOUGH Shrewsbury held high positions under the crown and might readily have seized the supreme power, he felt the sincerest scorn for statecraft and party politics. This contempt was never more cuttingly expressed than in the celebrated sentence of a letter that he wrote, in 1701, to Baron Somers, lord chancellor, from Rome, where he lived during most of the seven years that he spent abroad after resigning as secretary of state for William and Mary. Yet to this man who so frankly abhorred public office there came a day when he found himself suddenly possessed at one time of three of the loftiest dignities in the power of court and state to bestow. . . . . On the accession of Anne, Shrewsbury returned to England and accepted the post of lord-chamberlain (1710). Three years later he became lord-lieutenant of Ireland. One of the last acts of Anne as she lay dying (July 30, 1714) was to place in his hands the staff of the lord treasurer and bid him retain, as well, that of the chamberlain, which he offered to give up. Extraordinary influence was now his, and he used it to defeat the Jacobins by putting George I on the throne. This accomplished, Shrewsbury rapidly relinquished all his offices one after another.

601. ** * * Is it compulsory to obey oral orders? If not, I will remain to die by the American flag, if I die alone!*

— THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(Compare 368.)

COLONEL Roosevelt's blood was pounding with indignation. It was the night of July 1, 1898, during the Spanish-American War. His Rough Riders had that day been the first of the American regiments to fight their way up San Juan Hill and drive the Spaniards out of the blockhouse and trenches on the crest. He was in the van of that charge. Now they were digging in on the slope that overlooked Santiago. They had captured a position of the highest military importance. What else but hold it? Their guns posted there would render the city untenable. . . . . But here comes an orderly with the astounding verbal command to abandon the ground won at mortal cost. The impetuous Roosevelt turns on General Wheeler, his superior, with a protest characteristic of him:

> *It is a disgrace for the American army to retreat at any time, and especially three days prior to the anniversary of the signing of our Declaration of Independence. * * **

. . . . Wherever the extraordinary order originated, it was abrogated then and there by common agreement. Roosevelt and his troopers remained on the hill.

602. ***Miserable man! do you wish to send me to the guillotine?***

— Emmanuel Joseph Sieyes (1748–1836),
French abbe and statesman.
(See 868, Compare 789.)

THE story runs that the Abbé Sieyès, one of the chief propagandists of the French Revolution and author of the famous pamphlet "Qu'est-ce le Tiers Etat?" (What is the Third Estate?), was going over the proof-sheets of an article which he had written in defense of his political career when he made a horrible discovery. Here was a sentence, "I have *abjured* (*abjuré*) the Republic"—and he had meant to say "*adjured* (*adjuré*) the Republic"! . . . . It was the time of the Terror, and a multitude of better heads than his own were dropping for less perilous declarations. What wonder, then, that the Abbé turned savagely upon the printer for his blunder? . . . . It is a likely enough tale in one respect, at least. Ever since types were invented they have played many an embarrassing trick on author and reader, a single wrong letter sometimes having serious consequences. But history says that the Abbé Sieyès, really a timid soul in extremities, did of a fact "abjure" his political faith when Robespierre gained the ascendency—and discreetly took himself out of Paris when the Terror grew too uncomfortable for his nerves. . . . . Did the disconcerted printer neglect to make the correction? The Abbé should have demanded a revised proof.

603. ***Il faut marcher droit; je ne dois pas être suspecte.***
(I must walk uprightly; I must not be suspected.)

— CATHERINE II (1729–1796),
Empress of Russia.

CATHERINE held in her hand a sheet of grimy paper, brought by a galloping horseman over dusty roads. Her husband, Peter III, whom she had dethroned only seven days before, had been murdered at Ropscha, whither she had banished him. "Matushka (little mother), he is no more," ran the note, in the familiar writing of Alexis Orlov, one of her lovers. "* * * At the table he began to dispute with Prince Theodore Bariatinski * * * we were unable to separate them. * * * We do not ourselves remember what we did; but we are all equally guilty." . . . . On this evening of July 6, 1762, the extraordinary Catherine showed no hesitancy in her actions. Those about her at the moment were few. Swearing them to secrecy, she exclaimed: "I must not be suspected!" and thrust the message into the obscurity of a closet. The next day she issued a manifesto to her subjects that the former emperor had died from hemorrhage. Peter's body was buried with due solemnity after being exposed to public reverence in the monastery of St. Alexander Nevski—and Catherine went on with the duties of government. . . . . For thirty-four years she reigned—and Orlov's tragic letter lay unheeded in its dark corner. Only when she died (Nov. 9, 1796) did it again see the light—and by that time the hated Peter was but a memory.

604. ***Ah! sire, you kill me with your words, for now there is nothing for it but to die in your defense.***

AN obscure German soldier, Schomberg, fighting in the army of the French king Henry IV at Ivry, earned his full title to fame. . . . . In addressing the old veteran at supper on the eve of the encounter Henry used harsher words than was his custom, and the thought of it worried him through the night. In the morning, as he aligned his troops for the charge, he met Schomberg, and reining in his horse, said:

> *Colonel, we have work before us, and it may chance I don't survive; but I must not carry with me the honor of a gentleman like you. I beg your pardon for what I said last night, and declare you a brave and honorable man.*

With that he embraced the soldier, who, deeply affected, with difficulty stammered a reply which turned out to be a true prophecy. When the fight was deadliest and Henry appeared in grave peril, Schomberg spurred his horse to the rescue, and fell mortally wounded before the king's eyes.

605. ***Sta Viator; Heroem Calcas.***
(Halt traveler; thou treadest on a hero.)

ONE of the greatest generals in the Thirty Years' War was Franz, Freiherr von Mercy (or Merci), lord of Mandre and Collenburg, commander-in-chief of the Bavarians. He fought with so much valor and skill against the French armies of the duke d'Enghien and the prince-marshal Turenne that when he was killed on the plains of Nordlingen (Aug. 3, 1645), Enghien (afterward famous as the Great Condé) had him buried with the utmost solemnity close to the battle-field, and marked his grave with a tomb on which was inscribed the singular epitaph cited above.

606. ***It is a bad cause which cannot bear the words of a dying man.***

— Sir Henry Vane, the Younger (1613–1662),
English statesman and author.

CONDEMNED to execution on a charge of sedition, Vane carried his fervent republicanism to the scaffold (June 14, 1662). Drawing out his note-books, he started to vindicate himself and his cause in a speech to the crowd. The books were brutally snatched from his hand, while the trumpeters advanced close and blew their blast full in his face. He turned on his persecutors with an exclamation of fine scorn; then, as he prostrated himself for the stroke, said gravely:

> *Why should we shrink from death? I find it rather shrinks from me than I from it.*

. . . . Vane emigrated to Massachusetts in 1635, and served as governor for one year. Being defeated by John Winthrop, he returned to England.

607. ***Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you.***

— Charles Lamb (1775–1834),
English essayist and critic.

THE famous author thus admonished his friend Bernard Barton (1784-1849), English poet, who contemplated resigning his bank clerkship and casting himself entirely upon literature for a livelihood. Barton took the advice, continued in his position, monotonous as it was—and left no laments about lack of provender or fuel for his family. . . . . About sixty-four years before Lamb was born, Sir Richard Steele used a maxim of close kinship in the Spectator (No. 509):

> *Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you,*

putting it in the mouth of Sir William Turner.

608. ***Do not let yourselves be tainted by a deprecating and barren skepticism. * * * Live in the serene peace of laboratories and libraries. * * ****

— Louis Pasteur.
(See 580, 628.)

FAMOUS men of Europe gathered at the Sorbonne in Paris, on a day in 1892, to give a medal to one of the greatest conquerors of all time. He had tracked down and exterminated savages innumerable—exposed and fought the deadliest enemies of mankind—saved millions of little children from slaughter by an insidious and invisible foe. Caesar and Napoleon, with all the noise and fury of their armies, never won a battle to compare with the victories of this man. . . . . Up the aisle he came, bent and limping (was he not seventy years old this very day?). The arm that supported him was that of M. Carnot, president of the French Republic. He wore no martial trophies, showed no haughty stride; but a solemn hush fell over all. Then the horns of the Republican Guard band blared their greetings to Louis Pasteur, and cheer after cheer billowed from wall to wall. . . . . There were embraces and felicitous phrases, but the words of the great Microbe Hunter himself eclipsed them all. His voice was too feeble now for the Sorbonne, and those students in the top tiers were the ones, above all, that he wished to reach. So his son read his address. Here is an excerpt:

> ** * * Say to yourselves first: What have I done for my instructions? and, as you gradually advance, What have I done for my country? until the time comes when you may have the immense happiness of thinking that you have contributed in some way to the progress and good of humanity. * * **

. . . . The good of humanity—measured by that test, the exploits of Louis Pasteur have never been surpassed in science. The son of a French tanner holds an eminence from which he can never be dislodged.

609. ***J'ai toujours vu Dieu du côté des gros bataillons.***
(* * * I have always noticed that God is on the side of the heavy battalions.)

— MARQUIS DE LA FERTE IMBAULT, Jacques d' Etampes (1590–1668),
Marshal of France and ambassador in England.

ANNE of Austria, queen of France, once remarked to De la Ferte that, judged by numbers, the armies of the enemy were stronger than her own just then, but that her soldiers had "God and justice" on their side. The marshal responded somewhat cynically, advising her not to be "too sure." . . . . Napoleon was of much the same mind:

Providence is always on the side of the last reserve.

. . . . Voltaire wrote in a letter to M. le Riche (Feb. 6, 1770):

On dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons. (*They say that God is always on the side of the heavy battalions.*)

Bussy-Rabutin, the count of Bussy (1618-1693), noted as a writer of memoirs and also a brave soldier, said in one of his letters (Oct. 18, 1677):

Dieu est d'ordinaire pour les gros escadrons contre les petits.

(*God is generally for the big squadrons against the little ones.*)

. . . . The well-known observation of Abraham Lincoln comes to mind:

I agree with you in Providence; but I believe in the providence of the most men, the largest purse, and the largest cannon.

. . . . Going back to the ancients, we find the following utterance by Claudius (Julius) Civilis, the German:

The Gods are on the side of the strongest.

Civilis knew by experience. He led a great Batavian revolt against Rome (69-70 A. D.), and threatened to disrupt the whole empire, but was put down by the superior forces of Vespasian.

610. ***I will resist even to the death this flag of blood.***

—Alphonse Marie Louis de Prat de Lamartine (1790–1869), French statesman and historian.

LAMARTINE saved the new-born Second Republic from being swept away in blood (February, 1848) when he took his stand at the top of the grand staircase in the Hotel-de-Ville and in the name of the provisional government (he was the minister for foreign affairs) quelled an infuriated mob of famishing workmen who had poured in from the square. High at their head was a red flag, which they were determined to force upon the nation. It was nothing less than the banner of civil war; only prompt, firm measures could put it down. Lamartine, though far from a great statesman, had the courage and eloquence for the task. . . . . He faced a sea of loaded muskets, pointed at his breast. Finally he stilled the yelling throng, and cried:

> *The government will die rather than dishonor itself by obeying you. * * * The red flag which you offer us has only made the tour of the Champ de Mars, bedraggled with the blood of the people in '91; the tricolored flag has made the circuit of the world, with the name, the glory, and the liberty of the country.*

. . . . Such oratory laid the passions of this improvised army. A great scene awaited a great artist there. Tall and handsome, expert with inflection and gesture, Lamartine was master. Cheers rang out, and the muskets were waved in salute to him. Down came the red flag—and disappeared.

611. ***Is this your boasted peace? Not to sheathe the sword in its scabbard, but to sheathe it in the bowels of your countrymen?***

— William Pitt.
(See 389).

IN one of the most impassioned speeches ever made in the British Commons (Jan. 14, 1766), Pitt declared for the "absolute, total, and immediate" repeal of the Stamp Act imposed upon the American Colonies. For a year his voice had not been heard there. Now, racked by the gout and gesturing with his crutch, his mental vigor and alertness showed no impairment as he replied to George Grenville (1712-1770), first lord of the treasury, the author of the Act which led to the first signs of alienation between America and the mother country. Grenville just previously had defended the measure on the ground that "Great Britain protects America; America is bound to yield obedience." Pitt had already spoken once in the session, but the house clamored to hear him again. These sentences stand out in his second oration:

> ** * * America, if she fell, would fall like a strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. * * * The Americans * * * have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? * * * There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behavior to his wife, so applicable to you and your colonies that I cannot help repeating them:*
>
> *'Be to her faults a little blind:*
> *Be to her virtues very kind.'*

612. ***Never, by the faith of God! never, my lords of Venice, shall ye have peace till we have bridled those brazen horses of St. Mark's; when they are bitted, ye may dare to talk of peace!***

— PIETRO DORIA,
Genoese naval commander.

FOLLOWING a great battle with the Venetians off Chioggia (May, 1379) Doria seized that island and brought his war galleys inside the lagoons. He was now master of the Adriatic and in a position to starve Venice by blockade. The senate proposed terms of submission, which he rejected with a haughty answer, making a striking reference to the four famous steeds that still stand above the main doorway of St. Mark's Cathedral. Probably the work of the great Greek sculptor Lysippus, they were brought from Constantinople by Marino Zeno (1205) as part of the spoil which fell to the Venetians for their important part in the conquest of the Turkish capital in the Fourth Crusade. In 1797, Napoleon carried them away to Paris, but they were restored to St. Mark's in 1815, after the fall of Napoleon and the surrender of Paris. . . . . Doria's triumph was far from real. The Venetian admiral Vettor Pisani shut him in a trap by closing the channel leading from the lagoons to the sea and he was forced to surrender (June, 1380). Venice thenceforth controlled the trade of the Mediterranean.

613. ***Hold the fort, for I am coming.***

— Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.

FROM the top of Mount Kenesaw Sherman signalled this famous message (Oct. 5, 1864) to Gen. John Murray Corse (1835-1893), who, with less than two thousand men, was battling desperately to hold Allatoona Pass, in northwest Georgia, against a vastly superior force of Confederates. Gen. Hood was endeavoring to cut Sherman's communications as the Union commander prepared to start on his "March to the Sea." The promise of reinforcements inspired Corse and his soldiers of the 16th Corps to one of the most gallant stands in the Civil War. For five hours they sustained a fierce artillery fire and drove back repeated assaults. At three o'clock in the afternoon Gen. S. G. French sounded the retreat for his Southerners. Corse, who was wounded in the battle, lost one-half of his garrison, but took five hundred prisoners. He was promoted to the rank of major-general. After the war Corse served four years as postmaster of Boston (Oct. 8, 1886-March, 1891). . . . . On this action at Allatoona Pass Sherman based a general order to his army: that fortified positions should be defended to the last, regardless of the relative numbers of the contesting forces. . . . . "Hold the Fort" was put to music by Ira D. Sankey, the singer who accompanied the noted evangelist Dwight L. Moody on his revival campaigns in America and England, and it became one of the most popular of the Moody-and-Sankey Gospel Hymns.

614. ***C'est plus qu'un crime; c'est une faute.***
(It is more than a crime; it is a blunder.)

— JOSEPH FOUCHE.
(See 189).

FOUCHE, one of the chief advisers of Napoleon, made this well-known comment on the summary execution of the young duke d'Enghien, Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon Condé, grandson of the Great Condé and the last of that noble house. The concern of Fouché was purely political; the wickedness of the deed was nothing to him. But though an inexcusable murder, it gained Bonaparte the backing of the regicides in mounting the throne. . . . . Wrongly suspecting that d'Enghien was plotting against him with Cadoudal and Pichegru, Napoleon allowed his anger to be further fanned by the persistent warning of Fouché that the conspirators planned nothing short of his assassination. The duke, only thirty-two years old, lived in neutral territory at the castle Ettenheim in Baden, just over the Rhine, but Napoleon sent mounted gendarmes to seize him. He was hustled to the castle of Vincennes near Paris (March 15, 1804), hastily tried by a board of French colonels, and denied an interview with Bonaparte. Half an hour later, about daybreak, he was taken down into the moat of the chateau, and there shot beside a freshly-dug grave. He died heroically, exclaiming:

I die for my king and for France!

. . . . Napoleon never showed any remorse for this deed. Under the same circumstances he would do it again, he said on his way to St. Helena, and repeated the declaration in his last testament.

615. * * * *To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was Poetry; He formed it, and that was Sculpture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.*

— Charlotte Saunders Cushman (1816–1876), American actress.

A GREAT artist, of stainless character, who had upborne the drama in its loftiest forms, was taking final leave of the New York stage (Nov. 7, 1874). Booth's Theater was filled with celebrities. The most splendid ovation of Charlotte Cushman's long career followed her portrayal of Lady Macbeth, the role which vied with that of Queen Catherine as her finest. . . . . The curtain fell, and a group of eminent citizens hastened to present her with a crown of laurel, of which the inscription fittingly lauded the success that she had attained since, a girl of nineteen, she appeared at the Tremont Theater in Boston (1835) as the Countess Almaviva in "The Marriage of Figaro":

> *C. C. Palmam qui meruit ferat.*
> (*Charlotte Cushman. Let him bear the palm who deserves it.*)

The wreath was placed upon her brow by William Cullen Bryant. An ode written by Richard Henry Stoddard was recited. It was one of the most imposing ceremonials ever seen in an American playhouse. . . . . Miss Cushman's last appearance of all was at the Globe Theater in Boston (May 15,). She always cherished a firm faith in the nobility of her chosen profession, which is most happily summarized in her words quoted above.

616. ***You had better not write down that observation, for very likely I shall think differently next year.***

— JOHN HUNTER (1728–1793),
British surgeon and physiologist.
(Compare 811.)

THE pupils of the celebrated Hunter found it the better part of wisdom to heed this candid advice, for he showed such a remarkable flexibility of ideas that it was no easy task to keep pace with his new theories. Before his class he was as frank in exposing his own errors as in showing up the fallacies of others. So industriously did he correct and alter the manuscripts of his records that his secretary Clift had to rewrite many pages half a dozen times. Hunter's painstaking search for the truth in all his investigations, and his earnest endeavor to avoid leading anybody astray with false premises in his lectures, stand out as prominently in his career as do his extraordinary scientific achievements. . . . . Ralph Waldo Emerson showed a similar tendency to change his philosophical beliefs in the light of new revelations. He said:

> *I wish to say what I feel and think to-day, with the proviso that to-morrow perhaps I shall contradict it all.*

617. ***Voilà le soleil d'Austerlitz!***
(Behold the sun of Austerlitz!)

—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
(See 518.)

ABOUT to give battle to the Russians at Borodino (Sept. 7, 1812), Napoleon, who had mounted his horse some time before daybreak, hailed the glorious sunrise as an augury of victory. Had it not been so at Austerlitz (Dec. 2, 1805), where he gave the Austrians and Russians a fine drubbing? Moreover, it was his "lucky day"—the anniversary of his coronation. . . . . Napoleon could not part the veils which hung over the future and see that from this very day forward, however brightly the sun might shine upon him, his martial splendor would dim and utterly fade. Borodino gave him Moscow, but at great cost, and he entered a deserted, burning city that denied him even shelter. . . . . During that terrible trek of 550 miles back to the Niemen—every verst a nightmare—where was the "sun of Austerlitz"? It had set for the French emperor forever. The black cloud of Waterloo was already forming below the horizon.

618. ***After all, we have given our lives for our country.***

— Capt. Robert Falcon Scott (1868–1912),
British explorer.
(Compare 378.)

THIS was one of the last entries that Scott made in his journal before surrendering to the icy death of the Antarctic. . . . . First to plant the British flag at the South Pole (Jan. 18, 1912), he had gained his goal. Back over the Beardmore Glacier, toward his main food depot, he toiled with his four companions, through killing blizzards. Petty-officer Edgar Evans broke down and died (Feb. 17). Capt. Titus Oates, his strength gone, resolved not to burden the party longer: he walked out of the tent and sacrificed himself to the blinding storm (March 17). Scott struggled on with Dr. E. A. Wilson and Lieut. H. R. Powers. Ten miles from the priceless cache their endurance was exhausted. All the fuel oil gone, they could only compose themselves calmly for death. . . . . The howling Terror closed in upon them with its hoary fingers, and buried them beneath great drifts. . . . . They died on or about March 27. Not until eight months later (Nov. 12) were the three bodies discovered by Dr. Atkinson and a band of searchers from the expedition's base. Scott's diary lay beside him—a modest chronicle of heroism, without a lament in its pages.

619. ***The individual is foolish; the multitude, for the moment, is foolish, when they act without deliberation; but the species is wise, and, when time is given to it, as a species it always acts right.***

— Edmund Burke (1729–1797),
British statesman and political writer.
(Compare 620).

BURKE paid this high compliment to the good sense of the public in a speech to the Commons (May 7, 1782) advocating a reform of representation in the house. He was at the time paymaster of the forces in the new ministry which succeeded on the dissolution of Lord North's cabinet at the end of the war with the American Colonies. . . . . Burke was never deaf to petitions from the people. He held that they had moral and legal right to be heard. In attacking the French Revolution he did not dispute the soundness of the cause but the methods pursued by the leaders. . . . . Abraham Lincoln, with Burke, believed in the probity and sense of the populace, as is well known; but perhaps the following saying of the Emancipator has never gained such wide currency as many others:

> *Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?*

620. ***Le public! Combien faut-il de sots pour faire un public?***

(The public! How many fools does it take to make a public?)

— CHAMFORT.
(Compare 619.)

IT is obvious, from this outburst in his "Maxims," that the brilliant French aphorist viewed the masses with unconcealed contempt. Others, of still greater eminence, have held a like opinion. . . . . Voltaire made this scornful entry in his "Journal" (1835):

The public is an old woman. Let her maunder and mumble.

Again, in "Le Fanatisme," he observes, a little more politely:

Prejudices, friend, govern the vulgar crowd.

He was only echoing Cicero, unconsciously perhaps:

Vulgus ex veritate pauca, ex opinione multa aestimat.

(The rabble estimate few things according to their real value, most things according to their prejudices.)

. . . . Horace refers in his "Odes" to

the ill-conditioned rabble.

. . . . Juvenal, in his "Satires," indicts them severely as

the venal herd.

. . . . Cardinal Carlo Caraffa, with a curl of his lip, said to his uncle, Pope Paul IV, for whom he was legate:

Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur.

(The people wish to be deceived, then let them be deceived.)

. . . . Even Emerson declared his belief that

the man in the street does not know a star in the sky.

. . . . Barnum, trickiest of showmen, probably chuckled when he remarked that

the American public likes to be humbugged.

621. ***How miserable a thing it is to seek death, and not to find it!***

— HADRIAN, Publius Aelius Hadrianus (76–138 A. D.),
Roman emperor.
(Compare 68, 887.)

DEATH came to many a Roman ruler suddenly and unsought, but it mocked Hadrian, though he appealed to it as a friend. After twenty-one years of supreme command, he found himself helpless to enforce the order which meant most to him. . . . . Hadrian yearned to be put out of his misery, and none would give him the thrust. Tortured by bodily pains which continually grew worse, he implored his attendants to kill him, but Titus Antoninus, whom he had adopted as his successor, forbade such an act of impiety. Instead Antoninus brought soothsayers to his bedside who solemnly assured him of his recovery; but his torments increased and they carried him to the warm sulphur springs of the famous Baiae in Campania. Still his sufferings continued, until one day the desperate emperor dismissed all his physicians. Then did Death come to him; and, rejoicing in its approach, Hadrian delivered his celebrated dying address to his soul:

Animula, vagula, blandula
Hospes, comesque corporis!
Quae, nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?

(O fleeting soul of mine, my body's friend and guest,
whither goest thou, pale, fearful, and pensive one?
Why laugh not, as of old?)

. . . . So Hadrian died (July 10, 138) in the villa built by Caesar, and relief came at last to a sovereign who mingled great virtues with conspicuous vices, and was "only consistent in his inconsistency" (*semper in omnibus varius*), but was one of the most capable of all Roman emperors.

622. ***Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation.***

— Earl of Strafford, Thomas Wentworth (1593–1641), English statesman.

THE impeachment and execution of Strafford, lord lieutenant of Ireland, provides one of the most striking instances of the faithlessness of kings. Summoned to London by Charles I on the royal pledge that he "should not suffer in his person, honor or fortune," he was cast summarily into the Tower. Tried on a charge of treason so unsound that the Lords were forced to supplant it with a convenient bill of attainder, he was beheaded (May 12, 1641). Charles abjectly abandoned him to his enemies, though fortified with the definite constitutional power to save him. . . . . When Strafford was apprised that the sovereign who had solemnly promised him immunity from injury had signed his death-warrant, it is not strange that he raised his eyes to heaven and with a paraphrase of Psalm 118:8-9, addressed to the secretary who brought the tidings a bitter commentary on the treachery of those of high degree. . . . . Whether or not this earl deserved his fate, the cowardice and ingratitude of Charles remain unquestioned. Strafford was the ablest and one of the most faithful of his councillors. . . . . Richelieu said of Strafford's execution:

> *The English are mad in cutting off the best head of their country.*

But it must be remembered that Strafford's ambition was like that of Richelieu—to make the monarchy supreme over the liberties and property of the people.

623. ***Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.***
(He snatched the lightning from heaven and the scepter from tyrants.)

— On Houdon's bust of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THIS line by the celebrated French statesman Anne Robert Jacque Turgot (1727-1781) graphically pays tribute to Franklin's famous experiment with the kite and his invaluable services to the American Revolution. Turgot, though opposing on economic grounds the participation of his country in the war between England and the Colonies, had a passion for justice and truth which led him to admire the force and nobility of the great American's character and the uprightness of his cause. . . . . Jean Antoine Houdon (1740-1828) was one of the greatest of French sculptors. Franklin sat for him shortly before returning to America in 1778. The sculptor came over at the same time, and Washington posed for him at Mount Vernon. Among the many notable personages whom Houdon perpetuated in his works were Turgot, Buffon, d'Alembert, Mirabeau, Moliere, Marshal Ney, Josephine and Napoleon, who gave him the Legion of Honor. . . . . Franklin's attention was first called to Turgot's inscription by a struggling maker of almanacs in Paris, Felix Nogaret, who sent it to him with a French translation and asked his opinion of it. Franklin drolly pointed out two inaccuracies in the Latin:

> *Notwithstanding my experiments with electricity, the thunder-bolt continues to fall under our noses and beards; and as for the tyrant, there are a million of us still engaged at snatching away his scepter.*

. . . . There are replicas of the Houdon bust in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, the Louvre, the Boston Athenaeum, and the collection of Joseph Jeans of Philadelphia.

624. *Au pied de cet autel de structure grossière*
Gît sans pompe, enfermé dans une vile bière,
Le plus savant mortel qui jamais ait écrit.
(At the foot of this altar of rude structure
Lies without pomp, enclosed in a lowly bier,
The wisest man who ever wrote.)

— Nicolas Boileau-Despreaux.
(See 455.)

BOILEAU composed this glowing epitaph as a memorial to Antoine Arnauld, the Jansen controversialist, in payment of a debt of gratitude. . . . . By the sharpness of his satires, especially the Tenth, "Sur les Femmes" (On the Women), Boileau brought a pack of enemies yapping at his heels. Arnauld, in the very year of his own death (1694), wrote a letter in defense of the critic, but withdrew it when the bishop Bossuet, to whom he submitted it on the advice of his friends, pronounced all satire to be unchristian and condemned the Tenth as subversive of morality. Boileau was of too warm and benevolent a temperament to forget this attempt in his behalf.

625. *Do not fear: there is glory enough for all!*

— Victor Emmanuel II (1820–1878),
King of Sardinia and first king of Italy.

ALWAYS a brave soldier, Victor Emmanuel was so reckless of his own safety at the battle of Palestro in Piedmont (May 30, 1859) that his Sardinian soldiers protested earnestly against his exposure to the fire of the Austrians. Half-humorously he chided them for their anxiety, and remained at his prominent post. His presence was an inspiration. The Austrians were driven from the village, and the next day their defeat was completed. On June 1, the king entered Novara with his victorious troops.

626. I had rather be the first man among these fellows than the second man in Rome.

— Julius Caesar.

APPOINTED governor of Spain by the Roman senate, Caesar was on his way to his provincial post (62 B.C.) when he passed through a little village of the Alpine barbarians. It looked so miserable and drear, the people were so few and poor, that his companions mocked it mirthfully. Could it be (they asked among themselves) that in such a sorry place there were struggles for office and power—feuds between great men? Overhearing them, Caesar made a serious reply. . . . . He was even then laying his plans to become the first man in Rome. And the prestige that he won in his ten years of war away off there in Gaul—the sturdy legions that he trained to do his will— turned his dream into reality.

627. Did you not know that this evening Lucullus supps with Lucullus?

— Lucius Licinius Lucullus.

(See 489.)

LUCULLUS was a hardy soldier—and a most fastidious eater. He thought nothing of spending 50,000 *denarii* ($10,000) on a single supper when entertaining specially favored guests. "The feasts of Lucullus" became proverbial for prodigality. . . . . One night he happened to be dining alone—an uncommon occurrence. He noted that the customary luxury was absent. Instead of a dozen kinds of wine, there were but one or two. The meats were of scant variety— the relishes limited. Indeed, it was shockingly plain and sparse fare—for the house of Lucullus. He upbraided the serving-man severely. Why dress the table any the less generously because the master was without company?

628. ***I am often scolded by Madame Pasteur, but I tell her I shall lead her to fame.***

— Louis Pasteur.
(See 580, 608.)

IMMORTAL renown was not so very far ahead of Pasteur when he wrote these words, soon after his marriage to Mlle. Laurent, daughter of the dean at Strasbourg, where he had been appointed professor of chemistry (1849). . . . . Already he had started his explorations into the world of germs. Yes, "the veil was getting thinner," as he said. Night after night he toiled—so late that the loyal Madame Pasteur (never had a scientist a nobler wife) waited up for him anxiously, and then forgot her fears for his health in her glow of enthusiasm over the great trails that he was following. Once the good woman wrote to his father:

> *You know that the experiments he is undertaking this year will give us, if they succeed, a Newton or a Galilee!*

. . . . Not that year, nor the next, did Pasteur rend the veil of mystery, but the splendid confidence of his helpful wife was eventually justified.

629. ***The voice of the people, the voice of God.***

— Walter Reynolds (d. 1327),
Archbishop of Canterbury.
(Compare 620).

REYNOLDS preached from this text, taken from the Latin, *"Vox populi, vox Dei"* (The voice of the people, the voice of God), when he placed the crown on the head of Edward III, of Windsor, then a boy of fifteen (Jan. 29, 1327). Though not a great king, and given to frivolity, Edward proved by no means indifferent to the voice of his subjects, treating them with kindly temper and liberality.

630. * * * ***Better to lead on earth a brief and intense existence than to drag one's self through a senescence barren of beauty.***

— MATI-HARI, "Eye of the Morning,"
German spy.

SOME years before she fell under a dozen bullets from a French firing squad, Mati-Hari in a letter to a friend thus expressed the philosophy which governed her vivid career. . . . . Born of a respectable family in Holland, Marguerite Gertrude Zelle turned dancing girl and became one of history's most subtle and seductive women. She employed her fascinations to draw from French army officers valuable secrets for the German High Command in the World War. Arrested in the grill room of a Paris hotel (July, 1917), she was promptly tried, and condemned to death. On the bright morning of Oct. 15, without emotion she faced the platoon on the execution ground at Vincennes. Kissing the nun who attended her, she signalled with her handkerchief for the volley, and pitched dead into the fosse. . . . . The French estimated this exotic creature cost them a full division of soldiers by her betrayal of their military plans.

631. ***Recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.***

— MICHELANGELO.
(Compare 445.)

MICHELANGELO never let a piece of sculpture or a painting leave his hand until he had corrected every possible imperfection or shortcoming that was obvious to him. One day he was pointing out to a friend how he had treated a statue to various changes and additions before he became satisfied with it. But, his visitor remonstrated, those were only "trifles"—why had he troubled himself about them? The great artist answered him clearly. . . . . This thorough workmanship was in line with Michelangelo's favorite motto:

Ancora imparo.
(Still I am learning.)

632. ***Preparation for war is a constant stimulus to suspicion and ill-will.***

— James Monroe (1758–1831),
Fifth President of the United States.
(Compare 376, 577.)

THE author of the Monroe Doctrine made this declaration (April 28, 1818) in announcing the signing of the Rush-Bagot pact between America and Great Britain for the complete disarmament of the boundary line separating Canada from the United States. The treaty was negotiated by Richard Rush (1780-1859), the American minister to London, and Sir Charles Bagot (1781-1843), English diplomatist. . . . . For more than one hundred years the agreement has remained undisputed. Along this frontier of almost thirty-five hundred miles, extending the whole breadth of the continent, there is not a single fort, and no war craft ride the Great Lakes.

633. ***Dear gentlemen, let me die a natural death.***

— Sir Samuel Garth (1661–1719),
English physician and poet.

THIS witty doctor, who had ridiculed the apothecaries in his mock-heroic poem "The Dispensary" (1699), made sly sport of his own profession as he lay dying. Seeing his doctors in earnest consultation in a corner of the chamber, he paid his respects to them in a humorous sally. A little later, just before his end, after receiving extreme unction he remarked, with a final flash of banter:

> *I am going on my journey: they have greased my boots already.*

Soon after, he started on that journey (Jan. 18, 1719). . . . . Sir Samuel was knighted by George I (1714). Pope dedicated a pastoral to him and mourned his loss.

634. *Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani!*
(Strike, if it be for the good of Rome!)
— Servius Sulpicius Galba (5 B. C.–69 A. D.),
Roman emperor.
(Compare 809.)

GALBA, who seized the title of Caesar after the death of Nero, had reigned only seven months when M. Salvius Otho, formerly governor of Lusitania, became disaffected, bribed the discontented praetorians, and led them from their camp toward Rome to place himself on the throne. The aged emperor, despite his seventy-four years and his feebleness, started bravely to meet the rebels. Near the Lacus Curtius they confronted him. Seeing at once that they were determined upon his death, he offered no resistance, but bade them strike, and they butchered him as he lay on his litter (Jan. 15, 69 A. D.). . . . . Otho, who was too rank a coward to lead his legions, came to the end of his imperial experiment within three months. Beaten by the generals of Aulus Vitellius, leader of the troops on the lower Rhine, who had withheld his loyalty, the slayer of Galba stabbed himself to the heart.

635. *One cannot even die for nothing in Athens.*
— Phocion (c.402–317 B. C.),
Athenian statesman and general.
(See 103.)

UNJUSTLY condemned to death for treason, by the state which he had served uprightly, Phocion found himself also the victim of extortion in his last moments. He was to perish in the approved manner—by drinking the hemlock. He required more of the poison to make the potion effective, and asked the jailer to procure it. That grasping functionary refused the price which was offered him, and Phocion had to put in the man's outstretched palm additional money before he could take his own life as the law demanded.

636. *Les Anglais, nation trop fière,*
S'arrogent l'empire des mers;
Les Français, nation légère,
S'emparent de celui des airs.

(The English, a nation too proud, arrogate to themselves the empire of the sea; the French, a flighty nation, assume that of the air.)

— Louis XVIII,
King of France.

WHEN he wrote this verse (1783) the future king of France was merely Louis-Stanislas Xavier, count of Provence, and the throne was many years ahead of him. His talents early took a literary turn, and as little attention was paid to him in the court after the death of his brother, Louis XVI, and the birth of the dauphin, he sought entertainment in writing light verse in the salon of the fascinating countess de Balbi, afterward his mistress. His jocular fling at the "flighty" French was prompted by the aerostatic experiments of the brothers Montgolfier, who were just then the reigning sensation of the country. On June 5, 1783, they sent up at their native town Annonay, forty miles from Lyons, the first balloon in a successful flight; and on Sept. 19, Joseph Montgolfier gave the first aerial travelers a ride—a sheep, a cock and a duck, that landed safely. On Oct. 15, another Frenchman—Jean Francois Pilatre de Rozier (1756-1785)—essayed an ascension, and returned to earth without disaster; the first human being to make the adventure.

637. ***If I had done for God what I have done for this man, I would be sure of being saved, and I do not know where I am going.***

— Jean Baptiste Colbert (1619–1683),
French statesman.
(Compare 1.)

A GREAT statesman lay dying in Paris (Sept. 6, 1683). They brought to him a letter from his king. He turned his back upon it, with a lamentation of the profoundest pathos and despair. . . . . Colbert, as minister of finance, instituted remarkable reforms. He reduced the state debt, enriched the revenues. He revived a rotting mercantile marine, extended commerce, built roads and canals, put new enterprise into the colonies. He established academies and patronized the intellectual class. In short, he founded for France a new epoch. Then the unbounded extravagances of Louis XIV brought his structure down with a crash. Forced to impose a new burden of taxes that almost ruined the country, Colbert was cursed by the people and scorned by his sovereign. His life-work wasted, his health worn out by his arduous activities and his bitter disappointment, he took to bed, a broken-hearted man, and expired—without a ray of hope to break the gloom of his last moments. Even in death he was not safe from brutality. To keep his body from the clutches of the angry populace, he was buried at night. . . . . "Because he had brains without birth, he was vexed and persecuted, both in private and public life, by those who, having birth, lacked brains."

638. ***If my success has been greater than that of most * * * the reason is that I came in my wanderings through the medical field upon regions where the gold was still lying by the wayside * * * and that is no great merit.***

— Robert Koch (1843–1910),
German bacteriologist.

KOCH hunted down the "comma" microbe which causes human cholera, and demonstrated that it can grow only in the intestine of man or in highly polluted water. He discovered the bacillus of tuberculosis, and was awarded 100,000 marks by the German government, which also promoted the use of his lymph, or "paratoloid," for the treatment of the disease. He found means of combatting the rinderpest which decimated so many cattle herds in South Africa. He made valuable researches in malaria and the sleeping-sickness. He was given the Nobel prize for medicine in 1905, and from the hands of the German emperor William received the Order of the Crown, with Star. Yet he modestly likened himself to a prospector favored with unusual fortune. . . . . In another sentence Koch gives a clearer revelation of his success:

I have worked as hard as I could.

639. ***Present! If our blood can cement liberty, we welcome you!***

— Pierre Victurnien Vergniaud (1753–1793),
French orator and Revolutionist.
(Compare 150, 634, 809.)

VERGNIAUD, whose eloquence had repeatedly stirred the Convention, was one of the twenty-two Girondists condemned to the guillotine by the Jacobins, who had become supreme. He was the last to die, and when his name was called he responded with a clear voice of welcome. For weeks he had been sensible of his doom and was never without poison, but threw it away when the final test came, and loyally shared the fate of his friends. . . . . Three months before, when in his dungeon in the prison of La Force he was informed of the execution of Charlotte Corday for the murder of Marat, he had exclaimed, with a true presentiment:

Elle nous tue, mais elle nous apprend à mourir.
(*She destroys us, but she teaches us how to die.*)

. . . . For a time Vergniaud was held captive in the Carmelite convent; and on the wall there he wrote with blood from one of his own pricked veins:

Potius mori quam foedari.
(*Better to die than to parley.*)

640. ***You think when you have slain me you will conquer France, but that you will never do. Though there were a hundred thousand Goddammees more in France than there are, they will never conquer that kingdom.***

— Joan of Arc.
(See 841.)

THE brave Maid of Orleans was at last in the hands of her enemies. Captured at Compeigne (May 24, 1430) by the Burgundians, she was sold to the English, in one of the most sordid bargains of history, by the covetous John of Ligny—sixteen thousand francs for the virgin body of a saintly martyr! The English took her to their headquarters in Rouen and chained her like an animal. Then, before she was turned over to the savagery of the Inquisition, their clergy and statesmen and nobility came to gloat over this great prize they had bought for a pittance. . . . . Among the eminent gentry who invaded her cell to exult over her were the earls of Warwick and Stafford. Joan met their taunts with a firm declaration of her faith in the ultimate triumph of her nation. Furthermore she showed them with calm mockery that she was quite familiar with the favorite imprecation of their race.

641. ***Strip or depart.***

THIS curt inscription above the door of the gymnasium of Sparta served notice that whoever entered there must have an earnestness of purpose. It was not a resort for the indolent or aimless. If they came not to improve the hardihood of their bodies by strict attention to the exercises, they were not welcome. With the Spartans discipline was a stern duty. Fads had no place in their gymnastics.

642. *And from the top of all my trust,*
Mishap hath thrown me in the dust.

— Mary, Queen of Scots.
(See 215.)

THE castle of Fotheringay, in Northamptonshire, commanded a pleasant landscape, but as the Queen of Scots stood at one of the windows and looked out upon the leisurely flowing river she was oblivious to all the natural beauty around. The strong bars before her eyes brutally broke the picturesque prospect, and she saw only the dismal ruins of her hopes. As she reflected upon the misfortunes of her life, now swiftly drawing to the supreme tragedy of the scaffold, she scratched on the pane with the diamond of her ring two short lines which compassed all her woes. . . . . Only a few earthworks remain of the sightly fortress where Mary was imprisoned, tried, and executed in the great hall (Feb. 8, 1587). The Nene still ripples on serenely, heedless of the mischances of kings or queens.

643. *What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind.*

— Thomas Hewitt Key (1799–1875),
English classical scholar and instructor.

KEY was headmaster of the preparatory school connected with the University of London (1842-1875), and conducted the course in comparative grammar as well. He made the study of etymology anything but prosy by sometimes spicing it with lively epigrams. The authority for the above quip is Frederick James Furnival (1825-1910), English philologist.

644. Would that I had died in defense of my country!

— Commodore Stephen Decatur, Jr. (1779–1820),
American naval commander.
(See 1077.)

HERO of many exploits against the corsairs of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, Decatur met his fate on the duelling ground. Though killed by a bullet from the pistol of Commodore James Barron (1768-1851), he was in reality the victim of busybodies whose evil reports fanned into flame a quarrel which otherwise might have been adjusted without bloodshed. . . . . Barron was suspended from the naval service for permitting his frigate Chesapeake to be boarded and searched (June 22, 1807) by officers from the British warship Leopard, who took off several of his seamen as deserters. This was one of the causes of the War of 1812. After the peace he resented Decatur's opposition to his application for restoration, and challenged him. Decatur accepted reluctantly. During the preliminaries he remarked to his second, Commodore William Bainbridge: "I do not desire his life. I mean to shoot him in the hip." . . . . They fought on the famous field at Bladensburg, Md. (March 22, 1820), at eight paces. Both fell, but Barron's wound was not mortal—Decatur had no heart in his aim. As they lay side by side, Decatur said that he had never been Barron's enemy. *"Would to God you had said that yesterday!"* replied Barron. . . . . Decatur died that night at his home in Washington, lamenting because he could not give his life for his flag. His sorrowful end hastened the abolition of duelling in the United States.

645. ***There is nothing left but to go to General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths!***

— Gen. Robert Edward Lee.

(See 546.)

SITTING beside his bivouac fire at Appomattox, at three o'clock in the morning of April 9, 1865, Lee sorrowfully admitted to the gloomy staff officers about him that the last hope of the Confederacy was gone. . . . . All through the night he had slumbered fitfully, and pondered desperately. His army was down to less than 10,000 fighting men, and tightly encircled by 100,000 Federals. Ewell and Pickett, two of his best generals, had been captured by Grant. Northern soldiers filled Richmond. If he could gain the Lynchburg hills—but the sleepless Sheridan blocked that way of escape. It looked like the end, and yet— . . . . Lee dispatched an orderly to Gen. John B. Gordon, commanding the front, to ask if there was any chance to throw off the strangle-hold. Gordon's judgment had never been at fault in the four years of this agonizing business. His answer was prompt, and disheartening: "My old corps is reduced to a frazzle, and unless I am supported by Longstreet heavily, I do not think we can do anything more." . . . . Help from Longstreet was out of the question. The dauntless Gordon made one more attempt to break through, but was easily foiled. A few hours later Lee sent a white flag to Grant asking terms of surrender for the battered units of the Army of Northern Virginia.

646. *I have no apprehensions from those fat and sleek men; I rather fear the pale and lean ones.*

— Julius Caesar.
(See 856.)

IT was a lean man, with a vindictiveness as sharp as his face and a bitter humor not at all agreeable, who headed the conspiracy against the life of Caesar and added his dagger thrust to the others in the murder at the foot of Pompey's statue in the Roman senate-house. . . . . Gaius Cassius Longinus (cut short to Cassius by history) was in the thoughts of Caesar when he gently chided a well-meaning friend for warning him against Anthony and Dolabella. These two were above his suspicions—but this Cassius, who was not well-favored with flesh, would bear watching. Caesar had marked him: he was vain, and of a fickle temper. . . . . The fatal Ides of March proved the soundness of Caesar's intuition. Neither Marcus Antonius nor Publius Cornelius Dolabella contributed to those three-and-twenty wounds.

647. *Qui fugiebat, rusus praeliabitur.*
(*The man who runs away may fight again.*)

— Demosthenes (384 or 383–322 B. C.),
Attic orator and statesman.

WHEN Demosthenes, who fought as one of the hoplites or heavy infantry in the battle of Chaeronea (August, 338 B. C.), was censured because he abandoned his shield (one of the most disgraceful acts for a Greek soldier) and ran away from the victorious troops of Philip the Macedonian, he retorted with a line from Menander, the Greek comedian. . . . . Despite his flight, the Athenians kept their faith in Demosthenes, and he delivered the funeral oration over his three thousand countrymen who, braver or less fortunate than himself, perished or were taken prisoners on the field that he deserted. . . . . There is a modern proverb, "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day," which may perhaps be traced back to this ancient statesman.

648. ***My center is ceding; my right is retiring. Impossible to maneuver. Excellent situation. I shall attack!***

— Ferdinand Foch.

IT was early in the World War that Foch first gave indications of the quick, bold judgment which was subsequently to distinguish him as generalissimo of the Allied armies. . . . . Commanding the new 9th French Army, which was thrown in at the first battle of the Marne to fill a gap in the line on the marshes of St. Goud, for four days he was forced to ineffectual fighting and retreat. Suddenly on the fifth day, he turned the tables. In the morning of Aug. 5, he rendered his famous report to Joffre— *"I shall attack!"*—rapidly moved a fresh division clear across the rear of his position to the front, and thus reinforced began an impetuous counterstroke at sunset which drove back the Germans.

649. ***Qui m'aime me suive!***
(Let him who loves me follow me!)

— Francis I,
King of France.

ON a superb war-horse, caparisoned with the fleur-de-lis and his own initial, Francis shouted the charge for his cavalry and men-at-arms on the second day of the fierce battle of Marignano (now Melagnano), in Lombardy (Sept. 14, 1515), and led them in the dash which completed the defeat of the Swiss and Milanese. His victory in this "Battle of the Giants," where 20,000 men were killed, made him the most powerful prince in Europe. It gave him dominion over the whole duchy of Milan and led speedily to a peace pact with the Swiss. . . . . The young French sovereign, at his own request, was knighted on the field by the renowned Chevalier Bayard—an unprecedented act; for according to the royal traditions kings were acknowledged knights by birth.

650. ***My son and my father were executed when living and now disgrace has overtaken me even after death. I stand here like a brazen scarecrow for the land that has shaken off forever the yoke of aristocracy.***

FROM its ironical inscription, the equestrian monument of Alexander III by the Russian sculptor Prince Paul Troubetzkoy (1866 —), raised in front of the October railway station in Leningrad in 1909, is commonly called "The Scarecrow," and excites the derision of the populace as a relic of Czarism. Troubetzkoy, himself the son of a nobleman, has made his residence in Paris since 1905. . . . . Alexander's father, Alexander II, was slain with bombs by Nihilist plotters (March 13, 1881) while driving near the Winter Palace. His son, Nicholas II, last of the czars, was murdered with his family by the Russian Revolutionists in 1918 (on the night of July 16) in the cellar of the house at Ekaterinburg where they had been held prisoners for several months. Alexander himself was permitted to die naturally at Livadia (Nov. 1, 1894).

651. ***If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill.***

— MOHAMMED (Mahomet), THE PROPHET (570–632 A. D.)

ON one occasion Mahomet made the announcement that he would call a hill to him and from its top offer up his prayers for the observers of his laws. His people assembled in a great throng, and in awestruck silence awaited the miracle. But though the prophet again and again solemnly commanded the hill to advance toward him, it remained immovable. Then Mohammed calmly did the next best thing: he went to the hill.

652. ***I have seen many a man turn his gold into smoke, but you are the first who has turned his smoke into gold.***

— ELIZABETH,
Queen of England.

SIR Walter Raleigh, one of Elizabeth's favorite courtiers, in a moment of jest offered to lay a wager with the queen that he could weigh the smoke from his pipe. Good-humoredly she took the bet. Raleigh, of course, weighed the tobacco that was to serve as a fresh pipeful, and after smoking it weighed the ashes, the difference representing the smoke. With an epigram, Elizabeth paid her obligation. . . . . It has been commonly assumed that Raleigh introduced tobacco into England, but in fact the first leaf and pipes were brought from Virginia (1586) by Ralph Lane, governor of that colony, and Sir Francis Drake. Lane was the first English smoker, but Raleigh took to it with zest, and his example was adopted generally at the court of Elizabeth. On the morning of his execution Raleigh smoked his pipe as usual before going to the scaffold.

653. ***I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself.***

— GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL (1685–1759),
Musical composer (born in Germany but naturalized in England).

HANDEL, who was sincerely pious, thus testified to the fine rapture that inspired him when he composed his "Messiah" (1741), of which the choruses and numbers are treated entirely in the words of Scripture. He was accustomed to date the progress of his work from day to day, and it appears that he completed this celebrated oratorio within three weeks. Handel had a score of oratorios to his credit, but none has so frequently employed professional and amateur singers alike as this musical classic.

654. *Ils ne passeront pas.*
(They shall not pass.)

(Compare 1107.)

FOR eight months, the Germans hurled a deluge of flame at Verdun-on-the-Meuse from the mightiest array of artillery ever massed against a single fortress. From Feb. 26 to Oct. 23, 1916, the black mouths of fifteen hundred big-caliber guns spat death at the defenders, who proved unconquerable. The Crown Prince in person urged on the colossal attempt to take this keystone of the French defenses—"the heart of France" he termed it. He had selected Verdun as a gift to the Kaiser on his birthday. But his royal father never received it. . . . . *They shall not pass!* rose from the beleaguered stronghold—a cry of brave defiance which thrilled the world. Who was the author of this immortal slogan? . . . . It has been generally credited to Gen. Henri Petain, who took over the command of Verdun on Feb. 26 from General de Castelnau and who is justly renowned for saving the fortress. But Petain told a Paris journalist (1926): "Every soldier, every Frenchman at Verdun is as much entitled to having originated the cry as I am. The expression was never published in an army order or communique." . . . . General Joffre expressed the same resolute sentiment, but in other terms. In his communique thanking the soldiers of Verdun for holding steadfastly at Mort Homme and Fort Vaux in the face of a desperate frontal attack by the enemy infantry (March 8-11) appear these historic words:

> * * * *Of you it will be said: they barred to the Germans the way to Verdun.*

. . . . Some poilu, inspired by this noble utterance of "Papa" Joffre, in a glow of patriotic fervor shouted *Ils ne passeront pas!* Or did he speak it solemnly to the comrade by his side, in the terrible hail of shell and bomb? Perhaps he perished there—while his sublime rallying-cry lived on as the high, clear not of a magnificent epic.

655. ** * * Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end. * * **

— Sir Douglas Haig (1861–1928),
British field-marshal.

IN the spring of 1918, the Germans launched a terrific drive with 106 divisions at Haig's fifty-mile front in the Somme. If they smashed through, they would cut him off from his French supports and destroy his forces, and capture the ports on the English Channel. Gough's Fifth Army was crumpled up at St. Quentin, and the wedge was pushed straight at the vital railway center of Hazebrouck. Disaster threatened the whole Allied line in Flanders. Haig had been promised French reinforcements—the thing to do was to hold on till they came. . . . For three weeks the British stood up gallantly under Ludendorff's hammering. But their punishment was severe. Would those reserves ever appear? Then Haig, who never lost courage or faith, thrilled his men (April 12) with his famous "backs to the wall" order—one of the most celebrated of the World War:

> ** * * Victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. * * * There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. * * **

. . . . The Germans got no farther. Two months later they were falling back to the Meuse—and not leisurely. . . . . Haig was not a brilliant strategist, but a fighter—grim under hard knocks, and doggedly persistent. When he died (Jan. 30, 1928) in London, all England mourned. Funeral services were held in Westminster Abbey, but by his own wish he was entombed among his Caledonian ancestors in Dryburgh Abbey, near his Scottish estate of Bemersyde. A single farm horse drew the casket on a cart from the railway station at St. Boswell's while his gamekeeper, butler, gardeners, and grooms plodded reverently behind.

656. ***I have singed the Spanish king's beard.***

— Sir Francis Drake.

(See 30.)

FEARFUL that Philip of Spain might make a surprise attack with his squadrons on the English coast, Elizabeth ordered Drake out from Plymouth (1587) to keep a watch over the Spanish harbors. That dashing sea-fighter chafed, however, under such a tame commission, and conceived a bold adventure. He had learned that a great fleet was being collected in the bay of Cadiz to form a part of the Armada; so to Cadiz he went. On April 19, with his thirty sail, he bore straight into the harbor, scattered the Spanish galleys and sunk or captured eighty vessels amounting to 10,000 tons of lading, many of them ships of war. . . . . Sir Francis thought it a huge joke, this "singeing of Philip's beard," as he gayly termed it; but his queen found no amusement in it. She hastened to assure Farnese, the duke of Parma, Philip's governor-general of the Netherlands (who had proposed peace negotiations), that Drake on his return should be punished for his impudent aggressiveness. . . . . For all that history offers to the contrary, the penalty was little more than a royal frown.

657. ***Vicisti, Galiloae!***

(*Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!*)

— Julian The Apostate, Flavius Claudius Julianus (331–363), Roman emperor.

WHEN Julian, at the age of thirty-two, became sole master of the Roman world by the death of Constantine (Nov. 3, 361), one of his first acts was to publicly avow the paganism of which he had been a secret adherent since a youth of twenty. He treated the Christians with surprising toleration, but compelled them to contribute to the restoration of the heathen temples. He had brief opportunity to exercise his imperial authority. . . . . While he was invading Persia (363) treachery put him in straits, and he had to retreat. Surrounded by the army of Shapur II, in a waterless region laid waste by the inhabitants, the Romans were overwhelmed (June 26). Julian, fighting bravely in the front without his coat of mail, which he had left off because of the heat, was struck down by a spear, and died that night in his tent. . . . . The famous exclamation with which he is said to have surrendered his soul to the Almighty rests only on the unsatisfactory authority of Theodoret, bishop of Cyrrhus (fifth century). No mention is made of it by Ammianus Marcellinus, the most trustworthy historian of Julian's reign, though he quotes the emperor's dying speech to his officers.

658. ***So little done, so much to do!***

— Cecil John Rhodes (1853–1902),
British colonizer and statesman.

THE "builder of South Africa" murmured these regretful words as he died at Muizenberg, near Cape Town (March 26, 1902); yet his strenuous endeavors had established him securely among the celebrated makers of empire. . . . . When but a youth Rhodes was sent out to Natal, doomed by his physician to die within six months. The dry air restored his health and thenceforth he devoted his life to the magnificent ambition of establishing British domination over all South Africa. He gained control of the rich Kimberley mines and amassed a fortune; he formed the British South Africa Company, and added to the empire the vast territory of Rhodesia (including Matabeland and Mashonaland): 450,000 square miles, and larger than the combined areas of France, Germany and the Low Countries. Rhodes believed that "the unity of the British Empire was among the greatest of organized forces for universal good." He bequeathed most of his wealth for the foundation of the Rhodes scholarships at Oxford University.

For six years Rhodes was virtually the "despot" of South Africa, and to promote his stupendous ambitions he sometimes carried his authority to extremes which brought down upon him severe criticism. Dispassionate review of his career, however, proves him a man of remarkable vision, accurate judgment, and tireless energy, with human qualities which cannot be overlooked.

659. *It is only the arrival of Pershing paying a return call on Lafayette that shall guarantee our victory.*

—Gen. Henri Phillippe Petain (1856–),
French soldier.
(Compare 1081.)

WHEN the French marshal, famous for his defense of Verdun, said this (early in 1918) he was contemplating the ruins of Allied hopes which littered the theatre of war, and the gloomy ordeal which faced the French and British arms in the immediate months ahead. . . . . The year 1917 had been heart-rending with its cumulative disasters. The astounding debacle of Brussilov's host around Lemberg had obliterated Russia as a military menace to the Central Empires. The armies of Italy were still dizzy from the catastrophe that overtook them after von Bülow's smashing triumph at Caporetto. Rumania was in complete collapse. The German High Command could now concentrate all its Eastern divisions on the Western front. . . . . America was making prodigious efforts to prop up the outnumbered legions of Foch; but could her levies arrive in time? It was toward the sea that Petain anxiously looked—for Pershing's soldiers. Nor did he look in vain. . . . . A few months later—one year after the American commander, with the first of his succoring battalions, had kept his solemn engagement before Lafayette's tomb—the stalwart divisions of the American Expeditionary Force swarmed upon the seat of war in an overpowering host and sealed the Allied victory.

660. ***Christmas shopping takes the place of Christ's Mass; the Chamber of Commerce will soon have pre-empted the Cradle of the Child.***

— David M'Connell Steele (1873–),
American clergyman and author.

IN a Christmas sermon (1927) the rector of the Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany in Philadelphia denounced the modern celebration of Christmastide as increasingly mercenary, and seriously questioned whether it would much longer continue to be a Christian festival. He maintained that it had lost its old-fashioned devoutness and its real significance—the pleasure of the children. He said:

> *Merchants take the place of ministers; department stores are more important than cathedrals; the jewelers and furriers outrank the carolers and choristers; the streets are as crowded as shrines are deserted. * * * Even charity makes of itself a nuisance, importunate in rags of a mangy Santa Claus.*

The discourse was given wide currency in the columns of the *New York Sunday World* (Dec. 25).

661. ***Cleopatra's nose: had it been shorter, the whole aspect of the world would have been altered.***

— Blaise Pascal (1623–1662),
French philosopher.

THIS is one of the most commonly quoted of Pascal's "Thoughts." . . . . But was it the nose of Cleopatra that seduced Caesar and ruined Antony? It is hard to believe. . . . . Plutarch, the unexcitable, says that her bewitchments lay in her attractive manner and her charming conversation.— "It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice."— He adds significantly that she joined without reluctance in Antony's "broad and gross raillery." . . . . Here we have it: Cleopatra was not a "Wizard of the Nile," but a witty, intelligent woman, who shrewdly cultivated the art of suiting every mood of her lord. Add to this the fascinations of person which she undoubtedly possessed, and it is clear enough why Antony squandered his time and his sesterces in her company, threw away an empire for her blandishments, and perished ignominiously. . . . . It was not Cleopatra's nose that Antony followed to destruction. It was Cleopatra.

662. *Civis Romanus sum.*
(I am a Roman citizen.)

— Publius Gavius,
Roman trader.

HERO though he was, Gavius in all likelihood never would have obtained an enduring place in history but for Cicero, who has preserved his name in the celebrated Sixth Oration against Gaius Cornelius Verres. This ruffianly praetor of Sicily was prosecuted and driven into exile by the great orator (70 B. C.). . . . . Gavius escaped from the quarries of Syracuse where he had been confined by Verres, but was recaptured, taken to Messina, and in the forum there flogged with rods by the governor's orders. It seemed that he must collapse from the pain, but he uttered no groan, no cry. The only words that came from him between the blows were "Civis Romanus sum"—a stolid reminder to his tormentor that a Roman citizen under the law, could be judged only at Rome. After this agonizing ordeal Gavius was fastened to a cross on the beach and left there to perish. . . . . The evidence which Cicero produced against Verres was so overwhelming that the praetor went into exile by advice of his counsel, Q. Hortensius, most eminent of Roman advocates, who made no attempt to defend his client.

663. *La mort est douce pour un si aimable Prince.*
(*Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well.*)
— Lieut. Hans Hermann von Katte (1704–1730),
German courtier.

KATTE, only twenty-six years old, was on his way to execution at the fortress of Cüstrin for high treason (Nov. 6, 1730). Devoted attendant of the crown prince Frederick (afterward Frederick the Great), he had been arrested and court-martialed for trying to help that young gentleman run off to England to escape the harshness of his father. The eighteen-year-old prince was himself imprisoned at Cüstrin, Frederick William I brutally ordered that Katte should be executed before his eyes. The more merciful commandant made other arrangements and led Katte past a window where Frederick could give his unfortunate friend a brief word of farewell. . . . . The prince cried out to Katte in anguish and implored forgiveness for having brought him to such a pass. Katte smiled upon him bravely and said that there was nothing to forgive.—"*La mort est douce.*" . . . . Katte's death was not in vain. It resulted in the reconciliation of the king with his son.

664. *I live alone in grief.*

— Diane de Poitiers (1499–1566),
Duchess of Valentinois.

IT is difficult to think of the fascinating Diane except as the favorite of Henry II, but before she captured the attention of the French monarch she had more respectable concerns than poaching on the affections which belonged to Catherine de Medici: she was a legitimately wedded woman—and a bibliophile. Her mate, Louis de Breze, grand seneschal of Normandy, left her a widow in 1533, and she laid it so deeply to heart—apparently—that she took down all her volumes and stamped them with the pathetic motto "I live alone in grief," emphasizing it with a laurel springing out of a tomb. Not long afterward, however, she found consolation in the company of the dauphin, and her interest in rare quartos began to dwindle. When Henry assumed the crown (1547) he took her into the palace with him—and her book-collecting came to an end.

665. *Doll, I charge thee, by the loue of our youth and by my soules rest, that thou wilte see this man paide; for if hee and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streetes.*

— Robert Greene (c. 1560–1592),
English dramatist and poet.

GREENE had unquestioned genius, but dragged it in the gutter. At the early age of thirty-two he found himself penniless and abandoned by the roysterers who had been willing enough to share in his dissipations when he stood the score in the London ale-houses. He died after a debauch (Sept. 3, 1592), in the house of a poor shoemaker. To this compassionate man he gave a bond for ten pounds and wrote thereon a message to his wife Dorothy (Doll), whom he had left destitute several years before because of her endeavors to turn him from his "wilful wickedness" (his own words). Greene bequeathed to posterity a "Repentance," containing full confession of his loose conduct.

666. ***Put your trust entirely in God and in me.***

— CATHERINE II,
Empress of Russia.

THAT was like Catherine—to hold up her own vigorous intellect as worthy reinforcement of the power of the Deity. This injunction to her new procurator-general, Prince Alexander A. Viasemski, would seem amusing had it not been so really serious. Here was an empress who had implicit faith in herself—she was Russia. . . . . It was a long letter of instructions that Catherine wrote to Viasemski, who, not yet thirty-four, was assuming (1764) the direction of the finances, justice, and interior affairs of the huge empire. She had chosen him in place of Glebov because he was "an honest man."

While I live, it will remain my duty to command,

she told him—then added encouragingly:

> *I love truth above all things, and you may speak it fearing nothing. I require no flattery from you, but solely frankness and sincerity in your dealings, and firmness in the affairs of state.*

. . . . With that, Viasemski went about his business, assured of the support of Catherine—and Omnipotence.

667. ***A bishop ought to die on his legs.***

— JOHN WOOLTON, or Wolton (1535?–1594),
Bishop of Exeter.
(Compare 515.)

WOOLTON was so sturdy in his faith that in his last moments he shook off the grasp of death long enough to get to his feet, and drew his final breath while standing. His theological treatises are mostly forgotten, but his farewell words remain as testimony that he was a resolute Christian soldier.

668. * * * *The throne is a glorious sepulchre.*

— THEODORA (508–547),
Empress of the Eastern Roman Empire.

IN the great Nika rebellion at Constantinople (532), which threatened the crown of her consort, Justinian I, Theodora proved that her courage was as firm as her morals were loose. But for her fortitude, the terrified emperor would have fled from his capital on the vessel which lay ready at the garden stairs of his Byzantine palace. . . . . The warfare of the Blue and Green factions of the circus had swelled into a general uprising of the people, who proclaimed the patrician Hypatius their ruler. Churches and other edifices were ablaze. The richer citizens made off across the Bosporus into Asia. For five days *Nika* (Vanquish) was the slogan of the crazed mob. The rebels were attacking the royal residence; the long portico was in flames. . . . . Justinian was not equal to coping with this most serious crisis of his reign. He prepared to run away. Then the high spirit of the woman whom he had raised from the theater to a throne asserted itself in the council:

> *If flight were the only means of safety, yet I should disdain to fly. * * * I implore heaven that I may never be seen, not a day, without my diadem and purple. * * * For my own part, I adhere to the maxim of antiquity, that the throne is a glorious sepulchre.*

. . . . Justinian's courage returned. The general Belisarius led forth the royal guards and put down the revolt with shocking carnage. Hypatius was executed and thrown into the sea.

669. ***The hour has come to advance at all costs, and to die where you stand rather than give way.***

— Gen. Joseph Jacques Cesare Joffre (1852–1929), Marshal of France.

WITH this exhortation Joffre, assuming the supreme command of the French in the crisis, shortly before midnight on Sept. 4, 1914, issued the order which turned a dreary disheartening retreat into a spirited offensive, and hurled back, in the first Battle of the Marne, the great German push on Paris that threatened to end the World War in defeat for the Allies before it had scarcely begun. . . . . Only three days before, Joffre had seriously contemplated the abandonment of the capital. The fortunate change in his plans was due to the sagacity and energy of Gen. Joseph Simon Gallieni (1849-1916), the military governor of Paris, who seems not to have received his full measure of credit from some of the historians of the war. Discovering that von Kluck's army had been deflected from its march on the city and was swinging off to the southeast, Gallieni saw the golden opportunity and urged Joffre to strike at the flank of the foe. Joffre, to his praise, at once realized that to ignore Gallieni's counsel would be nothing short of a tactical crime, and ordered a general attack, to include the British army of Sir John French. . . . . Gallieni is better known for his resourcefulness in rushing thousands of reinforcements in Paris taxicabs to the improvised "Army of the Lorraine" of Gen. Michel Joseph Manoury, and thus making possible the victory of the Ourcq (Aug. 25, 1914). . . . . On Sept. 3, Gallieni, in a manifesto to the soldiers and the people of Paris, said:

> ** * * I have been ordered to defend Paris against the invader. This order I shall fulfil to the end.*

670. Do not let poor Nelly starve!

— CHARLES II,
King of England.

CHARLES had many mistresses, but the actress Nell Gwyn alone remained faithful to him. And the king on his deathbed exacted from his brother James (who succeeded him as James II) the promise that she should not suffer from neglect. True to his word, James provided well for her, paying her debts and settling her on an estate. Within three years she followed her royal lover to the grave (November, 1687). Her request to be buried in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields was honored, and the vicar, Thomas Tenison (afterward archbishop of Canterbury), found much in her character to praise in his funeral sermon. One of her two sons by the king became the duke of St. Albans. . . . . Eleanor Gwyn, as a poor girl, sold oranges and sang songs around the Drury Lane Theater. She went on the stage at fifteen, and became one of the most popular players of her time. The diarist Pepys calls her "pretty, witty Nell." She was illiterate to the end of her days, but King Charles forgot that in her good temper and vivacious spirits.

671. ***O babbling people, did you but know how to act!***

— Jean Paul Marat.

(See 388.)

MARAT, one of the triumvirate of the French Revolution with Danton and Robespierre, only echoed the cry of many another demagogue chagrined because the populace wished to choose their own way of managing affairs. His address to the "babbling people" was published one morning in the midst of the September massacres of 1792, after the Republic had been proclaimed (Sept. 21). It was read in the Assembly the same day by Boileau while Marat was defending his outspoken policy of one-man rule and wholesale assassination. The document declared: "Fifty years of anarchy are before us; and the only way of avoiding them is by appointing a dictator, a true patriot and statesman." Undoubtedly Marat had himself in mind as filling these requirements and dreamed of the day when he should have the sole power of taking the 270,000 heads which he demanded in a passionate speech to the Assembly. But the hand of Charlotte Corday intervened.

672. ***How does he know I have a hump? He has never seen my back.***

— Duke of Luxemburg,
Francois Henri de Montmorency-Bouteville (1628–1695),
Marshal of France.
(See 675.)

LUXEMBURG was deformed in body, but there was no flaw in his military ability or his aptness at repartee. Pupil and worthy successor of the Great Condé, he carried the colors of Louis XIV to many brilliant victories in the War in the Netherlands against William III (1690-1692), notably at Leuze, Namur, Steenkirk, and Neerwinden. Smarting under these successive defeats, William exclaimed on one occasion:

I never can beat that cursed humpback!

When this was reported to Luxemburg he made the retort quoted above. . . . . Luxemburg sent back to Paris so many captured flags to decorate the cathedral that he was jocularly called "le tapissier de Notre Dame" (the upholsterer of Notre Dame) by Francois Louis, prince of Conti, who distinguished himself on the field of Neerwinden.

673. ***Go, stranger, and to list'ning Spartans tell***
That here, obedient to their laws, we fell.

(See 216.)

THE Grecian heroes who fell at Thermopylae were all buried on the spot where they sacrificed their lives in a vain attempt to hold back the Persian host of Xerxes (480 B. C.). The tomb of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, who formed the steel core of the little army, was distinguished by the above lines, written by Simonides of Ceos, master of elegy, who fired the national patriotism in the war of liberation. . . . . The inscription is rendered as follows in the translation of Lord Curzon:

Stranger, go hence and say to the men who hold Lacedaemon, 'Here, far away, we lie, proudly obeying her words.'

674. **** * * The race of fools is infinite. * * ****

— Simonides of Ceos.
Greek lyric poet.
(See 544, 673.)

THE fragments of Simonides that have come down to us show that besides writing elegies and lyrics which brought their own price, he was an epigrammatist of quality, and could deliver himself of much worldly wisdom, wherein a good-humored cynicism was not wanting. Here is a good example of his freedom of thought:

> *It is hard to become a truly good man, perfect as a square in hands and feet and mind, fashioned without blame. Whosoever is bad, and not too wicked, knowing justice, the benefactor of cities, is a sound man. I for one will find no fault in him, for the race of fools is infinite. * * * I praise and love all men who do no sin willingly, but with necessity even the gods do not contend.*

675. ***I have not lived his life, but I would wish to die his death.***

— Louis Bourdaloue (1632–1704),
French Jesuit and preacher.
(See 672.)

THE famous Bourdaloue made this striking comment on the duke of Luxemburg, Francois Henri de Montmorency-Bouteville, whom he attended in his last hours (Jan. 4, 1695), at Versailles. Luxemburg, among the ablest of all French marshals, was frankly immoral (thereby conforming to the fashion of the period). His main business was leading the armies of his king, and he was kept pretty busy at it. To affairs of the soul he gave little thought; but when his time came to die he showed such a peaceful resignation that Bourdaloue was extremely moved.

676. ***The first oath I will swear, but the rest I cannot; my heart rebels against it.***

— Princesse de Lamballe,
— Marie Therese, Louise de Savoy-Carignano (1749–1792).

THIS charming and amiable princess, closest confidante of Marie Antoinette and superintendent of her household at Versailles, died a victim of the same popular hatred which later brought the queen herself to the guillotine. Rightly or wrongly, she was charged with prompting many of the royal intrigues against the people. As if with a foreboding of her fate, she had drawn up her will during her visit to England (1791) to appeal for help for Louis XVI and his family. Led before the Tribunal (Sept. 3, 1792), she was commanded to swear "that she loved liberty and equality, and hated the king, the queen, and royalty." On her refusal to take the oath against the monarchy she was directed to the door, and there struck down with a saber. Her fair body was torn to pieces, and her head paraded through Paris on a pike to the windows of the Temple, to torture the eyes of Marie. . . . . Princesse de Lamballe's defiance of a violent death, to preserve the sacredness of her friendship, forms one of the most affecting chapters of the French Revolution.

677. *Son of Cyrus, the misfortunes of my house are too great to be wept; but the fate of a friend, once happy, and reduced to begging in his old age, has seemed to me to deserve tears.*

— PSAMMETICUS III,
King of Egypt (525 B. C.)
(See 988.)

PSAMMETICUS had reigned only six months when his kingdom was despoiled by the Persians, who stormed his capital, Memphis, and took him prisoner. Cambyses, according to the custom of ancient conquerors, had him paraded through the city with his kindred and the other captives. When Psammeticus saw his beautiful daughter clad as a slave, he merely bowed his head. His son appeared, marching to execution, a cord around his neck and a bridle in his mouth. Still the heavy-hearted king restrained his grief. But when he recognized in the doleful procession an aged man who used to eat at his table, now imploring pity, he burst into tears, and cried out in sympathy to his friend. The astonished Cambyses inquired why Psammeticus had displayed such interest in the lot of a beggar while indifferent to the fate of his relatives. The reply of Psammeticus, quoted above, has been transmitted to us by Herodotus, and is too striking to be forgotten. Cambyses was so impressed that he spared his royal captive, but later Psammeticus conspired against him and was slain.

678. ***Was there not birch enough in the Forest of Fontainebleau?***

— Louis XIV, "Le Grand" (1638–1715),
King of France.

LOUIS was far along in his reign when he thus expressed his regret that in his youth some firm hand had not taken him to task with the rod for his waywardness. He grew up without the advantage of parental discipline and solicitude. When he was seven years old, his mother, the capricious Anne of Austria, entrusted him to Cardinal Mazarin, the supreme power at court, who left him free to follow his own code of behavior. He was being reared to run an empire: what were morals to a king? His tutor, a doctor of the Sorbonne, taught him nothing about the principles of virtue. . . . . So Louis XIV came to the throne a dissolute, frivolous youth, but developed into a great ruler—if judged by externals alone. A little "birch," and his private character might better have stood the searching rays of history.

679. ***Foolish people, are you going to teach one that was born in battles and nourished in blood?***

— Count of Carmagnola, Francesco Bussone (1390–1432),
Italian soldier of fortune.

CARMAGNOLA, captain-general of the Venetians, was angry because the senators were urging him to smarter actions against the Milanese. They suspected his allegiance. He fancied that with the soldiers at his back he could be as dilatory as he pleased. "If you deem me faithless," he said, "why, then, deprive me of office and I will seek my own fortune." . . . . On March 29, 1432, he was summoned to the ducal palace and quickly pushed through a door which shut solidly behind him. He heard the rasping of bolts and found himself in the gloomy corridor that led to the Orba prison. There he was to "seek his fortune." . . . . On the 5th of May, gagged and pinioned, Carmagnola was beheaded in the sight of all Venice. His conceit had cheated him of splendid opportunities.

680. ***Remember the Alamo!***

— Col. Sidney Sherman (1805–1873),
American pioneer-soldier.
(See 574.)

AT the battle of San Jacinto (April 21, 1836) Sherman, commanding the left wing of the Texan forces, raised a cry which was caught up by the soldiers of Gen. Sam Houston and inspired them with fierce courage. Though outnumbered two to one, they decisively defeated the Mexicans, capturing the general-in-chief Santa Anna, and won the independence of Texas. . . . . In the memorable affair at the Alamo, a fort near San Antonio, less than two hundred Texans, after repulsing for almost two weeks the assaults of four thousand Mexicans, led by Santa Anna, had been finally overwhelmed (March 6, 1836). In hand-to-hand fighting they were slaughtered to a man. Some of them were butchered after they had surrendered, among them their commander, Col. William B. Travis, and the famous Davy Crockett.

681. ***She cost Sweden dearer than ever an enemy did.***

— Axel Oxenstierna.
(See 573.)

THE aged chancellor of Sweden referred to the fantastic Christina, who as regent had cast the revenues of the kingdom about with abandon. The young Charles-Gustavus (Charles X), who succeeded her, undoubtedly echoed Oxenstierna heartily, for when Christina abdicated she stripped the royal residence and took away a trainful of goods. The astonished Charles had to borrow a full set of kitchen and table utensils before he could have his first royal dinner in the palace. . . . . Christina had omitted, however, to carry off the national debt of ten million crowns. It was too heavy for her baggage.

682. *I die for your poverty and my wealth.*

— Fra Moriale (Monreale),
Italian freebooter.
(See 768.)

THIS fierce adventurer (termed another Attila by the pope, Innocent VI) was treacherously seized by the tribune Cola Di Rienzi and beheaded in Rome (Aug. 29, 1354). From the scaffold he made it plain to the people in a few words that he well understood the motive for his execution. . . . . Rienzi lusted for the riches which Fra Moriale, with his band of three thousand helmeted ruffians, had extorted from the cities of Tuscany. Only a month before, when the tribune was desperately in need of money, he had obtained it from the brigand. . . . . Instead of killing Fra Moriale, it might have been wiser to have wheedled a second loan out of him (the other was still owing) and let him go on looting. When the overtaxed masses rose and slew Rienzi in the Place of the Lion, in the Campidoglio (Oct. 8, 1354), perhaps the wraith of Fra Moriale was looking on with mocking grimaces; for the freebooter had lost his head on that very spot.

683. *I wrote a book when impotent to fight a battle.*

— Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi (1804–1873),
Italian statesman and author.

FOR his activities in the cause of Young Italy against Austrian domination Guerrazzi was several times imprisoned. As a captive he wrote, in 1834, his most famous novel, "Assidio di Firenze" (Siege of Florence), and, in 1852, his "Apologia," a masterly justification of his career as one of the triumvirate with Mazzini and Montanelli. His works had a stirring influence on his fellow-patriots.

684. ***God gave it to me: woe to him who touches it!***

— Napoleon Bonaparte.

WHEN Napoleon crowned himself king of Italy in the cathedral at Milan (March 15, 1805), he placed on his head the "iron" crown of Charlemagne and the old Lombard kings, as he solemnly repeated their challenge:

Dio me la diedes, guai a chi la tocca!

. . . . Pope Leo III invested Charlemagne with this coronet, one of the most famous in history, in proclaiming him emperor of the Romans, on Christmas Day, 800 A.D., in the church of St. Peter. It consists of a circlet of six linked plates of gold, richly ornamented with precious stones and enclosing a band of iron which, according to legend, was hammered out of one of the nails of the true cross. This tradition is now generally rejected. The whole crown is only six inches in diameter. It is preserved in the cathedral of St. John Baptist at Monza in Lombardy, where it was committed by Theodelinda, the wife of Arnulf, who reigned over the Lombards about 850-899.

685. ***Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry!***

— Oliver Cromwell.

(Compare 609.)

PIOUS as he was, the lord-protector of England did not rely solely upon spiritual strength to come off victorious in battle. Once when his soldiers were about to cross a stream to attack the enemy he concluded a speech to them with the business-like advice here quoted. While Cromwell frequently called upon the Deity for help in trying situations, he kept the stern tools of war handy, and his bodyguard was never far away. . . . . One of the exhortations of Mohammed to his followers differed but little from Cromwell's:

Put your trust in God, but tie your camel.

686. ***The public be damned!***

—William Henry Vanderbilt (1821–1885),
American capitalist and railroad magnate.

AN unfortunate remark to a reporter has given Vanderbilt unfavorable remembrance with the American public, while his important services to national industry and commerce are too often forgotten. . . . . After the death of his father, "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt (1877), he became the president of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. In 1883, the Pennsylvania Railroad caused a sensation by putting on the first fast train *de luxe* between Philadelphia and Chicago. About a fortnight later, while Vanderbilt was visiting Chicago, he was asked by Clarence Dresser of the *Chicago Tribune* how he intended to meet the challenge of his rival. His indifferent reply gave the impression that he meant to ignore it. But wouldn't the public demand similar service? his questioner persisted. "The public be damned!" retorted Vanderbilt. He was amused at the idea that the people in general should have any interest in a luxury train designed for a particular class of travelers. It was taken as a defiant utterance, however, and spread rapidly over the country, giving him an unpopularity which he did not deserve. . . . . Vanderbilt distributed $100,000 among his trainmen and laborers as a reward for keeping out of the great railroad strike of 1877. He paid $103,000 to bring the Egyptian Obelisk across the ocean to Central Park, New York, and he possessed an art collection of great value. At one time he was the owner of the famous trotter "Maud S." He bequeathed a million dollars of his princely fortune to charities.

687. ***What a world this is and how does fortune banter us!***

— Lord Bolingbroke.

(See 69.)

IT took but five days to ruin the fortunes of Bolingbroke. The 27th of July, 1714, marked the fall of his bitter rival Oxford, the lord treasurer of England, and his prospects for seizing the leadership in the government seemed golden. He was projecting a new ministry when, Aug. 1, Fate dealt him a stunning blow in the sudden death of his protectress, Queen Anne. On Aug. 3, he wrote mournfully to his boon companion, Dean Swift:

> *The earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday; the queen died on Sunday! What a world this is and how does fortune banter us!*

. . . . Had Anne lived, within six weeks Bolingbroke would have been in supreme power; but when George I came to the throne he was deposed (Aug. 28). In March, 1715, he fled to France; the following August he was branded for treason. His political hopes had faded forever. . . . . Bolingbroke's lament recalls the sober reflection of Casaubon, the French classical scholar, on the inconstancy of life:

> *Dies, hora, momentum, evertendis dominationibus sufficit, quae adamantinis credebantur radicibus esse fundatae.*
>
> (*A day, an hour, a moment, is enough to overturn the things that seemed to have been founded and rooted in adamant.*)

688. ***The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (Like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stript of its lettering and gilding), Lies here, food for worms; But the work shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more elegant edition, revised and corrected by the author.***

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ONE of the quaintest epitaphs in literature was written by Franklin for himself, in 1728, when he had set up a printing business in Philadelphia with Hugh Meredith. He was then twenty-two years old. . . . . There is a marked similarity in the lines written by Joseph Capen on John Foster (1770-1843), English author and dissenting minister, who was buried at Stapleton, near Bristol:

Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth,
Free from erratas, new in heaven set forth.

689. ***Voulez-vous donc qu'on vous fasse des révolutions à l'eau-rose?***

(***Do you think then that revolutions are made with rose-water?***)

— SEBASTIAN ROCH NICOLAS CHAMFORT.

CHAMFORT threw himself into the French Revolution with all the ardor of his nature. He preached the cause in fiery language on the street corners of Paris and was in the front at the storming of the Bastille. On the other hand, his fellow author Jean Francois Marmontel recoiled from the sanguinary excesses of the time and the economic confusion which reduced him to poverty. He expressed his abhorrence to Chamfort, who retorted with the sarcasm for which he was noted.

690. *In thy face have I seen the eternal.*

— Baron von Bunsen,
Christian Karl Josias (1791–1860),
Prussian diplomat and scholar.

ONE of the noblest sentiments ever ascribed to a dying man came from the lips of Baron von Bunsen, distinguished German statesman, as he sank into the shadows at his home in Bonn (Nov. 28, 1860). At his bedside was the wife with whom he had lived in unclouded faith for forty-three years. In rapt devotion he addressed her as the true inspiration of his belief in something beyond the grave. . . . . It was in July, 1817, that Bunsen married Frances Waddington, an Englishwoman, of Monmouthshire, distinguished for her simple, sincere piety and her generous heart. She bore him ten children, and the five sons all did credit to their worthy parentage. In accordance with one of her husband's last requests the baroness published his "Memoirs" (1868), incorporating her own recollections of their happy married life. She died in 1876, at the age of eighty-five.

691. *It is to-day, my dear, that I take a perilous leap.*

— Henry IV,
King of France.

HENRY'S remark to his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, had to do with his entrance into the Catholic Church, a step which he determined upon in the midst of his war with the Spanish League. After bringing the matter before a conference of Catholic and Protestant divines at Nantes, he formally renounced his Protestant faith (July 25, 1593) at the church of St. Denis. The "perilous leap" proved an act of political sagacity. His change of creeds cleared his pathway to the throne of France, and he was crowned on Feb. 27, 1594. . . . . The legend that Voltaire, while dying, quoted Henry's words may be dismissed without further attention.

692. ***Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.***
(From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step.)

— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON left behind him in Russia, dead or prisoners, three hundred thousand of his soldiers at the end of his ill-starred invasion of 1812. Yet it caused him no deeper emotion than mortification. His failure made him ridiculous in the eyes of Europe—that was his lament to Du Pradt, his ambassador at Warsaw, whither he hurried after getting safely back over the Beresina with the miserable wreck of his army. Once during the interview he varied his expression thus:

> *The fate of war is to be exalted in the morning, and low enough at night; there is but one step from triumph to ruin (du triomphe à la ruine il n'y a qu'un pas).*

It was a grievous injury to his own prestige, that frightful retreat from Moscow. No graver lesson did he draw from "the most stupendous military tragedy in the world's history." . . . . Thomas Paine, twenty years before, had said in his "Age of Reason":

> *One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.*

. . . . The French writer Jean Francois Marmontel (1723-1799), observed:

> *En général, le ridicule touche au sublime.*
> *(Generally, the ridiculous touches the sublime.)*

. . . . The same idea appears in the "Dialogues des Morts" (Dialogues of the Dead) by Fontenelle (1657-1757):

> *L'on ne saurait mieux faire voir que le magnifique et le ridicule sont si voisins qu'ils se touchent.*
>
> *(There is nothing one sees oftener than the magnificent and the ridiculous, such close neighbors that they touch.)*

693. ***Let the curtain come down on a smile.***

— Ellen Terry (1848–1928),
English actress.

DAME Terry, renowned as co-star with Henry Irving for many years and one of the greatest actresses of all time, celebrated her eightieth birthday anniversary on Feb. 27, 1928, as the guest of Lady Mabel Egerton at The Red House in the Kentish village of Wateringbury. She received the felicitations of the king and queen, and greetings came to her from all over the world. She acknowledged them with a radio message which closed with a note of prophetic sadness:

> *I was always more proud of making an audience laugh than of making it weep. This is rather a solemn occasion. Perhaps—who knows?— a real farewell performance. Let the curtain come down on a smile—on fourscore smiles; one for every year of a life which has been made happy by the devotion of friends.*

. . . . Five months later (July 21), Dame Terry died tranquilly in her quaint oaken cottage at Small Hythe, near Tenterden, in her beloved Kentish vales. Those who came to mourn were reminded, by a white notice on the gate, of her last wish:

> *No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone.*
> *Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness,*
> *Yours still, you mine.*
> *Remember all the best of our past moments,*
> *And forget the rest.*
> *And so to where I wait come gently on.*

Her body was borne to London and cremated, and the silver casket containing her ashes rests in the crypt at St. Paul's Cathedral.

694. *Europe and America are united by telegraph. "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, and good will toward men."*

ON August 17, 1858, the first message over a trans-oceanic cable was flashed from Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, to Valentia, Ireland, twenty-five hundred miles, in thirty-five minutes. Congratulations were exchanged between President Buchanan and Queen Victoria, the mayor of New York and the mayor of London. Cyrus West Field (1819-1892), the dauntless projector of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, was the hero of the hour in America and England. . . . . The cable continued working until Oct. 20, when it became useless owing to the failure of its electrical insulation. Field was now ridiculed as freely as he had been praised, but kept on heroically with the enterprise. Finally, after many misfortunes, a new cable was laid without mishap by the steamship Great Eastern (Sept. 8, 1866) and successfully brought into use. To-day the submarine cables of the world, if laid end to end, would reach more than 200,000 miles. At the bottom of the Atlantic still lie the four thousand tons of cable lost in those first costly and discouraging efforts to link the United States with Great Britain.

695. *No one can replace him, sir; I am only his successor.*
— THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743–1826).

WHEN Benjamin Franklin, after repeated appeals for permission to return to America, was relieved of the duties of minister to France, Jefferson was appointed to the office (March 10, 1785). He was already in Paris on a special commission. When asked if he "replaced" Franklin, Jefferson made clear in his reply how highly he honored his departing colleague, who by his sagacious diplomacy had rendered inestimable service abroad to the cause of the Colonies.

696. ***I had the soul of a man rather than that of a woman.***

— CATHERINE II,
Empress of Russia.
(Compare 58.)

IN her "Memoirs," Catherine candidly discusses that side of her remarkable character which led her to install a long succession of favorites (Soltykov, Gregory Orlov, Potemkin, and the rest) in her palace and squander upon them the tremendous sum of twelve million pounds. She never pretended to beauty, but declares that

> *to the intellect and character of a man was united in me the charm of a most amiable woman.*

Her apology for "these expressions of self-love" was not necessary; for historians picture her as gay and humorous, with pleasant features which were distinctly attractive, if not comely. Explaining her open amours, she reverts to the masculine "liberty" of her nature with the observation:

> *A man is not master over his own heart; he cannot at his will squeeze it in his fist and then set it free again.*

697. ***Je m'en vais chercher un grand peut-être; tirez le rideau, la farce est jouée.***

(***I am going to seek a great perhaps; draw the curtain, the farce is played.***)

— FRANCOIS RABELAIS (c. 1490–1553),
French humorist.
(Compare 47.)

THE last utterance attributed to Rabelais is of doubtful authority; so possibly Robert Browning, the English poet (1812-1889), was the first to employ the phrase "the great perhaps," in "Bishop Blougram's Apology."

698. ***And who is Caesar?***

— ARIOVISTUS,
Chief of the Marcomanni.

WITH this haughty reply, Ariovistus rejected a summons to the camp of Caesar, who desired to know why he had encroached with his German tribe upon the territory of Gaul. Come to Caesar?—

> *Let him come to me, if he will. What is it to him what our Germany does? Do I meddle with the Romans?*

Ariovistus suffered severely for his insolence to the conqueror. Caesar overwhelmed him in battle and drove him back over the Rhine with a loss of eighty thousand men (68 B.C.).

699. ***Had Tom Girtin lived I should have starved.***

— JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER (1775-1851),
English painter.

ALLOWING for the obvious exaggeration, this generous praise from the great Turner was by no means unmerited by Thomas Girtin, his fellow student and close friend. In the earlier years of his career Turner had only two formidable rivals, De Loutherbourg and Girtin, and the death of the latter left him supreme as a landscape artist. Girtin was the real founder of the English school of water-color painting and was also noted for his etchings. From 1794 he was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. His reputation was mounting rapidly when, at the age of twenty-seven, he surrendered to consumption (Nov. 9, 1802), at London, in the same year that Turner was elected to full membership in the Academy.

700. ***Doctores sine doctrina, magistri artium sine artibus, et baccalaurei baculo potius quam lauro digni.***

(***Doctors without doctrine, masters of art without art, and graduates more suited to drink than to honor.***)

— Christopher Anstey (1704–1805),
English poet.

THESE words prevented Anstey from receiving his M.A. from King's College, Cambridge. He began a speech with them and offended the college authorities, who withheld his degree though he had become a fellow. Loss of the honor made small difference with Anstey, who gained a reputation for humor in "The Election Ball" and "The New Bath Guide." In the Epilogue to the latter he refers with mock sorrow to his college experience:

O Granta! sweet Granta! where studious of ease
I slumbered seven years, and then lost my degrees.

701. ***Obbedisco.***

(***I obey.***)

— Guiseppe Garibaldi (1807–1882),
Italian patriot.

WITH this famous reply, Garibaldi laconically acknowledged the command from his superior, Gen. Alfonso La Marmora, to abandon his proposed attack on Trent (Aug. 9, 1866). He had rolled up an unbroken series of victories over the Austrians since the 3rd of July, and this stopped him short. While his prompt obedience is an example worthy of emulation by any general, there is evidence that Garibaldi knew such an order to be inevitable; consequently it was not an abrupt blow to his hopes.

702. ***Exalt the straight, set aside the crooked, the people will be loyal. Exalt the crooked, set aside the straight, the people will be disloyal.***

— CONFUCIUS, K'ung tsze (550 or 551–478 B. C.),
Chinese sage.
(See 706).

SOME twenty-four hundred years ago, Confucius gave a formula for sound government which no statesman or philosopher of later times has ever improved upon. . . . . He had been asked by the duke of Lu, "What should be done to make the people loyal?" And the sage replied: "Exalt the straight." . . . . A better text is not available for preachers of political reform in this twentieth century. . . . . At another time Confucius said:

> *Not more surely does the grass bend before the wind than the masses yield to the will of those above them.*

An upright ruler would make an upright people—such was his theory. He maintained that if the princes of the states would submit to his direction for three years, his great dream of a model people would be realized, but no ruler would listen to him. . . . . Coming down to the sixteenth century, we find a clear echo of Confucius' sentiment in the following expression of Gustavus I Eriksson (1496-1560), king of Sweden:

> *It is the fault of the rulers if the governed do not obey.*

703. ***As a German and as a German prince, whose yes is a yes full and true, whose no is a cautious no, I give my hand to nothing which might debase my noble Fatherland and deliver it to the just scorn of its neighbors and the condemnation of universal history.***

— Frederick William IV (1795–1861),
King of Prussia.

ONLY about two weeks before he declined the crown of Germany, Frederick William forecast his action in a letter to Ernst Moritz Arndt, the German poet-patriot, dated March 18, 1849, and containing the above passage. Arndt had urged the coronation as the only method of assuring a firm confederation of the German states. He was in the deputation from the German national assembly that journeyed to Berlin and formally tendered the imperial honor (April 3), and he alone could correctly anticipate the king's answer, for he had kept the letter a secret. Arndt was so indignant over Frederick William's rejection of the coronet that he retired from public life. . . . . Sixty-one years later, another Prussian ruler, a German emperor as well, proclaimed "the divine right of kings" as superior to the welfare of his people. At Konigsberg (Aug. 25, 1910), William II, the Kaiser, declared:

> ** * * Considering myself as the instrument of the Lord, without heeding the views and opinions of the day, I go my way.*

The World War brought his way to an ignominious end—but not before he had almost succeeded in doing the very thing that Frederick William had sedulously avoided.

704. ***Levez-vous, Monsieur le Comte, vous avez de grandes choses à faire.***

(***Arise, Monsieur the Count, you have great things to do.***)

(See 722.)

EVERY morning in his youth, the count of Saint-Simon, Claude Henri de Rouvroy, had his valet come to his bedside and rouse him with the flattering reminder that "great things" were awaiting his attention. Did vanity prompt this ceremony, better suited to a conqueror or a statesman? Hardly so. Saint-Simon was restless under the call of ambition. Each new day might start him on the track to high achievement—who could tell? But not until he was forty years old did he enter upon the studies which brought him fame as a philosopher and as the author of the French Socialistic system. When he died, at sixty-five, he was an impoverished toiler, with no valet's voice to spur him into action.

705. ***Je ne souffre pas, mes amis, mais je sens une certaine difficulté d'être.***

(***I don't suffer, my friends, but I feel a certain difficulty in existing.***)

— Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle (1657–1757),
French author.

THE witty intellect of Fontenelle, who was celebrated for his *bon mots,* would have its way to the very edge of the grave. He could not refrain from a remark of quiet facetiousness to the friends gathered by his bedside as he expired at Paris (Jan. 9, 1757), having nearly finished his one hundredth year.

706. ***We fail in our duty to the living; can we do our duty to the dead?***

— CONFUCIUS.
(See 702).

THE great Chinese sage thus replied to one of his principal disciples, Tze-lu, who had expressed concern over the duty of mankind to the ghosts of the departed. Then Tze-lu asked about death. Confucius answered:

We know not life; how can we know death?

. . . . Confucius troubled himself but little about spirits. Evidently he inclined to the belief that the ancient practice of offering sacrifices and swearing solemn oaths to the shades of the dead was a futile ceremonial. He was more engrossed in Life—how to make it cleaner, happier, truer.

707. ***Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice.***
(***Either do not attempt at all, or go through with it.***)

— THOMAS SACKVILLE,
First Earl of Dorset (c. 1530–1608),
English statesman and poet.

SACKVILLE'S motto was taken from "Ovid":

Aut non tentaris, aut perfice.

He was faithful to it in the difficult diplomatic missions entrusted to him by Queen Elizabeth. With honor to himself and his sovereign he filled the office of lord-treasurer, where he succeeded Lord Burghley. Collaborating with Thomas Norton, Sackville wrote the first legitimate tragedy in English: "Gorboduc, or Ferrex and Porrex," which was performed before Elizabeth at Whitehall during the Christmas festivities of 1560-1561. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

708. *Après l'Agésilas*
Hélas!
Mais après l'Attila
Holà!

(*After Agesilaus*
Alas!
But after Attila
Hold!)

— Boileau, Nicolas Boileau-Despreaux (1636–1711),
French poet and critic.
(See 558.)

THE craftsmanship of Pierre Corneille, renowned French dramatist, was failing ominously when the keen Boileau came out with the above heartless quatrain, branding as worthless two of Corneille's later plays and calling upon him to "stop!" "Agesilas" (1666) and "Attila" (1667) in reality brought the career of Corneille to a close. His three subsequent ventures were admitted even by his most loyal followers to be complete failures. Boileau's sarcasm undoubtedly hastened his eclipse. . . . . There is a story of doubtful origin that Boileau, hearing that Corneille was dying in want, went to Louis XVI and offered to resign his own pension money in favor of the unfortunate playwright, whereupon the king sent Corneille two hundred pounds.

709. *A fool and his money are soon parted.*

— George Buchanan (1506–1582),
Scottish historian and poet.
(See 718.)

THIS is a common proverb. Whether or not it originated with Buchanan remains a question. He made use of the expression in paying a bet to a courtier who had outdone him in composing a coarse verse. At the time he was a tutor to the young Scottish king James VI (1570). It seems from this incident that Buchanan had his moments of relaxation from the profound thought and classical literary style for which he was famed.

710. ***In hoc vinces.***
(***By this conquer,*** or ***By this thou shalt conquer.***)
Generally rendered,
In hoc signo vinces.
(***By this sign thou shalt conquer.***)

JUST before Constantine the Great engaged Marcus Aurelius Maxentius, his rival for the sole dominion over the Roman Empire, on the field of Saxa Rubra, near Rome (Oct. 27, 312 A. D.), a vision of victory appeared to him in the sky. He saw, at noonday, brighter than the sun itself, a flaming cross with the above inscription. Straightway he had the cross and the monogram of the Redeemer placed upon the imperial standard, and carried into the battle. Maxentius was routed, and in his flight was drowned by the collapse of the bridge which he had thrown over the Tiber for just such an emergency. Constantine in a public announcement credited his great triumph to the direct aid of God. According to Eusebius (who claims to have heard the story from the emperor himself), this miracle converted Constantine to Christianity. Certain it is that thenceforth the symbol was borne on all his banners and on the shields of his soldiers.

711. ***His foe was folly and his weapon wit.***
— Anthony Hope Hawkins, "Anthony Hope" (1863–1933),
British novelist.

THIS line by the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" forms the inscription on the bronze tablet placed on the Victoria Embankment, London (Aug. 31, 1915) as a memorial to Sir William (Schwenck) Gilbert, noted British playwright and humorist. Gilbert was drowned at Harrow Weald, Middlesex (May 29, 1911), at the age of seventy-five. For more than twenty years (from 1871) he collaborated with Sir Arthur Sullivan in the celebrated series of comic operas that includes "H. M. S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," and "The Mikado."

712. *Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura, duces.*

(*Mantua bore me; the people of Calabria carried me off; Parthenope* [Naples] *holds me now. I have sung of pastures, of fields, of chieftains.*)

— Epitaph of Virgil (70–19 B. C.),
Written by himself.

THE great Roman poet died at Brundusium (Sept. 21, 19 B.C.), but his body was borne to Naples, where he had spent most of his later years, and there buried. His tomb was long an object of the most devout veneration. Virgil was born (Oct. 15, 70 B.C.), not in the town of Mantua but on a farm close by, in the district of Anes (modern Pietola). The ancient district of Calabria (in distinction from the modern), where Brundusium was situated, corresponded closely in outline to the present Lecce. Virgil sang of "chieftains" in the "Aeneid"; of "pastures" and "fields" in his "Eclogues."

713. *Der Preussiche Schulmeister hat die Schlacht bei Sadowa gewonnen.*

(*The Prussian schoolmaster won the battle of Sadowa.*)

— Von Moltke.
(Compare 454, 1024.)

THE great Prussian field-marshal made this comment in the Reichstag (Feb. 16, 1874) in the course of one of those concise, pertinent speeches on military questions for which he was noted. By defeating the Austrians at Sadowa (also called Koniggratz), on July 3, 1866, the Prussian army won a decision in the Seven Days' War. Von Moltke, with King William and Bismarck, watched the soldiers of Prince Frederick Charles break the ranks of the foe and put them to flight.

714. ***Our Constitution is in actual operation. Everything appears to promise that it will last; but in this world nothing is certain but death and taxes.***

— Benjamin Franklin.

THIS naive observation was made by the famous American philosopher in a letter to his friend M. Leroy, of the French Academy of Sciences, in 1789. The latter portion of it has long been a popular adage among his countrymen. Franklin would rejoice to know that the historic document engrossed by the constitutional convention at Philadelphia (Sept. 15, 1787) has remained for one hundred and forty years the solid bedrock of the government of the American Republic. . . . . Like Franklin, the famous Barkis in Dickens' "David Copperfield" (written 1849) makes an emphatic declaration that taxes are inescapable:

*It was as true * * * as taxes is. And nothing's truer than them.*

715. ***Blood is thicker than water.***

— Josiah Tattnall (1795–1871),
American naval commander.

THIS utterance made Tattnall famous. It was his argument for going to the aid of the British squadron in its unsuccessful battle against the forts at the mouth of the Chinese river Peiho, sometimes referred to as the Taku forts (June 25, 1859). Seeing that the fleet was having the worst of it, he brought his flagship, the Toeywan, into the line of fire, and lent some of his boats to the landing party that attempted to storm the defenses in the rear. Tattnall was really paying an obligation, for shortly before the British had helped the Toeywan off a bar where she had grounded.

716. *L'état, c'est moi.*
(The state, it is I.)

(Compare 731, 732.)

LOUIS XIV was emphatically "the State" throughout his long reign, but there is no positive evidence that he ever made this pompous declaration which tradition has ascribed to him. . . . . During the youth of Louis, Cardinal Mazarin was the all-powerful figure in the French government, an arrangement which the young king accepted complacently enough—except for one particular day in 1655, when he was but seventeen. (Eyre Evans Crowe relates it in his "History of France".) While hunting at Vincennes he heard that the parliament were prying into some of his proclamations on fiscal matters. He galloped to Paris, and still habited for the chase suddenly appeared in the hall, whip in hand. He commanded the astonished magistrates to instantly cease "busying themselves" with his edicts, and forbade the president "either to call or suffer such assemblies." Then he hastened back to his sport. . . . . This was no mere mood of the moment. In reality Louis had an imperious temper. In his "Memoires" he wrote:

> *Kings are absolute masters, and as such have a natural right to dispose of everything belonging to their subjects, whether they are members of the church or not.*

. . . . With the death of Mazarin (1661) Louis promptly took the control of public affairs into his own hands. When those who had heretofore waited on the pleasure of the cardinal inquired to whom they should now address themselves, the terse reply of the king enlightened them at once: *"To me!"* . . . . For thirty years Louis XIV was his own prime-minister. He gave eight hours a day regularly to state business, and advised his son not to forget that *it is by work one reigns.*

717. ***Jamais, jamais, je ne serai jamais aimée comme j'aime!***
(Never, never, never shall I be loved as I love!).

— MADAME DE STAEL,
Anne Louise Germaine Necker (1766–1817),
French novelist.
(See 593.)

MADAME de Stael made an accurate prediction in her famous lament. Though wealthy and fascinating, she never gained the ideal affection which she craved so ardently. Perhaps her extravagant sentiment (which appears so frequently in her writings) forbade it. . . . . Rousseau was the idol of her girlhood, but no attachment resulted. She married (1786) Eric Magnus, baron of Stael-Holstein and the Swedish minister in Paris—purely for a position in society and at court. They separated amicably, and without scandal. At the age of forty-six, she made a last bid for the romance of her dreams by becoming the wife of a young French officer of hussars named Rocca, twenty-five years her junior. This union (which was only revealed to the public when her will was opened) did not prove unhappy, yet she died with her longing for the perfect lover unfulfilled. Few Frenchwomen of her time were more celebrated. She was praised for her force of intellect and the keenness of her aphorisms; but always ahead of her were "desires infinite and hopes impossible." She expressed her own philosophy of love in her "De l'influence des passions":

L'amour est l'histoire de la vie des femmes;
c'est un épisode dans celle des hommes.
(Love is the history of a woman's life; it is an episode in man's.)

. . . . Perhaps Madame de Stael might have derived some measure of consolation in the matter-of-fact philosophy of the Count of Bussy-Rabutin (1618-1693); found in a letter which he wrote to Madame de Sevigne in 1667:

Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime,
Il faut aimer ce que l'ona.
(When we have not what we love,
We must love what we have.)

718. ***Imperii fuerat Romani Scotia limes;***
Romani eloquii Scotia limes erit?
(Scotland marked the limit of the Roman Empire;
Will Scotland be the limit of Roman eloquence?)

— Joseph Justus Scaliger (1540–1609),
Scholar and critic.
(See 709.)

GEORGE Buchanan, historian and poet (1506-1582), received high honor when Scaliger, the greatest scholar of modern times, wrote the above epitaph. From his literary throne in Leiden, whither young men hastened from all parts of the world to profit by his richly stored intellect, Scaliger, like his learned father before him (Julius Caesar Scaliger), had remarked with admiration the accomplishments of Buchanan. This proficient Scot surpassed all other modern writers in his command of the Roman language. He wrote his most important work, the "History of Scotland," in Latin so pure and elegant that it might have been his native tongue. Buchanan was buried in Greyfriars' churchyard, Edinburgh.

719. ***Dieu et mon droit.***
(God and my right.)

— Richard I, Cœur de Lion (1157–1199),
King of England.

SHOUTING "God and my right!" which their king had given as the watchword of the day, the soldiers of Richard the Lion-hearted rushed into the battle of Gisors, in France (Oct. 10, 1198), and almost annihilated the knights and barons of Philip Augustus. It was hailed in England as a memorable victory, and the slogan has ever since been the motto of the royal arms.

720. *S'ils ont faim, qu'ils mangent de la brioche?*
(If the people have no bread, let them eat cake.)
Also rendered
S'ils ont faim, qu'ils mangent de la brioche?
(If they are hungry, why don't they eat cake?)

— Marie Antoinette.
Queen of France.
(Compare 441.)

THE undertones of revolt were rumbling in the streets of Paris. The shadows of doom gathered around Louis XVI and his court. . . . . Someone came into the royal residence at Versailles and told Marie Antoinette that many among the poor were dying for want of bread. "Why don't they eat cake?" she asked lightly. . . . . The words have also been credited to the Princesse de Lamballe. They expressed the reckless indifference of the royal coterie to the complaints of a suffering people. Versailles, with its flowing wines, was one thing —Paris with its hunger, something else. . . . . If stomachs get too insistent for food which is not to be had, desperation follows. Of a sudden the people were an army—at the very gates of the palace. And they sought more than "cake" —much more.

721. *Quand je serai là, je serai sans souci.*
(When I shall be there, I shall be without care.)

— Frederick the Great.
(See 217.)

IT was Frederick's desire to be buried under the statue of Flora at Sans Souci, his house just outside Potsdam, and in anticipation he had the above inscription placed at the foot of the figure. But his body was laid in the Potsdam church. As San Souci, in its name and appointments, signified for him "a place of repose in a delicious spot," so did he look forward to an exchange of that sightly retreat on a hill-top for a care-free bourne beyond the grave.

722. *Monsieur, soyez mon Sauveur, je meurs de faim. * * * Depuis quinze jours, je mange du pain et je bois de l'eau; je travaille sans feu et j'ai vendu jusqu'à mes habits pour fournir aux frais des copies de mon travail.*

(*Monsieur, be my saviour, I die of hunger. * * * For fifteen days, I have eaten bread and drunk water; I work without fire and I have even sold my clothes to purchase fresh copies of my work.*)

— Count of Saint-Simon,
Claude Henri de Rouvroy (1760–1825),
French social philosopher.
(See 704.)

THIS cry of misery came from the man who founded French Socialism and devoted his mental energies to the moral and physical improvement of the poorer class. He fell a prey to the destitution and wretchedness which he sought by his writings to abolish. . . . . The death of his benefactor Diard, who had given him a home, threw Saint-Simon into utter want, and he appealed with pathetic frankness to Cuvier, Cambacères, and others of his literary friends for assistance to keep him from starvation (1810-1812). From then until the day of his death (May 19, 1825), at Paris he had a bitter struggle for existence. In his despair he once attempted suicide. Through it all Saint-Simon kept at his philosophical treatises. He made few converts in his lifetime, but one of them, Auguste Comte, elaborated his system of speculation.

723. *Setzen wir Deutschland, so zu sagen, in den Sattel! Reiten wird es schon konnen.*

(*Let us put Germany, so to speak, in the saddle! You will see that she can ride.*)

— Bismarck.

BISMARCK made this appeal in the Parliament of the German Federation (March 11, 1867) as the leader of the National party. Even then he had visions of the inevitable conflict with France which broke out three years later. . . . . Germany rode into Paris in 1870. Forty-four years afterward, she took to the saddle again, with the same destination in view, but never reached it. In 1914, there was no Bismarck to accompany the German army headquarters.

724. ***Let there be no inscription upon my tomb. Let no man write my epitaph. No man can write my epitaph. I am here ready to die.* * * ***

— Robert Emmet (1778–1803),
Irish rebel.
(See 443.)

THUS young Emmet, convicted of high treason for inciting a revolt against the English government in Ireland, began his celebrated speech in the court at Dublin. When asked why sentence should not be pronounced upon him (Sept. 19, 1803), he spoke briefly but eloquently:

> *I am not allowed to vindicate my character; and when I am prevented from vindicating myself, let no man dare calumniate me. Let my character and motives repose in obscurity and peace, till other times and other men can do them justice.*

He was hanged the next day in Thomas Street, in fortunate ignorance of his shameful betrayal by his lawyer, Leonard MacNally (in reality an informer for the crown) who before going into court had sold the contents of his brief to the government prosecutors for two hundred pounds sterling.

725. ***Le Genié, c'est la patience.***
(Genius is only patience.)

— Count Buffon, George Louis Leclerc (1707–1788),
French naturalist.
(Compare 280.)

BUFFON himself was one of the most devoted apostles of Patience. To prepare and publish the first edition of his great "Histoire Naturelle" (Natural History) took more than fifty years (1749-1804). It comprised forty-four quarto volumes, the last seven appearing posthumously.

726. ***Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry, I should have reckoned myself master of the world.***

— Napoleon Bonaparte.
(See 410, 630, 1075.)

IT was after the "Battle of the Pyramids" that Napoleon thus expressed his admiration for the horsemen of Murad Bey—probably the finest cavalry in the world at that time. They had come desperately near submerging his infantry squares. Superb riders, fanatical in their courage, they rushed over the sands on their Arabian chargers with a fury which for the moment threw the French into disorder. Such a savage assault was a new experience for Bonaparte's veterans, but they rallied and repulsed the repeated charges of their fierce foe. . . . . These Mamelukes were descended from the slave-soldiers brought from the Caucasus by the Ottoman sultans. They grew rapidly in power, until in Napoleon's time they ruled Egypt. They were treacherously massacred, in 1811, by Mohammed Ali, afterward viceroy. . . . . The picture of Bonaparte unleashing a squadron of ten thousand Mamelukes side by side with the Old Guard at Austerlitz or Waterloo—their bright turbans awave, the rich metal of their sabers and carbines a-glitter—thrills the imagination.

727. ***When you have a Garden***
You have a Future
And when you have a Future
You are Alive!

— Frances Hodgson Burnett (1849–1924),
Anglo-American novelist.

THE last words written for publication by the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" were chosen for the inscription on the story-teller's bench projected as a memorial to her in the children's garden in Central Park, New York City (1927). Mrs. Burnett was a gentlewoman of beautiful character whose love of birds and flowers added to the charm of her stories.

728. ***They are an obstinate people; the war cannot be short.***
— WILLIAM II OF HOHENZOLLERN, the Kaiser (1859–),
King of Prussia and German Emperor.

THE Kaiser paid a high compliment to the English race when, bitter at heart because the government of Great Britain had entered the World War on the side of France and Belgium, he admitted that his plans for a brisk conquest were now completely upset. The mightiest of navies was concentrated against him at the key-stations, ready for stern business. Under the protection of its guns there would come across the Channel, to contest his path on land, soldiers of the same dogged valor that had won Waterloo for their ancestors. . . . . The conflict lasted four years—owing largely to those "obstinate" English. Their stubborn little army of "Contemptibles" blocked the Kaiser's splendid designs at the start; the Grand Fleet grimly held the seas. . . . . When Sir Edward Goschen asked for his passports in Berlin, that August day in 1914, and started home, a long war lay ahead of William of Hohenzollern—and a longer exile.

729. ***Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic jacet Democritus Junior, cui vitam dedit et mortem Melancholia.***

(Well-known to few, unknown to still fewer, here lies Democritus Junior, to whom the spirit of Melancholy gave life and death.)

— ROBERT BURTON (1577–1640),
English writer.

THE author of the famous "Anatomy of Melancholy, by Democritus Junior," wrote this epitaph for himself, and it was carved beneath his bust on the monument erected to him by his elder brother William Burton over his tomb in the north side of Christ Church Cathedral. Burton died on Jan. 25, 1640, true to his own prediction (based on the calculation of his nativity) that his sixty-third year would prove his end.

730. ***Non tibi sed Petro.***
(Not to you but to St. Peter.)

— FREDERICK I, Barbarossa,
Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

FREDERICK'S long struggle with the pope Alexander III, who excommunicated him in 1160, ended in 1177, when, humbled by the ill fortune of his arms in his fifth Italian campaign, he went to Venice and publicly acknowledged with great solemnity the sovereignty of the pontiff. As he kneeled in reverence, Alexander pressed a foot upon his neck and said:

> *I will tread upon the aspic and the basilisk, and the lion and the dragon will I trample beneath my feet.*

For the moment the old spirit of defiance was roused in the prostrate emperor. *"Non tibi sed Petro,"* he replied. The pope retorted haughtily (with a firmer pressure of his heel):

Et mihi et Petro
(Both to me and to Peter.)

. . . . While the story has no positive certificate of truth, there is, on the other hand, no reason to believe it improbable.

731. ***I believe that the sovereign, even when he is one by inheritance, is only the delegated official of the nation.***

— LEOPOLD I of Tuscany, II of Austria (1747–1792).
(Compare 716.)

SO Leopold wrote in 1789, three years before his death. Under many difficulties he had endeavored in his rule of twenty-five years over Tuscany to maintain "a paternal government, a sort of family council." He advocated many state reforms, established a new criminal code, abolished the Inquisition, removed the death penalty, equalized the land tax, and favored free trade. Yet he failed in his great purpose of securing trustful accord between the prince and the assembly of the people.

732. It is legal because I wish it.

— Louis XVI,
King of France.
(Compare 716, 731.)

KINGS nowadays are not so supremely egotistical as they were in the eighteenth century—and with good reason: only a few of them are left, and their tenure is precarious. In glorifying himself Louis XVI, was but following the royal habit of his time. Not long before the Revolution the legality of certain of his proposals was questioned by the duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe Joseph (Philippe Egalite), and he retorted as above. . . . . There came a January day in 1793 when the French made a terrible mockery of his vainglory by cutting off his head. They served notice upon him, in effect, that even the execution of a king is legal when the *people* wish it.

733. What great God is this that pulls down the strength of the strongest kings!

— Clotaire I,
King of the Franks.
(See 49.)

AGHAST at the nearness of death and the prospect of having to answer for his violent deeds before an all-just arbiter, Clotaire groaned in his torment. Ruler over all Gaul and most of Germany, conqueror of the Burgundians, the Thuringi, the Visigoths, here he was stretched out helplessly in abject surrender before a Power that brooked no insolence. His remorse was all the sharper for thoughts of the day when he had burned to death his rebellious son Chram, with his wife and children, in the Brittany cottage where they had fled for refuge. Remembrance of this sin had brought Clotaire to Tours to seek forgiveness at the tomb of St. Martin. Soon after prostrating himself in humility he became ill. Now the end was at hand. "What great God" was this? . . . . The king of the Franks was still wondering—and hoping—and groaning, as he set out to find the answer.

734. This man, I trow, has got the right sow by the ear.

— HENRY VIII (1491–1547),
King of England.

HENRY, tiring of his wife Catherine of Aragon, was extremely desirous that the merry and accomplished Anne Boleyn should be queen in her place. But his divorce must come from Rome, and the pope was deaf to his petition. Fortune put in his path a divinity lecturer of Cambridge University, Thomas Cranmer. . . . . To escape the sweating sickness that swept England in 1529, Cranmer had repaired with two of his pupils named Cressy to their home at Waltham in Essex. The king chanced to be sojourning in the neighborhood, and two of his counsellors were lodging at the Cressy house. They met Cranmer and discussed Henry's divorce difficulties. Cranmer pointed out a way by which the Vatican might be entirely ignored, and the matter settled in the ecclesiastical courts. When this was reported to Henry, he exclaimed that Cranmer had "the right sow by the ear," and summoned him at once. . . . . Cranmer was not immediately successful in his plans, but Henry had him confirmed as archbishop (March 30, 1533), and he then made short work of the problem. On May 23 following, he declared the union with Catherine null and void because of her previous marriage with the king's brother Arthur. Five days later he pronounced the validity of the secret marriage between Henry and Anne Boleyn (performed about Jan. 25), and on June 1 he crowned the new consort.

735. ***Viam inveniam aut faciam.***
(I will find a way or make one.)

— HANNIBAL,
Carthaginian general.
(See 529.)

THIS was Hannibal's answer to the skeptics who questioned his amazing plan of invading Italy by taking his army over the Alps. . . . . Whether he conquered the mountain-chain by way of the Mt. Genèvre Pass or Mt. Cenis, in the Cottian Alps, or by the little St. Bernard in the Graian Alps, is a matter of difference among historians; some maintain that it was the Pass of Argentière. Be that as it may, he climbed with foot and horse, and thirty elephants, to a height of probably seven thousand feet, in the snow of winter; skirting slippery precipices and fighting off the hostile Gauls who tumbled rocks down from the crags upon the heads of his soldiers. On the ninth day he gained the top, and, giving his weary troops a rest, pointed out to them the inviting panorama of the rich Campania, which was to be one of the rewards of their courage and fidelity. Animated with fresh strength by this fascinating prospect, they began the descent. . . . . So it was that one spring day in 217 B.C. the great Carthaginian, with 26,000 men, suddenly debouched into the plains of Italy. In his passage of the Alps, accomplished in fifteen days, he had lost half his army but stamped himself as a far greater genius than any captain the Romans could put into the field against him. He had performed one of the most stupendous military feats of all time.

736. ***As so often happens, the office-holding and office-seeking class blocks the road of the people toward those higher and finer things which it is in their heart to accomplish.***

— NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER (1862–),
President of Columbia University.
(Compare 762.)

ABOUT the time that Butler made this declaration, in an address on "The Lost Art of Thinking" before the Institute of Arts and Sciences at Columbia (Oct. 17, 1927), events in America seemed to justify his candid if unpalatable criticism. . . . . There were glaring instances of corruption and inefficiency in government. The notorious Teapot Dome oil scandal again occupied court in Washington (only to be suspended soon after because of alleged tampering with the jury). Enforcement of the Prohibition Act continued to disclose evidence of the wholesale bribery of government agents. Many sober citizens were beginning to seriously wonder if crime were not engulfing the public life of the nation. Under these circumstances, Butler's speech was prominently displayed by the press and received wide editorial comment. One of the passages most frequently quoted was the following:

> ** * * To hold reasoned convictions and to give public expression to them is to incur criticism, possibly enmities, and to the office-holding and office-seeking class it is well-nigh fatal.*

737. My motto is "die or conquer"; in other cases there is a middle course; in mine there is none.

— FREDERICK THE GREAT.
(Compare 820.)

FREDERICK felt that his situation was desperate when he thus wrote to his brother Prince Henry, commander of the Prussian Second Army, in the fourth year of the Seven Years' War (1760). He was striving to hold Silesia against a compact of five nations: Austria, Russia, France, Saxony, and Sweden. That he was prepared for suicide rather than surrender he clearly intimated about this time in a letter to the marquis d'Argens, long a favorite at his court:

> *You set a value upon life as a sybarite; I regard death as a stoic. I will never consent to sign a dishonorable peace. I will be buried under the ruins of my fatherland, or, if fate presses me too hard, I shall know how to put an end to my misfortune when it becomes unendurable.*

. . . . Frederick was not forced to such an extremity. Shifting the stage of war to Saxony, he defeated the Austrians at Torgau (Nov. 3, 1760), and emerged from his despair. When the war ended with the peace of February, 1763, he was left in undisputed control of Silesia.

738. ***Whenever I stamp my foot in any part of Italy there will rise up forces enough in an instant.***

— POMPEY, "the Great," Gnaeus Pompeius (106–48 B. C.),
Roman triumvir.

THE breach between Pompey and Julius Caesar was fast widening. Pompey held Rome, but he lacked popular support and the senators had little faith in the forces at hand for defense. Caesar was away in Gaul, but likely at any moment to lead his legions against the capital. Pompey was asked how he would resist them. Preparations for war were unnecessary, he told the senate; he had only to stamp on the ground and all Italy would be filled with soldiers. . . . . Caesar crossed the Rubicon and marched rapidly on Rome. Favonius, leader of the consular party, intimated to Pompey that the time had come for him to conjure up the armed levies he had promised so boastfully. But Pompey hurried out of Italy entirely, to Brundusium, and most of the senators were close behind him. . . . . Caesar entered Rome without any opposition from magical armies.

739. ***There is all the laboratory I have!***

— WILLIAM HYDE WOLLASTON (1766–1828),
English chemist and natural philosopher.
(Compare 372.)

WOLLASTON carried on his researches in strict seclusion, rarely admitting anybody into his workshop. One of the favored few was a celebrated European scientist, who called upon him at his London residence and expressed a desire to see his laboratories. The visitor's curiosity was gratified in a surprising manner. Wollaston led him into a small room and pointed to a table. There, on an old tea-tray, were some test papers, a few watch-crystals, a balance, and an ordinary blow-pipe. This was his "laboratory"! . . . . Yet in that humble study Wollaston had made many important discoveries in chemistry and optics. He had found the secret of rendering platinum malleable, and had formed a process for hardening steel—contributions of great practical value to the world's industries.

740. ***I rest my claim to the remembrance of my country on my published works.***

— Charles Dickens (1812–1870),
English novelist.

IN accordance with Dickens' own wish, this was the only inscription placed with his name on his tomb in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. He was buried there privately in the early morning of June 14, 1870, five days after his death at his Gad's Hill home. He had left instructions that no monument be erected to him. These carven words might more appropriately read "remembrance of the world"—for the stories of Dickens are still read in every land. . . . . As with all famous authors, Dickens had a particular regard for one of his works. He wrote once:

> *Like many fond parents, I have my favorite child, and his name is David Copperfield.*

741. ***I like to praise and reward loudly, to blame quietly.***

— Catherine II,
Empress of Russia.

DURING a conversation with the Count of Segur, French diplomat and historian (who, while minister plenipotentiary to St. Petersburg, 1784-1789, was admitted into the intimate circle of the empress), Catherine expressed in the above words her considerate attitude toward her subordinates. . . . . Unlike some of the other Russian rulers, particularly Peter I and Elizabeth, Catherine exercised no cruel tyranny over her court, but took great care not to offend anyone, even the lowliest of her attendants. Nor did she hesitate to make apology if she spoke too hastily. Her thoughtfulness was unusual. Accustomed to rising at six every morning, she would not disturb her servants at that early hour (says Bruckner), but having dressed without assistance and lighted the fire herself, she would turn to her books and papers until breakfast time.

742. ***I have risked my life for Italy, and your duty is to do good to those who have suffered for her.***

— Ugo Bassi (1800–1849),
Italian patriot.

BASSI, heroic figure of the Italian Revolution, appealed so eloquently to the patriotism of the papal governor before whom he was brought a captive that the official was deeply affected, but, fearful of his own safety, dared not show mercy. So the militant monk was turned over to the Austrians and shot at Bologna (Aug. 8, 1849), on a false charge of bearing arms. . . . . Gentle by nature, Bassi never turned a gun on the foe, even when marching at the head of the volunteers in the fight at Mestre; but on more than one field he freely exposed himself to fire while ministering to wounded soldiers, and at Treviso (May 12, 1848) he was shot three times. He faithfully followed Garibaldi from Rome to San Marino and was taken prisoner near Comacchio after the dispersal of the Legion.

743. ***I was not made king to be shut up from mankind.***

— Rudolf I (1218–1291),
German king.

IN Rudolf's view the mere fact that he had a crown to wear did not make him a sacred object to be worshiped at a prescribed distance like an idol. One of his first acts after assuming power (1273) proved to his subjects that he had no fear of contamination from their close approach. When informed that some peasants had been denied access to him, he commanded that they be admitted at once, and advised his attendants that any of his people, however lowly, were free to place their grievances before him. Plain of dress and simple of manner, Rudolf restored Germany to its ancient prestige as a powerful empire.

744. Be united, enrich the soldiers, despise all others.

— Lucius Septimius Severus (146–211),
Roman emperor.
(Compare 997.)

WHEN Severus lay dying of gout at Eboracum (modern York) in Britain his last counsel to his two sons was thoroughly in keeping with the drastic military rule which had marked his reign of eighteen years. His power was in his soldiers, and he favored them above all his other subjects. His boys fared badly by his advice. Aurelius Antoninus, the elder (known in history as Caracalla), got control of the empire by murdering his brother Geta Antoninus, butchered his own wife and brother, and cruelly oppressed his people, under the protection of the sword. He despised everybody but his fighting men, and met a despicable fate at the hands of one of them, Martial, who stabbed him to death (April 8, 211).

745. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

— Oliver Cromwell.

SLOWLY dying at Hampton Court, the Lord Protector of England, who had robustly met graver emergencies than fall to the lot of most men of state, was moved to awe by the prospect of eternity. He who had dominated armies and parliaments by his resolute will and abounding vigor now lay helpless—his "great rough heroic life" almost ended. His moment of absolute submission was at hand—"a fearful thing," he murmured, in the hearing of his chamber-attendant Harvey. A few hours later he breathed his last, on the afternoon of Sept. 3, 1658—the anniversary of his defeat of the Scots at Dunbar and the Royalists at Worcester.

746. We should rather be buried beneath the ruins of the empire than make terms with the modern Attila.

— ALEXANDER I, Aleksander Pavlovich (1777–1825), Emperor of Russia.
(See 250, 873.)

ALEXANDER had received a dispatch from his field-marshal Kutusov informing him of the abandonment of Moscow to Napoleon. Though grieved at the loss of his capital, he was unshaken in his resolution to resist to the last extremity. In his letter to his ally Bernadotte of Sweden (Sept. 19, 1812), which is cited here, he declared his passionate hatred for the invader of his country, with whom he had once been on cordial terms. "After such a wound," he wrote, "all the rest are but scratches. Now more than ever I and the nation * * * are decided to persevere. * * * " . . . . Alexander had before him an abject communication from Napoleon, who, realizing the catastrophe which confronted him when Moscow took fire, appealed for a truce, on the ground of their friendship of old. He never answered it. His firmness in this crisis was undoubtedly due in large part to the spirited encouragement of Baron vom und zum Stein, the German statesman. A fugitive from his own land, Stein had attached himself to the fortunes of Russia. He was an inveterate enemy of Napoleon, who had confiscated all his property in the Confederation of the Rhine and proclaimed him to Europe as an enemy of France. . . . . A year and a half later Alexander entered Paris a conqueror (March 30, 1814). He could have revenged himself for the outrage of Moscow by exacting drastic terms of peace; but his magnanimity won the enthusiastic admiration of the French people and proved the nobility of his character.

747. Gentlemen, it is no longer the hour for advising, but for fighting.

— Don John, of Austria (1545–1578),
Christian admiral.
(Compare 190.)

DON John, admiral of the combined papal, Venetian, and Spanish fleets, was about to engage the flotilla of the Moslems at the Straits of Lepanto off the coast of Greece (Oct. 7, 1571). He had two hundred galleys; the enemy two hundred and seventy. This disparity alarmed his captains, and they declared that it would be rash to attack. Even the dashing Andrea Doria urged him to retreat. Don John curtly told them that their advice was untimely, and went from ship to ship exhorting his sailors:

> *We are here to vanquish, or to die if God so wishes it. Do not give your arrogant enemy occasion to cry out with haughty impiety, 'Where is your God?' Fight with faith in His holy name.*

. . . . The Occident and the Orient, the Christians and the Mussulmans, fought that day one of the decisive sea-battles in the world's history. Don John was conspicuous for his valor. All but one of the Turkish craft were sunk or driven ashore, and thirty-five thousand of their men were slain or captured. The chains of fifteen thousand Christian galley slaves were broken. The head of Ali Pasha, the Moorish admiral, was flourished on the point of a spear as a signal of victory. Eight thousand Christians perished, but the Sublime Porte lost its supremacy in the Mediterranean forever. It was the final crusade against the Moslems, and the last great encounter between galley squadrons.

748. ***A prince must rely mainly on his army for securing the respect and obedience of his subjects.***

— XIMENES, or Jimenes, Francisco de Cisneros (1436–1517), Spanish cardinal and statesman.
(Compare 58, 530.)

XIMENES, as regent of Spain, believed in enforcing "moral suasion" with gun muzzles. He built a competent army and made extensive use of it. But he also proved that the frankest military despotism can be turned to the most beneficent ends. In that respect he is one of the striking figures of history. . . . . Though "the smell of gunpowder" was "more grateful to him than the sweetest perfume of Arabia," he was likewise fascinated by letters and art. He left a substantial monument to his own learning in the huge Bible, the "Complutensian Polyglot," which cost him fifteen years of research and 80,000 ducats. Backed by the might of his soldiers he carried out many worthy reforms. He shattered the feudal tyranny of the nobility; curbed licentiousness, and equalized justice; founded and endowed the great university of Alcala de Henares; made munificent expenditures on churches, schools, and hospitals. He devoted one half of his income to charities, and is said to have maintained thirty poor persons daily at his own expense. When he died (Nov. 6, 1517) all the people lamented.

749. Write your masterpieces! And do not forget that in your profession there is no middle state; you must be king—or be only a laborer.

— Mme. Anne Charlotte Laure Balzac.

WITH this benediction from his loyal mother, Honoré de Balzac, when a youth of twenty, began his literary career in a Paris garret. Rebelling at the practice of law, for which his father had intended him, he loaded his clothes and books on a hand-cart, one day in August, 1819, and left home for a den in the rue Lesdiguières. There, up under the roof, at an old table in front of a dormer window, he started to write tragedies and prose fiction. (René Benjamin gives an intimate picture of it in his book "Balzac.") He stuck to his attic for three years, and in that period formed the habit of faithful diligence which marked all his after years. . . . . Madame de Balzac had the happy fortune to see the success of her son's labors. On the night that he died (Aug. 17, 1850) she was at his bedside in the rue Fortunée, with Victor Hugo. "You must be king or only a laborer," she had told him, thirty-one years before. By his labors he had become king. His wonderful series of novels, the "Comédie Humaine," has never been surpassed.

750. *Quand cela serait, je ne serais jamais qu'un accident heureux.*

(*If that were so, I should be only a happy accident.*)

— ALEXANDER I,
Emperor of Russia.

ALEXANDER made this answer to Madame de Stael, the French writer, when, congratulating him on the happiness of his people, she had said:

> *Sire, your character is a constitution for your country, and your conscience its guaranty.*

Sydney Smith, the English essayist, thought the emperor's reply "one of the truest and most brilliant ever made by monarch." . . . . Alexander's genial conversation with Madame de Stael occurred prior to 1815; after that year the internal affairs of his régime declined deplorably. Obsessed by the phantom fear of a revolution and by a morbid religious mysticism, he sharply reversed his policy of liberalism and abandoned all plans for reform and progress, curbing democratic movements, restricting education, and narrowing the work of the scientists. When he died (Dec. 1, 1825) his doubt of the "happy accident" had proved well founded.

751. *La distance n'y fait rien; il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*

(*The distance is nothing; 'tis only the first step that costs.*)

— MARQUISE DU DEFFAND,
Marie de Vichy-Chamrond (1697–1780).

THIS was the cynical rejoinder of the witty and accomplished Madame du Deffand when the credulous Cardinal de Polignac related to her in all seriousness the tradition that the martyr Saint Denis, carrying his decapitated head in his hands, walked "two leagues" to the spot where his church was afterward erected. She refers humorously to the incident in one of her letters to Horace Walpole (June 6, 1767).

752. ***I am at peace with God; how then can I be confounded?***

— Col. Richard Rumbold,
English soldier.

THIS was Rumbold's calm retort to a Scotch privy councillor who had cursed him as a "confounded villain" just before he was hanged and quartered in the High Street, Edinburgh (June, 1685). He was charged with complicity in the Rye House Plot and the abortive expedition of the Earl of Argyll to set James Fitzroy, duke of Monmouth, on the throne instead of James II. . . . . Rumbold was suffering from a mortal wound when he was dragged to the scaffold. Propped up beneath the gibbet, he denounced unlimited monarchy so vehemently that the drums were beaten to drown his voice. He was heard, however, to declare:

> *I am sure there was no man born marked of God above another; for none comes into the world with a saddle upon his back, neither any booted and spurred to ride him.*

A few minutes later his head was displayed on the West Port.

753. ***I desire to be king of the goats as well as king of sheep.***

— Sigismund I, the Great (1467–1548),
King of Poland.

IMPARTIAL in his attitude toward religious creeds, Sigismund did nothing to prevent the introduction of Lutheranism into his country, and thus angered Johan Maier Eck, German theologian, who was the most formidable opponent of Martin Luther. Eck likened the Lutherans to goats among the sheep ("the faithful Catholics"), and exhorted the king to take severe measures against them. He derived no satisfaction from Sigismund's pointed reply.

754. ***How! are you alone a coward here? When provisions are at end we will eat you, and such as you!***

— Mariano Alvarez de Castro,
Governor of Gerona.

IN one of the most remarkable of all sieges, forty French batteries hurled sixty thousand cannon-balls and twenty thousand bombs into the Spanish city of Gerona. The beleaguered people had to fight famine and fever as well as the guns of an enemy thirty-five thousand strong. Emaciated men, women and children swooned in the street and swelled the heaps of unburied bodies. There were no surgical supplies in the hospitals. Still the dauntless Alvarez (as he is commonly known) scorned all propositions for surrender. Grim in his heroism, he inspired the citizens to continued resistance. . . . . One day, Alvarez overheard a soldier in the fortress utter the word "capitulation," and scathingly rebuked him, adding the dire threat: "We will eat you." . . . . For more than seven months the besiegers were held off. At last the governor himself collapsed from hunger and disease and the city gave in (Dec. 12, 1809). It cost the French generals the lives of fifteen thousand of their own men to win this prize.

755. ***Rome has no greater riches than courage and arms.***

— Marcus Curtius,
Traditional hero of ancient Rome.
(See 536.)

WITH this exclamation Curtius, a youth of noble family, sacrificed himself to save his country from calamity. . . . . A great chasm had suddenly opened in the Forum (362 B.C.). The soothsayers declared that it would never close until the most precious possession of Rome was cast into it, and that if it remained open some catastrophe would befall the state. Curtius, fully armed, leaped on horseback into the gulf, which immediately closed over him. The spot was afterward covered by a marsh, called the Lacus Curtius.

756. Mark then, finally, that which I forgot: fear God; honor the king!

— Johann Reinhold Patkul (1660–1707),
Livonian political agitator.

WITH this cry of remorse Patkul ended the "Speech of a Death's Head" which he penned three days before he was tortured on the wheel and then beheaded, at Kasimir in Poland (Oct. 10, 1707), as a traitor to Charles XII of Sweden. It is one of the most singular of documents, this passionate avowal of guilt "justly rewarded" by " a divine vengeance." Patkul affirms: "*Many a man is blind with his seeing eyes, and deaf with his hearing ears.* My example can confirm this." He had been "warned in many places," yet he continued plotting with Augustus the Strong of Saxony and Poland and Peter the Great of Russia to wrest Livonia from the rule of Charles. The Swedish king got hold of Patkul by a breach of international law, but was unquestionably justified in executing him. . . . . It is curious to note that Patkul first saw light in a prison, the fortress of Stockholm, where his mother shared the captivity of his father, who was held under suspicion of treason.

757. Why do you laugh? Dom Pedro has dropped a vessel of water, but he never dropped his lance.

— John II,
King of Portugal.
(See 763.)

DOM John had far greater respect for his knights than for his nobles. He showed it emphatically one day at dinner, when he was being served by Dom Pedro de Melo, whose prowess was proverbial. Confused by the high-born company and conscious of his awkwardness as a waiter, Dom Pedro spilled a dish of water on some of the courtiers, who grumbled while others gave way to merriment. The king rebuked them smartly, at the same time paying a pretty compliment to the abashed knight.

758. ***A Roma ci siamo e ci resteremo!***
(At last we are in Rome and here we will stay!)

—Victor Emmanuel II (1820–1878),
King of Sardinia and first king of Italy.
(Compare 768.)

ON Feb. 18, 1861, Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed king of united Italy by a parliament of the states that were loyal to him, but not for ten years did he take his place in the Eternal City. All that time he was absorbed in the task of breaking the fetters of Austrian control which held his country. With the aid of Napoleon III he at last succeeded. On Sept. 20, 1870 the French troops were withdrawn from Rome. In June, 1871, the capital was transferred from Turin; and on July 2 the ruler made his impressive entry. . . . . As he reached the Quirinal, Victor Emmanuel's heart swelled with rejoicing, and in the fullness of his gratitude he uttered the memorable exclamation quoted here. The king had come safely home—to stay.

759. ***The first eighty years of a man's life are sure to be the happiest.***

— Bismarck.

BISMARCK uttered this well-known conceit when acknowledging congratulations on his eightieth birthday anniversary (April 1, 1895). The occasion brought many notable visitors to his house at Friedrichsruh near Hamburg, where the great statesman lived in retirement after his dismissal by William II in 1890. . . . . Bismarck's last eight years were certainly his unhappiest (he died in 1898). His reconciliation with William in 1893 could not remove from his memory the ingratitude of the emperor, and his detachment from the march of politics—the grand passion of his life—left his still active mind in irksome idleness.

760. ***Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it.***

— Socrates (c. 470–399 B. C.),
Greek philosopher.
(See 584, 769.)

CONDEMNED by the Athenians to drink the hemlock, on the charge of corrupting young men by teaching them to despise democracy, Socrates had calmly quaffed the fatal cup and lain down to await the end. The poison had already benumbed his feet and legs; shortly it would strike his heart. . . . . His friends stood around him, weeping: Plato, Apollodorus, Simmias, and others. He chided them gently for their laments. Then, as his body grew cold, he bade Crito, without fail, to offer a cock—the accepted sacrifice—to Aesculapius, the Greek god of medicine. He never spoke again, for he was seized with the convulsive shudder of death. . . . . "This was the end of our friend," writes Plato, "a man, as we may say, the best of all of his time that we have known, and moreover, the most wise and just."

761. ***Go to thy father, and tell him that sword-wounds are cured with iron and not with words.***

— Bertacca,
Tuscan noble.

IN a quarrelsome moment Lore of Pistoia, the youthful son of Gulielmo, pricked with his blade his companion Geri, son of Bertacca. He was sent by his honorable father to the house of Bertacca to ask pardon. Scorning the apology, Bertacca ordered his servants to chop off one of the youth's hands on a meat-block, and then sent him home, maimed and bleeding, with a brutal message. . . . . Thus began the feud between the Bianchi and Neri factions of the house of Cancellieri, which divided the whole city of Pistoia and caused many deaths and the destruction of much property (1300-1301). It is celebrated by Dante in his "Inferno."

762. Give the people issues, and you will not have to sell your souls for campaign funds.

— U. S. Senator William E. Borah.
(Compare 736.)

IN an address to the Idaho State Society at Washington (March 10, 1928) Borah extracted this moral from the allegations by senatorial investigators that the Republican National Committee had secretly accepted $260,000 from Henry F. Sinclair, oil magnate, to pay off the campaign deficit in 1923. (Sinclair was one of the defendants in the "oil lease scandals" of 1927-1928 which provided the nation with one of the greatest political sensations in many years.) Borah argued that the neglect of almost half of the voters to go to the polls in some elections was not due to indifference, but to the "sidestepping" by candidates of the most important questions of the day. He declared that the people "are baffled and discouraged because they cannot get issues squarely and fairly presented." He demanded the abolition of the political system which "permits men who have business with the government at Washington to buy their way to favor by vast contributions."

763. You have hands to serve me; have you no tongue to request a recompense?

— John (Joao), II, the Perfect (1455–1495),
King of Portugal.

ALWAYS alive to the accomplishments of his knights, Dom John took pleasure in bestowing favors upon those who modestly refrained from pressing their merits on his attention. To one of these followers, as silent as he was brave, the king made the above remark and then rewarded him.

764. ***Those glories come too late***
That on our ashes wait.

— Richard Lovelace (1618–1658),
English poet.

THESE oft-quoted lines were inscribed on the title-page of Lovelace's "Posthumous Poems," published a year after his death by his brother Dudley. They are a translation of Martial's 26th Epigram:

Cineri gloria sera venit.
(*Glory to our ashes comes too late.*)

. . . . Little fame fell to the lot of Lovelace while he lived, and his claim to remembrance consists only in a few songs and the romance of his mottled career. He fought for Charles I, was twice imprisoned in his cause, and exhausted a fortune for him, dying "very poor in body and purse." Some of his sentiments still ornament anthologies.

765. ***The comic muse with her retired***
And shed a tear when she expired.

— Horace Walpole.

WALPOLE, noted man of letters, numbered among his closest friends Kitty (Catherine) Clive, popular British comedy actress, who for twenty-two years was a member of David Garrick's company at the Drury Lane Theater. Some time before her retirement from the stage (1769) Walpole made her a present of a villa at Twickenham, adjoining his own estate of Strawberry Hill, on the Thames, and there she passed the last sixteen years of her life, and died (Dec. 6, 1785). Walpole honored her memory by placing an urn in his garden with an inscription containing the above-quoted lines. Mrs. Clive, who separated from her husband, George Clive, a barrister, soon after their marriage, was unblemished in her private character.

766. ***The wife of Caesar should be above suspicion.***

— JULIUS CAESAR.

[This is the common rendering; but Plutarch, in his "Life of Caesar" (Dryden translation), gives it thus: "I wished my wife to be not so much as suspected." There are two other forms: "I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion"; and "The wife of Caesar ought not only to be clear of such a crime, but of the very suspicion of it."]

PUBLIUS Clodius, Roman patrician, made love to Caesar's third wife, the charming Pompeia. To outwit Caesar's mother Aurelia, who kept close watch on her daughter-in-law, the young profligate in the disguise of a singing girl ventured into Caesar's house while the Roman women were celebrating the festival of Bona (goddess of the earth). If detected, he risked death, for it was a capital offense for a man to pollute these ceremonies with his presence. His voice betrayed him to a maid, and he was thrown into the street. News of the scandal quickly spread, and Caesar promptly divorced Pompeia. He asserted at the trial, however, that he knew nothing of her alleged attachment to Clodius. Why, then, he was asked, had he cast her off? Because Caesar's wife should be above suspicion, he replied.

Satisfied with having vindicated his honor, Caesar refused to sanction the prosecution of Clodius, probably because the culprit was a useful agent of his own policy. By direction of the senate, however, the reckless gallant was put on trial, but escaped conviction by bribing his judges—with money which, the historian Merivale suspects, he obtained through Caesar himself.

767. *J'Accuse.*
(*I Accuse.*)

— Emile Zola (1840–1902),
French novelist.
(See 285.)

POWERFUL fiction writer that he was, Zola never penned anything more effective than his "J'Accuse" letter which reopened the celebrated Dreyfus case and eventually brought about the correction of one of the grossest acts of injustice in history. . . . . Capt. Alfred Dreyfus, a French soldier of Jewish parentage, was condemned and publicly degraded (Jan. 4, 1895) on a charge of selling military secrets to Germany. For three years he had suffered in the prison-hell of Devil's Island (Ile du Diable) off the coast of French Guiana when Zola came to his rescue. Convinced that Dreyfus was the innocent victim of an outrageous conspiracy, the novelist wrote a letter to M. Fauré, the president of the French Republic, in withering denunciation of every one who had taken a hand in the plot, and challenged the government to prosecute him for libel. A sympathetic editor, Georges Clemenceau (afterward premier), published the communication in his paper "L'Aurore," and Zola was put on trial. This, as he had hoped, forced the whole Dreyfus scandal into the light. . . . . In June, 1899, Dreyfus was brought back to France for re-trial by court-martial. Though "pardoned" by President Loubet in the following September, it was not until the summer of 1906 that he was finally cleared entirely, restored to the army, and promoted to the rank of major.

768. ***But the Roman Empire remains in Rome!***

— Cola di Rienzi (c. 1313–1354),
Roman tribune.
(Compare 758.)

HOLDING his power solely by sufferance of the pope Clement VI after the cowardly flight of the nobles, Rienzi's dream of reviving the majesty and might of the Eternal City soon faded, but for a time he awed the people with his pomp and hauteur. In August, 1347, he summoned before him the two rivals for the temporal power of the kingdom, Ludwig of Bavaria and Charles of Bohemia (afterward Charles IV), and declared to them in proud words that the choice of an emperor belonged to the Roman people and that the Roman Empire remained at Rome. "And if not at Rome, where is it to be?" he asked. . . . . A few days later Rienzi was crowned with flowers. Four months afterward he was a fugitive, seeking refuge in a mountain monastery. Still the vision haunted him: Rome, sitting on her seven hills, once more Mistress of the World, and he, Cola di Rienzi, wearing the purple. . . . . He emerged from solitude, gathered some mercenary troops, re-entered the capital, and again became dictator. It was fleeting glory. In less than two months (October, 1354) the rabble were pelting stones at his mangled body, tied head down to a pillar at St. Mark's. . . . . But Rome was still the Empire.

769. In reality, then, Simmias, those who pursue philosophy rightly study to die; and to them of all men death is least formidable.

— SOCRATES.
(See 584, 760.)

DURING his final communion with his friends before he drank the hemlock Socrates in a dialogue with Simmias made clear that the prospect of death was pleasing to him. It meant freedom for his soul, which would go winging out from its prison of flesh like a bird released from the cage. He believed implicitly in an immortality of delights transcending anything that earthly existence could give. . . . . Since philosophers "hate the body and desire to keep the soul by itself," he said to Simmias, "would it not be irrational, if, when this comes to pass, they should be afraid and grieve, and not be glad to go to that place where * * * they may hope to obtain the wisdom which they longed for throughout life?" . . . . Thomas Starr King (1824-1864), eminent Unitarian divine, expressed this thought eloquently in his lecture on "Socrates":

> *He trusted still in the raft his soul had built and with a brave farewell to the few true friends who had stood by him on the shore he put out into the darkness, a moral Columbus, trusting in his haven on the faith of an idea.*

770. Were my own son such a wretch as thou, he should suffer the same fate!

— PHILIP II, the Prudent (1527–1598),
King of Spain and Portugal.

PHILIP was far from deserving of his nickname. He resorted to assassination to further his political aims and carried his attacks on civil and religious freedom to cruel lengths. His own words, cited above, convict him as a "bigoted tyrant." He made the remark while attending an *auto da fe* ("act of faith") in the city of Valladolid (1556). He was watching with vindictive satisfaction the arrival of the wretches condemned to the torture in this diabolical ceremony of the Inquisition, when an official of no mean rank made bold to inquire of him how he could view the torments of his own people so heartlessly. His answer betrayed his real character better than a whole volume could have done. . . . . The marvel is that Philip refrained from casting his questioner to the fire with the other victims.

771. As long as I live, every criminal shall suffer capital punishment.

— SIXTUS V, Felice Peretti (1521–1590),
Pope of Rome.
(See 911.)

CODDLING the wicked found no favor with Sixtus. On the day of his coronation (1585) he declared open war against the brigands, who swarmed over Italy so boldly that travelers were never secure from their attacks. He chased them even into Spanish territory, where heretofore they had been sure of refuge. He put a price on the heads of all their leaders, and held their kin responsible for their outrages. Thousands were captured and speedily put to death. The pope's severity so far succeeded that within two years the roads in all parts of his domain were safe.

772. Why should I have waited till this extremity? They were all forgiven the moment after the offense.

— CHARLES III,
King of Spain.

THE confessor of Charles bent over his death-bed (Dec. 14, 1788) and asked him if he could pardon his enemies. He assured the priest that he bore no animosities to the grave. . . . . Charles undoubtedly had uppermost in his mind the Jesuits of his kingdom, whose power he had eradicated while circumscribing the horrors of the Inquisition. Some of the English, too, had little love for him: he had joined France in sending assistance to the American Colonies in their war for independence. Many of his own subjects were still put out because he had taken away their flapping hats and trailing cloaks and made them don French dress. The Algerine pirates would never forget that he had interrupted their plundering. . . . . Yes, it was the fortune, or misfortune, of Charles to have enemies, even as all royalty; but he had erased them from his memory, and so died without a pang of regret on that score.

773. I am going to Spain to fight an army without a general, and thence to the East to fight a general without an army.

— JULIUS CAESAR.

SHORTLY before embarking upon the war which left him undisputed dictator of the Roman world, Caesar in these well-known words showed his contempt for his adversary Pompey (49 B.C.). In two swiftly executed campaigns he demonstrated his mastery. Marching into Spain, he subdued Pompey's lieutenants, Afranius and Petreius, in little more than a month and won that province without a battle. Then he turned eastward, and at Pharsalia in the plain of Thessaly overwhelmed Pompey himself, who fled to Egypt (48 B.C.).

774. It wants but one dish, and that a delicious one, the head of a tyrant.

— ANAXARCHUS.

THIS Greek philosopher accompanied Alexander the Great on his Asiatic campaigns and was freely admitted to his counsels. Once while the guest of the conqueror at dinner, he was asked whether the feast pleased him. In deploring the lack of a tyrant's head to grace an otherwise satisfactory meal Anaxarchus undoubtedly had in mind Nicocreon of Cyprus, against whom, for some reason or other, he was particularly bitter. . . . . After Alexander's death, Anaxarchus was cast upon his own resources. While he was sailing back to Thrace his boat was driven upon the Cyprian coast, and he fell into the the hands of Nicocreon, who had him pounded to death in a mortar. At least, such is the story of Cicero.

775. Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the field of air.

— ERASMUS DARWIN (1731–1802),
English scientist and poet.
(Compare 1096.)

THIS remarkable prophecy of the steamship, the railway train, and the airplane was made by the grandfather of Charles Darwin one hundred and thirty-seven years ago, in "The Botanic Garden," a long, stilted poem, more to be praised for its scientific enthusiasm than for its diction. Darwin wrote it, as a physician at Derby, while riding about among his patients, and it took him many years, being finally published in 1791.

776. My son is slain! But Christ still lives, Christ conquers!

— Frederick I, Barbarossa (c. 1123–1190),
Roman emperor.

TAKING the cross in the Third Crusade to recover Jerusalem from Saladin, Barbarossa brought his German army into Asia Minor. Led astray among the pathless mountains by a treacherous guide, he was ambushed by the sultan (May or June, 1190) in the narrow gorges. While he was fighting desperately the report was brought to him that his son Frederick, duke of Swabia, had been killed. Breaking into tears, the gallant old leader sat for a little while on a rock absorbed in his grief, while his soldiers sought to console him. Suddenly he rose with the slogan, "Christ conquers!" and led his men in an overwhelming assault. Ten thousand of the Moslems were slain, and the way to Iconium was opened to the Christians. . . . . Young Frederick, so far from being dead, had cut his way through to Iconium ahead of his father, put the inhabitants to the sword, and was enjoying his booty when Barbarossa arrived. They were reunited amidst great rejoicing.

777. Un roi n'est utile que par sa mort.
(A king is of use only by his death.)

— Pierre Paganel (1745–1826),
French Revolutionist and author.

WHEN the fate of Louis XVI was being decided in the Convention, Paganel cast his vote for execution, stating his reason in a sentence which left no doubt of his enmity for all crowned heads. On the return of Napoleon, Paganel was banished as a regicide and took refuge first in Liege, then in Brussels, where he died.

778. ***If for my silence on the subject of state secrets thou wilt put me to death, abandon all hope of knowing those things that duty to my country and constancy of purpose, even did I know them, would prevent my revealing. * * * for even if I were informed I would not tell thee.***

— TOMMASO FRESCOBALDI,
Florentine commissary.
(Compare 822.)

TAKEN prisoner during the fruitless attack by the Florentines on Genoa (1427), Frescobaldi was brought before the cruel governor Obizzino, who offered to release him, with a reward, if he would divulge the names of those Genoans who were secretly in league with the government of Florence. Though suffering from the wounds of battle and facing death by torture if he refused to comply, the heroic prisoner remained true to his country. History has given Frescobaldi an inconspicuous place, but his dauntless reply to Obizzino remains a noble incentive to his descendants. He met his fate with silent fortitude.

779. ***Yes, if I had kings for my antagonists.***

— ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

STRICTLY trained in athletics, the boy Alexander was so fleet of foot that he became noted for it even outside his father's court. One day some of the people asked him if he would not run in the Olympic races. His haughty reply indicated that even then he was ambitious only for the loftiest honors. Although the Olympic laurel might tempt other youth, it was not sufficient to fire his aspirations unless he could match his stride with that of a royal rival.

780. ***You taught me how man can make himself immortal, and it is right that while I live my tongue should declare the gratitude which I feel.***

— DANTE, Dante Alighieri, (1265–1321),
Italian poet.

DANTE was fortunate in his youth that he could profit by the instruction of Brunetto Latini (about 1210-1294), the philosopher-scholar, who was master of rhetoric. He regarded this teacher with the deepest affection, as the above utterance shows, and embalmed him in the "Inferno" as his friend and counsellor. The "Divina Commedia" (Divine Comedy) is largely a monument to Latini, who polished the diction of Dante so that he became the greatest of Italian poets. Latini was an able orator as well as a cultivated writer. Like Dante, he was a native of Florence, and he schooled the Florentines in a Tuscan dialect which attained the dignity and importance of the Latin.

781. ***I mix them with my brains, sir.***

— JOHN OPIE (1761–1807),
English painter.
(See 797.)

OPIE gave this answer to a visitor who inquired by what remarkable process he mixed his colors to render them so fresh and vigorous. His love of his art made him indifferent to popular favor, and he devoted his brush to historical or scriptural subjects on a lofty scale, like the "Murder of Rizzio" (1787), which opened the door of the Academy to him. . . . . Opie's rival, James Northcote, once said:

' *Other artists paint to live; Opie lives to paint.*

782. ***Ne feriare feri.***
(Strike, lest you be stricken.)

— ELIZABETH,
Queen of England.
(See 215.)

FOR more than three months Elizabeth had before her the death-warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots, who had been tried and condemned in October, 1586. At last she held completely in her power the life of the sister sovereign whom she regarded as the greatest obstacle to her peace of mind. Still, day after day, she hesitated to sign the order of execution. And she frequently betrayed her feelings by muttering, clearly enough for those about her to hear: "Ne feriare"; or sometimes, "Aut fer aut feri" (Bear or strike). . . . . It was not pity that held Elizabeth back. She was eager to get Mary out of her way, but she dreaded to have the blood on her own hands. She suggested bluntly to Paulet and Drury, the keepers at Fotheringay, that they could make her position more comfortable by finding some method of "shortening the life" of their prisoner. But Paulet, though hating Mary because she was a Catholic, was made of honest stuff, and boldly refused to outrage his conscience. Drury, to his honor, subscribed to the same sentiment. . . . . So, at last, Elizabeth took up the quill (Feb. 1, 1587) and wrote her royal signature on the document which sent Mary to the scaffold seven days later. In those last days it was the Queen of Scots who displayed the loftier character.

783. ***The war which I made upon you was wrong, and I want to avail myself of this last opportunity to beg your forgiveness. That done, I die resigned.***

—William Walker (1824–1860),
American soldier of fortune.

WALKER—doctor, lawyer, newspaper editor, and fighting man—dreamed of ruling a Central American empire. With his "American phalanx" of fifty-seven Californians and one hundred and fifty native auxiliaries he conquered Nicaragua by a short and brilliant campaign (1855), and for two years was dictator. Then he antagonized American capitalists, who under cover of a subsidized insurrection forced his surrender to an American naval officer (May 1, 1857). He was brought to the United States a prisoner, but soon invaded Nicaragua again, and a second time gave himself up to the commander of an American warship. On June 16, 1860, he led a filibustering expedition into Honduras, but speedily ran into misfortune and surrendered to Captain Salmon of the British ship Icarus. Salmon offered to intercede for him if he would make an appeal "as an American citizen." Walker, still obsessed by the hope of imperial power, replied:

The president of Nicaragua is a citizen of Nicaragua.

. . . . He was turned over to the Hondurans, and one morning at sunrise (Sept. 12, 1860) courageously faced a firing platoon on the beach at Truxillo, while a Spanish priest stood by with the crucifix. His last words were a plea to his executioners for forgiveness.

784. ***Strangulatus pro republica.***
(Tortured for the republic.)

— JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.
(See 437.)

AS he lay slowly dying in the White House from the bullet of an assassin, President Garfield asked for paper and wrote these words after his name (July 17, 1881). He never again spoke or used a pen, though he lingered until Sept. 19, when he died at Elberon, N. J., near Long Branch (having been removed there on Sept. 6). . . . . Garfield was shot by Charles Jules Guiteau in the station of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad at Washington, on July 2, as he was about to take a train for Williams College at Williamstown, Mass., where he had graduated in 1856. Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker, was hanged in the jail at Washington (June 30, 1882) after a long trial, at which insanity was offered as his defense.

785. ***The world rests upon three things: doctrine, the service of God, and benevolence.***

— SIMON II, the Just,
Jewish high priest (c. 200 B. C.).

SIMON, the son of Onias II, lived up to his motto most worthily, aspiring to the highest spiritual things. He newly adorned the temple, rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem, and filled his office with such integrity that he is glorified in the Jewish legends as one of the last of the Great Assembly.

786. ***There are two kinds of fidelity—that of dogs and that of cats; and you, gentlemen, have the fidelity of cats, who never leave the house.***

—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

AMONG those who waited at the Tuileries for Napoleon upon his triumphant return from Elba, eager to assure him of their loyalty, were the count de Segur and others of his kind. They had acquiesced quietly enough in his forced abdication, but were anxious to get back into his favor now that he was again in power. De Segur had actually voted for the deposition of the emperor and then entered the Chamber of Peers of Louis XVIII. Napoleon gave scornful recognition to this group of trimmers, likening them to house cats that are content to lie upon the rug but never show any aggressiveness in behalf of their master.

787. ***My father will go on conquering, till there be nothing extraordinary for you and me to do.***

—ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

(See 560.)

AS a youth Alexander regarded the exploits of his father jealously. When all others rejoiced at the news of some fresh triumph by the king the young prince could see in it only reason for lamenting to his companions that many of the glories which he aspired to win were being monopolized by Philip, and that the world stage where he proposed to play his part was becoming narrower.

788. ***O for an hour of Dundee!***

—Alexander, 2d Duke of Gordon (c. 1678–1728),
"Gordon of Glenbucket," Scottish soldier.
(See 290.)

IN the battle of Sheriffmuir in Perthshire (Nov. 13, 1715), the Scottish rebels were twelve thousand strong, outnumbering three to one the Royalist forces under the duke of Argyll, Archibald Campbell. Still they were unable to gain a decisive victory, and at the end their commander, John Erskine, earl of Mar, drew his army off the field. In the thick of action Gordon cried out in lament because the fierce fighter John Graham of Claverhouse, viscount Dundee, was not there to compensate with his redoubtable courage for Mar's lack of aggressive leadership. But the "terrible Dundee" had long since passed beyond the sounds of earthly warfare. He was killed at the Pass of Killiecrankie (1689), fighting desperately for James II, the Pretender. . . . . Gordon of Glenbucket surrendered Gordon Castle the year following Sheriffmuir and made his peace with George I.

789. ***The printer is a faithful servant. * * * Without him tyrants and humbugs in all countries would have everything their own way.***

— Charles Dickens.
(See 602.)

DICKENS praised the compositor as "the friend of liberty, of freedom, of law," in the speech with which he accepted, for the second time, the chairmanship of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation in London (1864). The record was discovered in the corporation archives early in 1928, and forms an interesting addition to the literary relics connected with the name of the famous novelist.

790. ***This youngster will cause us all to be forgotten.***

— Johann Adolph Hasse (1699–1783),
German musical composer.

HISTORY provides not a few instances where some keen observer has remarked the budding genius in another and prophesied its realization in great things which actually came to pass. Hasse, who was himself deservedly popular during his lifetime, thus anticipated the accomplishments of Wolfgang Mozart. . . . . It was at the wedding of the archduke Ferdinand with the princess Carolina of Austria, at Milan (Oct. 21, 1771). For this festivity young Mozart (he was less than fifteen) had been commissioned to compose a grand dramatic serenata, while Hasse, to grace the same occasion, had written his opera "Ruggiero" (his last production for the stage). Mozart's work, "Ascanio in Alba," triumphed over the other, and Hasse generously lauded his remarkable boy rival in a prophecy which holds its place among the well-known quotations of musical literature.

791. ***Die hard, Fifty-seventh! Die hard!***

— Sir William Inglis (1764–1835),
British soldier.

INGLIS inspired his regiment with this cry at the battle of Albuera in Spain, where the British, Portuguese and Spaniards under Marshal Beresford won a victory over the French army of Marshal Soult (May 16, 1811). His soldiers made a magnificent response. Scorning the deadly fire that blazed at them, they repulsed all attacks and clung to their position, a vital one to Beresford. In this historic stand the 57th lost half of its strength of 579 men. Inglis himself was wounded, but recovered and further distinguished himself in the Peninsular War.

792. You may fire when you are ready, Gridley.

— GEORGE DEWEY (1837–1917),
American admiral.

WHEN Dewey calmly gave this command to his flag-captain on the cruiser Olympia at 5:41 A.M., May 1, 1898, in Manila Bay, he marked the doom of Spanish supremacy in the Philippines and made his country a power in the Orient. Before noon all of Montojo's ships were run aground, sunk, or blown up; the city of Manila and the whole Archipelago was at Dewey's mercy, and he had scored the first American victory in the war. Not a man of his fleet was killed in the battle and only seven were wounded, so precise and deadly was the fire of his gunners and so wretched the aim of the Spaniards. Dewey had come down from Hong Kong with orders to capture or destroy the squadron of the enemy. During the night he steamed straight in through the Boca Grande, with no fear of torpedoes in that wide channel. (The report that before leaving Hong Kong he cut the cable so that no blundering office-strategist at Washington might confuse his plans has been disputed.) . . . . Capt. Charles Vernon Gridley (1844-1898), who fought the Olympia from the conning tower that sensational day, with Dewey on the bridge, well knew that the excitement of the encounter would hasten his own end. His health was already precarious, and an injury which he received during the action completed his physical collapse. While being invalided home to the United States he was forced to stop off at Kobe, Japan. Shortly before he died there (June 5) he said:

> *Going to Manila killed me, but I would do it again if necessary.*

793. ***War is not at all such a difficult art as people think. * * * In reality it would seem that he is vanquished who is afraid of his adversary and that the whole secret lies in that.***

— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(See 746.)

NAPOLEON thus gave his theory of war to Alexander I, of Russia, while they were settling the preliminaries of the Peace of Tilsit (July, 1807). Alexander never forgot that colloquy. He referred to it in a conversation with Mme. Sturdza (wife of the Russian diplomat and publicist Alexander Sturdza) shortly before he left St. Petersburg for Vilna, after his armies had inflicted another shattering blow on the retreating French (Nov. 28, 1812). "That extraordinary man at Tilsit" was now being driven out of Russia. In the memorable conference on a raft moored in the river Memel at Tilsit, five years previously, he had offered, in the excess of his imagination, to divide with Alexander "the empire of the world." Alexander told Mme. Sturdza: "I listened with the deepest attention to all that he was pleased to communicate to me on the subject, firmly resolving to profit by it when the occasion presented itself." . . . . The occasion came, in 1812. The Russian emperor, living up to Napoleon's theory, proved that he was not "afraid of his adversary" by hurling him back across the Niemen and later carrying the war triumphantly to Paris.

794. ***His name is treason.***

— Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford (1676–1745),
English statesman.
(Compare 249.)

A MORE violent indictment, in a few words, than Walpole flung at the duke of Newcastle, Thomas Pelham Holles, it would be difficult to find in literature, but, fierce as it sounds, it was in reality nothing more serious than the pot calling the kettle black. Newcastle, who was secretary of state from 1724 to 1754, and subsequently premier for two short terms, played fast and loose with his promises and was an adept in jockeying for votes in the Commons; but Walpole's political integrity was even less to boast about. Once he was expelled from the House and put in the Tower (January, 1712) for " a high breach of trust and notorious corruption" (which his followers naturally charged to party animosity). Again, following his resignation as premier at the very close of his career, charges of bribery were brought against him, although the proceedings were ultimately dropped. Newcastle was ignorant, inefficient, and by no means above suspicion—but he at least was never locked up or investigated.

795. ***In order to do great things, one must be enthusiastic.***

— Count of Saint-Simon,
Claude Henri de Rouvroy (1760–1825),
Founder of French Socialism.
(See 593, 722.)

SAINT-SIMON philosophized in this wise on his deathbed in Paris (May 19, 1825). Though disappointed of celebrity during his life-time, he never lost his enthusiasm for his principles. When stricken with his last illness he was busy on the "Nouveau Christiasisme" (New Christianity), which, even in its unfinished state, remains the most important of all his treatises.

796. ***Clubs, not spades, are trumps.***

— Sir John Lawrence (1811–1879),
Viceroy and governor-general of India.

LAWRENCE sent this unusual telegram to the commander-in-chief in India, Gen. George Anson, at the outbreak of the Great Mutiny (May, 1857). It is not so cryptic as it appears. Instead of waiting on the defensive, and "digging in," Lawrence, who was then chief commissioner of the Punjab, meant to strike: to "hurl the Sikh at the Hindu." . . . . Anson died of cholera (May 27) before he could put the order into operation; but his successor, Sir Henry Barnard, marched to the attack on Delhi, the center of the rebellion. As Lawrence had foreseen, the capture of that city (Sept. 20) prevented the mutiny from spreading into the Punjab from Bengal. . . . . After the outbreak had been quelled, Lawrence was hailed in England as "the saviour of India," made a baronet, and granted a life pension. From 1864 to 1869 he was the chief administrative officer of India as the successor to Lord Elgin.

797. ***Northcote, you are an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel.***

— Henry Fuseli (1741–1825),
English painter.
(See 781.)

THIS was the rough verdict of Fuseli on the "Angel opposing Balaam," the work of James Northcote, an English painter whose excursions into the higher departments of art often fell short of their goal, though his animal sketches were meritorious. . . . . Fuseli spoiled many of his own canvases with over-drawn figures and awkward proportions, but his criticisms of his contemporaries were always sound. His exaggerations in his pictures sometimes produced ludicrous effects. He used to say:

"Damn nature! she puts me out."

798. ***Henceforth (as St. Remi said to Clovis) we must burn what we have worshiped, and worship what we have burned.***

— GILLES MENAGE (1613–1692),
French scholar and critic.
(See 84.)

MENAGE and his poet-friend Jean Chapelain were coming out of the plain little hall in the Petit Bourbon, Paris (near the present rue de Louvre), where Jean Baptiste Molière and his company of strolling players had set up their fortunes a year before by permission of Louis XIV, as the "Troupe de Monsieur." It was the night of Nov. 18, 1659, a memorable date for the national drama; for it marked the opening presentation of Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules"—the first real comic satire of contemporary foibles ever offered on the French stage. In his enthusiasm over the performance Menage declared to his companion that now they must destroy their old dramatic idols. And indeed Molière was destined to knock over more than one theatrical tradition in his march to the head of comic playwrights. . . . . On Christmas Day, 496 A.D., the warlike Frankish king Clovis, who had been converted to Christianity by the persuasions of his noble wife Clotilda, was baptized with three thousand of his soldiers at Rheims. The Bishop St. Remigius (Remy or Remi) adjured him to cleave to the cross and abandon idols, in the epigrammatic words:

> *Adore henceforward what thou hast hitherto burned, and burn that which thou hast adored.*

799. Westminster Abbey, or Victory!

— Lord Horatio Nelson.

NELSON first revealed his great genius as a naval leader in the battle of Cape St. Vincent (Feb. 14, 1797), when he almost snatched the honors of victory from Sir John Jervis, rear-admiral in command of the British fleet. . . . . With fifteen sail Jervis had boldly engaged twenty-seven Spanish ships of the line, which were in two widely-separated divisions. Those to windward would have stood a chance of escaping but for Nelson's energetic action. Independent of orders from the flagship, he swept to the west with his ship the Captain and threw her squarely across the bows of the Spaniards. Jervis, as generous in acknowledging a subordinate's merits as he was himself able and fearless, promptly followed Nelson's maneuver with the rest of his squadron. The vessels of Don José de Cordoba were herded into a confused huddle and decisively beaten. . . . . Nelson closed with the San Josef, and in giving orders for boarding her exclaimed: "Westminster Abbey, or victory!" On her deck he received the swords of the Spanish officers. . . . . For his share in the triumph Nelson was rewarded with the knighthood of the Bath, while Jervis was made earl of St. Vincent and given a pension.

800. ***Fix bayonets and set yourselves!***

— Maj. Charles White Whittlesey.

(See 37.)

ON the fifth day of the gallant stand of the "Lost Battalion" in the Argonne Forest (Oct. 7, 1918), a private of H company who had fallen into the hands of the enemy arrived with a message from German headquarters suggesting that the Americans fly a white flag in compliance with the accompanying terms of surrender. According to popular credence, Whittlesey answered, "Go to hell!" The dramatic worth of the incident is not impaired by the true facts. . . . . Whittlesey's immediate reply was neither verbal nor written, but fully as effective. He ordered the two white airplane panels to be withdrawn out of sight. Then he crisply directed his men to set themselves for the charge which he expected. In half an hour it came, but the Yankees, exhausted as they were, fought back with rifle fire, and a few hours later relief arrived.

801. ***Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer. There is Jackson standing like a stonewall. Rally behind the Virginians!***

— Gen. Bernard Elliott Bee (1823–1861)

American soldier.

THE Confederate general Thomas Jonathan Jackson received his historic sobriquet "Stonewall" from the rallying-cry of Bee at the first battle of Bull Run (Manassas), on July 21, 1861. . . . . Bee's brigade broke under the Federal charge and was threatened with complete rout, when Jackson hurried to the rescue with five Virginia regiments and offered resolute resistance. Bee made a dramatic appeal to his soldiers, pointing to Jackson, "standing like a stonewall." Taking up the refrain, they reformed. Bee, under the flag of the 4th Alabama, was leading this fresh rally when he fell mortally wounded.

802. ** * * Is man an ape or an angel? I, my lord, I am on the side of the angels * * * .*

— Lord Beaconsfield.

WHEN Disraeli thus asserted himself on Evolution, in a speech to the Oxford Diocesan Society (Nov. 25, 1864), discussion of Darwin's theory was still lively, though five years had elapsed since the appearance of the "Origin of Species" (1859). The startling idea that mankind descended from monkeys had gained rapidly in favor, but Disraeli left no doubt with his audience that he, for one, had not been converted to the proposition that his forefathers swung from tree to tree by their tails. "I repudiate with indignation and abhorrence," he said, "these new fangled theories." . . . . Pope's line comes to mind:

Apes are apes though clothed in scarlet.

803. *But how many ships do you reckon my presence to be worth?*

—Antigonus Gonatas (c. 319–239 B. C.), King of Macedon.

ANTIGONUS was at war with his mortal enemy, the Egyptian king Ptolemy II Philadelphus (between 258 and 256), for control of the Aegean Sea. The rival fleets met off Cos, an island at the mouth of the Gulf of Halicarnassus that was used as an outpost by Ptolemy. As the Egyptian ships approached, Antigonus was warned by his pilot that the Macedonian flotilla was greatly inferior, and was urged to avoid an engagement. The response of Antigonus has the sound of lofty conceit at this remote day, but it seems to have been justified. By his skillful maneuvering he inflicted a stinging defeat upon Ptolemy's admiral (probably Patroclus) and drove him home.

804. ***If the world was emptied of all but John Lilburne, Lilburne would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne.***

[This humorous comment on John Lilburne (1614-1657) has given him the only title to fame which he possesses. It has been variously attributed to Henry Marten, English regicide, and Sir Leoline Jenkins, English judge (1623-1685), with the probabilities favoring the latter.]

AS a political agitator, Lilburne kept the authorities busy arresting him. He was contentious from a boy, and probably lost many a customer for the London clothier to whom he was apprenticed. At the age of twenty-four, or thereabouts, having incurred the ire of the bishops by some publications that he circulated, he was whipped for the entertainment of the crowd all the way from the Fleet prison to Palace Yard, Westminster, and there made to stand for two hours in the pillory. Then he was kept in jail till he had paid a fine of five hundred pounds. On being released he was as pugnacious as ever. For an outburst in Westminster Hall he was committed to Newgate. Shortly afterward he found himself in the Tower for accusations against Cromwell. Two years later he was back there for attacking the government in a pamphlet. In 1652, an offensive petition brought him a fine of seven thousand pounds, and banishment. Though under pain of death if he returned, he came back, was promptly seized, and while awaiting trial (in which he was acquitted) he was locked up successively in his familiar haunt the Tower, in Jersey, Guernsey, and finally in Dover Castle. There, under Quaker influences, he concluded that there was no profit in "fleshly bustlings," and being freed (1655), settled down at Eltham in Kent as a sober preacher. For all his combativeness, Lilburne was very popular with the Londoners in general—but not with the sheriffs and the bailiffs.

805. ***Je vous vengerai.***
(I will avenge you.)

— NAPOLEON III (1808–1873),
Emperor of the French.
(See 1045.)

A GOSSIPY tongue put a Spanish girl in the palace of Napoleon III as the Empress Eugénie. . . . . The Tuileries was gay with a New Year eve ball (Dec. 31, 1852). Beautiful women dazzled the eye, but none outshone the fascinating Marie Eugénie Montijo, countess of Teja. Ever since Louis Napoleon, as prince president of the Republic, first met her at the fetes d'Elysée he had regarded her with growing interest. He had invited her with her mother to Fontainebleau, and was further captivated by her grace and expertness as a horsewoman in the hunt. Then he was proclaimed emperor (Dec. 2, 1852), and celebrated the event with a series of festivals at Compeigne, where his infatuation burned higher. . . . . Now, at the height of the ball, Mlle. Montijo was whispering in Napoleon's ear; her cheeks flamed with color. She had been insulted by the remark of the wife of a public official —for no reason! Her excitement rendered her more beautiful than ever, the emperor thought. He felt no wonder that the women of his court were envious of her. . . . . *"Je vous vengerai,"* he murmured. She smiled—her irritation vanished. Did she suspect his real intentions? . . . . Three weeks later (Jan. 22), sitting on his throne, Napoleon announced that he was to wed—Mlle. Montijo. He stilled the murmurs of "*mésalliance!*" with these words (and they fell true):

> *Endowed with all the qualities of the soul, she will be the ornament of the throne, and in the day of danger she will become one of its courageous supports.*

With all pomp the ceremony was performed at Notre Dame (Jan. 30). . . . . The slur of a jealous court belle gave to France a queen whose fidelity was one of her brightest virtues.

806. ***Being so clear in the thing, I durst not turn my back nor step a foot out of the way by reason I had been engaged in the service of so glorious and great a God.***

—THOMAS HARRISON (1606–1660),
English parliamentarian.

WITH this declaration Harrison, one of the judges who condemned Charles I, rejected the entreaties of friends that he take steps to save himself when he was excepted from the Act of Indemnity at the Restoration. There were two courses of escape open to him: he could flee, or give his pledge not to enter into any plot against the government. (He had already suffered two periods of imprisonment on suspicion of conspiracy.) He stood his ground, and was arrested. At his trial (Oct. 11, 1660) he defended himself with these words:

> *May be I might be a little mistaken, but I did it all according to the best of my understanding, desiring to make the revealed will of God in His holy Scriptures a guide to me.*

Unfalteringly he went to his execution at Charing Cross two days later. . . . . Harrison was a colonel in the Parliamentary army during the English Civil War, and his emotional religion made him a brave fighter.

807. ***What will the whole world say, when it learns that you left me alone? * * * I have fought, I have repulsed millions of people.***

— RAMESES II, the Great,
King of Egypt, about 1340 B. C.

BITTERLY did Rameses reproach his generals after the battle of Kadesh on the Orontes in Syria, fought in the fifth year of his reign. They had abandoned him in the midst of his foes, and his charioteers and archers had followed their cowardly example. Only the officers of his horse, Menna his shield-bearer, and his glorious steeds "Victory to Thebes" and "Mut is satisfied" remained with him. . . . . Calling loudly upon the great Amen, the king became possessed of superhuman strength and valor. Though surrounded by twenty-five hundred Hittite chariots, carrying seventy-five hundred warriors, he held them at bay till near nightfall. Then his troops, shamed by the courage of their king, came to his support and gave him the victory. . . . . This exploit of Rameses inspired one of the most celebrated epics in the literature of ancient Egypt—the "Poem of Pentaur," the author of which is unknown. Pentaur was the name of the transcriber of the copy now in the British Museum.

808. ***I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice.***

— Sir John Moore (1761–1809),
British general.

MOORE commanded the British army that aided the Spaniards in their repulsion of the invasion of Napoleon. He was killed at Corunna (Jan. 16, 1809) in a gallant stand against Marshal Soult. Struck by a cannon-shot while urging on the 42d regiment, he was borne by his soldiers into the citadel. He expressed the hope of receiving justice from his country and died a few minutes later, in the moment of victory. By his own wish he was buried in the ramparts, before dawn on the 17th, wrapped in his military cloak and with his sword still buckled about him, while the officers of his staff stood mournfully beside the grave. . . . . One day in 1816, a student at Trinity College in Dublin sat down in the rooms of a schoolfellow, Samuel O'Sullivan, and in a moment of inspiration wrote, as a testimonial to this brave general, a poem which became one of the most generally known in the English language.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried * * *

begins "The Burial of Sir John Moore," by Charles Wolfe (1791-1823), Irish poet and curate. It was first published in the *Newry Telegraph.*

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Thus it ends; but the generous Soult had a monument raised to his adversary and composed the inscription himself; while Moore's own nation honored him with a memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral, and a bronze statue of him stands in George Square in his native city of Glasgow.

809. ***Here, veterans, if you think it right—strike!***

— Marcus Tullius Cicero.

(Compare 634.)

OVERTAKEN by the agents of Marcus Antony's vengeance, the orator-politician Cicero showed a heroism in that last hour for which he had not always been conspicuous. Without complaint he offered himself to the blades of the soldiers and calmly bade them strike. . . . . Though not openly avowing his support of the conspiracy against Julius Caesar, Cicero was known to be in sympathy with Brutus and the other assassins, and after the tragedy of the Ides of March he attacked Antony in his famous Philippics, thus incurring a fatal enmity. Once in a position of power, Antony hunted him down relentlessly. Cicero put to sea in an attempt to take refuge with Brutus and his legions in Macedonia, but was forced back by unfavorable winds (or, as Liddell represents, he was led to return by an irresistible sentiment for his native country). Again he sought his villa near Formiae. His loyal slaves besought him to escape, but he refused to move, saying:

Let me die in my fatherland, which I have often saved.

Perhaps he felt that his age and infirmities rendered it impossible for him to evade his foes. Despite his protests, his attendants put him on a litter and started with him for the coast, intending to embark at Caieta. . . . . Antony's troopers were hard on his track. Scarcely had he quitted the villa when they caught up with him. His escort would have fought for him gladly, but he forbade any resistance and commanded them to set the litter down in the road. Thrusting his head from between the curtains, he bared his neck for the blow and was promptly despatched (Dec. 7, 43 B.C.). His head was carried to Rome and nailed to the rostra, but not before the vindictive Fulvia, wife of Antony and formerly the widow of Clodius, had pierced with her long hairpin the tongue which, so eloquent in life, had denounced the evils of both her husbands.

810. ***A man that seeks truth and loves it must be reckoned precious to any human society.***

— Frederick the Great.

WITH this wise sentiment Frederick, within a week after he had succeeded to the throne of Germany (May, 1740), instructed Reinbeck, head of the Consistorium at Berlin, to negotiate for the return of the philosopher Christian Wolff, whom his father Frederick William I had banished for teaching "fatalistic doctrines." Wolff, to escape the halter that threatened him, had taken refuge in Marburg, and had since remained there. . . . . The re-appearance of the thrifty old professor in Halle (Dec. 6, 1740) was marked by a procession of triumph. He resumed his chair in the faculty of the university and, in 1743, became chancellor. . . . . Frederick the Great, unlike his intolerant sire, believed that Wolff was a searcher for the truth—and the truth was something that Frederick did not fear.

811. ***I am too much of a skeptic to deny the possibility of anything.***

— Thomas Henry Huxley (1825–1895),
English biologist.
(Compare 616.)

THIS extract from one of the famous Huxley's letters sums up his outlook on the past, the present, and the future. It is reinforced by a striking sentence in his "Essays":

Doubt is a beneficent demon.

While Huxley vigorously supported Evolution in the main, he gave Charles Darwin to understand that his mind would be kept open for any new light, even though it might cause him to alter his attitude toward the theory. He wrote:

I will stop at no point as long as clear reasoning will carry me further.

812. ***I would not have one man more. * * * These folk place their confidence in their multitude, and I in Him who so often gave victory to Judas Maccabaeus.***

— Henry V (1387–1422),
King of England.
(See 1135.)

ON the day before the battle of Agincourt the army of Henry came within sight of the great French array of fighting men, probably 50,000—thrice the number of the English (Oct. 25, 1415). As the king and his officers studied this formidable host, with its countless banners, and listened to the din of its preparation for conflict, Sir Walter Hungerford, though a soldier of undoubted gallantry, remarked that the enemy "had a bold front indeed," and that 10,000 more good English archers would not come amiss there. "Now in our Lord's name, I would not have one man more," responded Henry, adding that he confidently entrusted the issue to the Almighty. . . . . As it proved, his faith in the Lord and in his bowmen was more than justified. The bodies of 10,000 French covered the field.

813. ***Death to gentlemen!***

NEVER was a slogan of war more strictly followed than this cry raised by the Jacquerie (French peasants) when they rushed to the attack on the nobles, whose oppressions invited a terrible revenge (1358). Led by Guillaume Karl (Callet), thousands of the abused *villeins* for weeks ravaged the country from the environs of Paris to the Marne and the Oise. They plundered and destroyed hundreds of chateaux, and slew the lords with their wives and children. The insurrection was quelled by Charles the Bad, king of Navarre, at the battle of Mello (June 10). Then the nobles banded together and massacred the disorganized Jacques.

814. ***Bravo! I know you, my Silesians!***

— Gebhard Leberecht von Blucher (1742–1819),
Prussian general field-marshal.
(See 512.)

ABANDONED to defeat at Ligny by Wellington, whose promised reinforcements never came, the stout-hearted old Blücher two days later at Waterloo kept his word to the duke and magnificently plugged the breach in the sorely-stricken army of the English. Wellington had asked for two of his corps; Blücher delivered all of them to a man. . . . . Tramping over rain-soaked roads from Wavre came the Prussian marshal and his veterans—to ruin Napoleon. They were out of rations, and hungry. The blow of Ligny was still heavy upon them. Wearily they plodded along, sometimes falling in the mud. Their guns stuck, and had to be tugged free. Blücher rode up and down the lines and exhorted them:

I have promised! Do not cause me to break my word!

. . . . When afternoon shaded into evening a third army smashed into the inferno raging around Wellington. "I know you, my Silesians! To-day we shall see the backs of these French rascals!" shouted Blücher, as he led the decisive charge on the foe. And after Waterloo was over, all night long his dragoons were at the heels of the fleeing French, chasing them furiously in the moonlight. . . . . Wellington must have thought remorsefully of Ligny when he clasped the hand of the faithful Blücher at the farm of La Belle Alliance.

815. ***My child, you will soon be the king of a great realm. * * * Try to preserve peace with your neighbors. I have been too fond of war. Lighten the burdens of your people as soon as you can, and do that which I have had the misfortune not to do myself.***

— Louis XIV,
King of France.
(See 510.)

ON Aug. 26, 1715, a week before he died, Louis called for his eldest great-grandson, the little duke of Anjou, the only one of his line left to take his place on the throne of France. Wonderingly the boy of five came to the bedside. Drawing him close and holding him by the hand, the king tenderly addressed him. . . . . With the sceptre this innocent, fair-faced child would inherit perplexity and temptation. Some words of wisdom for him were not amiss at this time. So the ruler who was so soon to cast off the cares of state forever preached a brief sermon which reflected all the affection and solicitude in his heart. "Never forget your obligations towards God," was one of his admonitions. "Remember that you owe Him all that you are." And the little lad understood. At the end, tearfully but bravely, he took the king's last caress and went softly from the room—much older for the sober words to which he had listened. . . . . But eight years were to intervene before the duke of Anjou became Louis XV by full title, and meanwhile that valuable deathbed advice had vanished from his mind, leaving no trace. He plunged his country into decadence. He disappointed all the hopes of his people, ignored his God, and indifferently left affairs of government to selfish ministers. His court was a cesspool of vice, an infamous harem. When he died (May 10, 1744), victim of his own corruption and immorality, the fear of hell was in his soul. "A heavy weight was lifted from the heart of France."

816. ***I awoke one morning and found myself famous.***

— Lord Byron.

BRIEF as it is, this entry in Lord Byron's "Memoranda" tells how there came to him a sudden celebrity such as seldom has been matched in literature. . . . . One night (as on many before) Byron went to bed in his ancestral home, Newstead Abbey, known only as a somewhat eccentric and loose-living young man of poetical tendencies. (Three years previously his satire "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" had brought him not a little notice, but nothing had appeared since from his pen.) When another day had dawned the "mere poet" was hailed as a genius. . . . . The first two cantos of "Childe Harold" had thus swiftly raised Byron, at the age of twenty-four, to the ranks of great authors. Murray of Fleet Street produced the poem on March 10, 1812. The society of London, which had neglected the young lord and his manor, suddenly found it very desirable to foster his companionship. Statesmen and philosophers hastened to tender him their praise. In nine months five editions of the work were issued. Byron thenceforth wrote rapidly and added to his fame.

817. ***O Virtue! I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade!***

— Marcus Junius Brutus (85?–42 B. C.),
Roman politician and scholar.
(See 856.)

WITH all his book-lore—for he was more a student than soldier or patriot—Marcus Junius Brutus could think of nothing better than his lament from Euripides for his last words as he threw himself on his sword after his defeat by Antony at Philippi (42 B.C.). He had had ample time to make a more fitting selection out of his memory (which was remarkably retentive), for all day he had sat in a forest with a few attendants, pleading with them to hold the blade for him. At last Strato, a Greek freedman, consented, and Brutus perished a suicide rather than trust himself in the hands of Anthony and Octavian. . . . . Shakespeare embellished the character of Brutus too fancifully. The man who treacherously stabbed his friend Caesar, after enjoying his favors, had in him little of the warmth of humanity. If he was following Virtue when he shared in the butchery of the Ides of March, she must have turned her face from him in horror.

818. ***The great have no soul; I would be of the people.***

—JEAN DE LA BRUYERE (1645–1696),
French moralist and essayist.

THIS cry of La Bruyère was prompted by the immoralities and hypocrisies of the court, and by the wretchedness of the peasantry, which became more obvious as the long reign of Louis XIV wore on. As tutor to the prince Henri Jules de Bourbon and his girlish bride Mlle. de Nantes (a natural child of the king), La Bruyère spent much of his time at Versailles from 1684 until his death (May 10, 1696). All around he marked growing degeneracy, increasing injustice. While Louis, listening to the selfish advice of his favorites, allowed foul festers to form in the government, the misery of the people increased. . . . . The brilliant essayist surveyed all the evil of the court and looked away into those provinces where men were sleeping on straw, gnawing roots, and becoming savages in habit and thought. Seizing his pen, he wrote the famous line: *The great have no soul.*

819. ***You want earth and water? Very well, you shall have both.***

BEFORE sending out his second expedition against Athens (the first, under Mardonius, was wrecked on the cliffs of Mount Athos) Darius the Great despatched heralds into Greece (492 B.C.) with a demand for offerings of "earth and water" in homage. The Spartans promptly complied—but not at all in the sense which the Persian king expected. With a bitter taunt they threw the messengers into a well, and left them there to perish. The Athenians went further, not only casting the envoys to their death in the *barathrum* but executing the interpreter who "had defiled the Greek tongue by translating into it the orders of a barbarian."

820. ***One should never despair too soon.***

— Frederick the Great.
(Compare 737.)

FREDERICK learned this valuable lesson at the battle of Mollwitz (April 10, 1741), where he presented the astonishing spectacle of a king running away from victory. . . . . The Prussian right wing and center were broken—all but five battalions of grenadiers. They stood like a rock in the rout and hurled back Romer's squadrons with crashing fire. The left wing rallied about them, and the day was won. Frederick, unaware of this and caught in the backward rush of his cavalry, readily complied with the suggestion of Marshal Schwerin that he remove himself to a safer spot. He galloped off at top speed, and did not stop till he reached Lowen early the next morning. There an adjutant was waiting for him with the great news. Naturally he was delighted—but crestfallen, as well, over his precipitate flight. It is said that he never quite forgave Schwerin for the "joke." . . . . "Mollwitz was my school," he wrote in his "History of My Own Times."

821. ***General, we shall have to buy gloves together!***

— Gen. Philip Kearney (1815–1862),
American soldier.

THE dashing cavalry commander Kearney lost his left arm in the Mexican War while leading a magnificent charge at Churubusco (Cherebusco), one of the gates of the city of Mexico (Aug. 20, 1847). Fifteen years later, during the Civil War, while fighting under McClellan at the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks (June 1, 1862), he saw Gen. Oliver Otis Howard being assisted off the field with his right arm shattered, and could not forbear a shout of pleasantry to him. Kearney was killed at Chantilly (Sept. 1, 1862).

822. ***Do you suppose that I would betray a friend? No, sir! I would die a thousand times first!***

— Samuel Davis (1844–1863), Confederate scout.
(Compare 778.)

RATHER than expose the Union officer who had provided him with the campaign plans which were discovered on his person, Davis heroically gave up his life. . . . . This youth of nineteen was one of "Coleman's Scouts," a picked band of a hundred men who kept Gen. Braxton Bragg, the Confederate commander in Tennessee, informed as to the strength and disposition of the forces opposing him. Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, to whose headquarters Davis was brought as a captive spy, offered to give him liberty and a safe pass into his own lines if he would reveal the traitorous Northerner who was implicated with him. Davis indignantly rejected such clemency. On the scaffold at Pulaski (Nov. 27, 1863) he was again urged to save himself under the same conditions. Again he refused, and the trap was sprung.

823. ***There comes my judge, who will soon pronounce my sentence. I pray him with all my heart to condemn me if, during my ministry, I have proposed anything but the welfare of religion and of the state.***

— Ximenes.
(See 622.)

THIS great minister of Spain has been properly likened to Richelieu in his sternness and severity, his rough shortcuts to a goal, and especially in his policy to exalt the royal power above the state. The parallel extends even to the grave. . . . . In his last hours Ximenes avowed that he had never intentionally wronged any man. He died at Roa (Nov. 8, 1517), evidently without a regret in his heart, murmuring his favorite sentence from the Psalms: "*In te, Domine, speravi*" (In thee, Lord, have I trusted). Richelieu passed away with the same tranquillity, after declaring that he "loved justice." . . . . They ranked equal in their genius for statesmanship; there was little difference between them in their unemotional brutalities.

824. ***Jean d'Albret you were born, and Jean d'Albret you will die. Had I been king, and you queen, we had been reigning in Navarre at this moment.***

— CATHERINE DE FOIX (d. 1517),
Queen of Navarre.

PERHAPS the impulsive Catherine showed poor taste in thus berating her husband as they were fleeing from their kingdom (July, 1512) to escape the invading army of Ferdinand of Aragon, but her words were not without some truth. Jean d'Albret, before he rose to a throne by marrying into the house of Foix, was a French noble who knew more about his estates in the neighborhood of Navarre than he did about the business of being a king. He lacked the vigor of will to stand up against Ferdinand, and took refuge with his family in France. It did not make his flight across the mountains any the less unpleasant to be bitterly reproached by his wife for causing her to lose a crown. The royal exiles passed the rest of their lives beyond the Pyrenees, failing in their single attempt to recover their lost Navarre.

825. ***He who covets the property of others oft loses his own.***

— KOUR,
Prince of the Patzinaks.

KOUR, the obscure, hit upon a pretty maxim to carve on his favorite drinking cup—the compact skull of Sviatoslav, Varangian prince of Kiev, whom he slew in battle near the cataracts of the Dneiper (972 A.D.) . . . . Covetousness caused the downfall of Sviatoslav. He knew that at the Bulgarian town of Pereiaslavl, a crossroads of overland barter, there was rich spoil for him: "wine, fruits, and gold from Greece, silver and horses from Bohemia and Hungary, furs, wax, honey and slaves from Russia." So he invaded and conquered Bulgaria, and then, his greed still unappeased, fared further across the Balkans. Forced to make terms with the Byzantine emperor Joannes Zimisces, he was allowed to start for home, but Kour's wild Turks of the steppe put a summary end to him.

826. ***I should have killed him if he had shot me through the brain!***

—Andrew Jackson.

JACKSON'S iron nerve and splendid constitution never received a sterner test than in his celebrated duel with Charles Dickinson (May 30, 1806), when, though seriously wounded, he stood firmly in his tracks and sent back a bullet which killed his opponent. . . . . Dickinson, noted as the fastest, surest shot in Tennessee, had boasted that he would quickly finish Jackson. They met a day's ride from Nashville, over the line in Kentucky. At the word, the only report was from Dickinson's pistol. Jackson, assuming that his own death was certain, had resolved on the desperate chance of taking the shot and relying upon his ability to stay on his feet long enough to return it with deliberation. When Jackson did not waver, Dickinson shuddered and, turning his head away, awaited his fate. Giving no sign that two of his ribs were broken, Jackson coolly took aim. The hammer stopped at half-cock, but the rules granted him another try—and this time the ball went home. Dickinson died that night. Jackson walked off the field without revealing his wound. He said: "I want that braggart to die thinking he has missed a man at twelve paces." (Dickinson's shot had missed Jackson's heart only because his coat had been buttoned over his chest deceptively by his shrewd second.) . . . . The duel resulted from a dispute over a horse-race, in the course of which Dickinson slurred Jackson's wife.

827. *A Castilla y a Leon*
Nuevo mundo dio Colon.
(*To Castile and Leon*
Columbus gave a new world.)

(See 363, 838.)

FERDINAND V, of Castille and Leon, by breaking all his promises to Christopher Columbus also broke the heart of the explorer who had brought a new hemisphere under the standard of Spain. As tardy amends for his ingratitude he raised a costly monument over the remains of Columbus in the Carthusian monastery of Santa Maria de las Cuevas at Seville and had the above inscription placed upon it (1512). . . . . For twenty-four years the ashes of Cristobal Colon lay beneath that ungracious testimonial to his courage and his nobility. Then, quite happily, they were exhumed (in 1536, according to the historian Prescott), carried over the sea to Hispaniola, and given interment in the cathedral of San Domingo. It was more fitting that they should rest there, in their silver urn, in the theater of his discoveries, than in the country whose king had recognized his glory half-heartedly. But in 1795, on the cession of the island to the French, they were transferred again, to the cathedral church in Havana. Still the travels of these precious relics were not over. For with the loss of Cuba to the United States after the Spanish-American War of 1898 they were taken up a third time and borne back to Seville. There they remain in the cathedral. . . . . Isabella, queen of Castille, by her royal patronage of Columbus made it possible for him to find America. Her generosity shines all the brighter when reflected against the dishonorable actions of her consort.

828. *Knowing that you are mortal, feed your soul*
On banquets and delights; for in the grave
There is no enjoyment left. I now am dust
Who once was king of mighty Nineveh;
The things which I did eat, the joys of love,
The insolent thoughts with which my wealth did fill me,
Are all now I have left; for all my power
And all my happiness is gone forever.
This is the only prudent rule of life,
I never shall forget it; let who will
Hoard boundless treasures of uncounted gold.

— EPITAPH on the tomb of SARDANAPALUS (d. 880 B. C.),
King of Assyria.
(See 965.)

THE corrupt Sardanapalus was absorbed to the last in his creed of Pleasure and Pomp. He lived to gratify his senses. He gorged himself on fish, fowl and meats brought from foreign lands and far seas. He painted his face and smoothed it with pumice-stone, pencilled his eyebrows, and lolled in effeminate attire among his women. When Arbaces, one of his generals, revolted and put him off the throne, he raised in his palace, an enormous funeral pyre, crowned by a chamber a hundred feet long, and there perished—around him all his wives and concubines on jewelled couches—amidst ten million talents of gold and a hundred million talents of silver and great heaps of the rarest robes and garments of the finest purple. . . . . If there be any moral in the life of this monarch and the mockery which he made of his fate, it is provided by the philosopher Chrysippus, who suggested that the lines of his epitaph be changed as follows:

Knowing that thou art mortal, feed thy soul
On wise discourse. There is no good in eating,
For I am now no good, who once did eat
All that I could and sought all kinds of pleasure.
Now what I thought and learnt and heard of wisdom
Is all that I have left; my luxuries
And all my joys have long deserted me.

829. ***I have imposed limits upon myself. I have told myself that it is the highest freedom not to abandon one's self after the victory.***

— Benito Mussolini (1883–),
Premier (Il Duce) of Italy.

LIFTED to dictatorial powers by one of the most remarkable revolutions in history, Mussolini went into the Italian Parliament (Nov. 16, 1922) and declared that the Fascist government had come to stay. He pointed out with emphasis that the cabinet which he had chosen at the solicitation of King Victor Emmanuel was a coalition, though with his Blackshirt legions in full possession of Rome he might have refused all recognition to the opposition parties.

> *I have imposed limits upon myself. * * * With three hundred thousand men, fully armed, and thoroughly determined to obey religiously my orders, I was in a position to punish all those who decried Fascism and who conspired against it.*

These were his literal words. He has been quoted more picturesquely but incorrectly as follows: "I could have turned this dull gray hall into a bivouac of Fascist battalions." . . . . Addressing a Fascist congress in the San Carlo Theater at Naples, on Oct. 24, Mussolini had said:

> *Either the Government will be given to us or we shall seize it by marching on Rome.*

Two days later he ordered the mobilization of his soldiers. By the morning of Oct. 30 the bloodless capture of the capital was complete. On the same day Mussolini reached Rome from Milan, and in seven hours he had selected his cabinet and presented the list to the king. By Nov. 2 every Blackshirt had departed, the sweeping political overturn having been tacitly sanctioned by all Italy.

830. ***The bite of the vipers has been deep. I feel their teeth at my heart. * * * The hours of my life have run out and my smile braves death.***

— RAGNAR LODBROG (Lodbrok),
Norse viking.

RAGNAR of the "Shaggy Brogues," famous Scandinavian sea-king, while ravaging the shores of Britain (about 840 A.D.) was captured by Ella, king of Northumbria, and cast into a ditch (or dungeon) filled with vipers. As the serpents writhed about him he sang a death-song of exultation, rehearsing his great deeds with the sword. —"The sea was red like a fresh-opened wound and the ravens swam in blood!"—As he felt his life ebbing his chant rose to defiance: "My sons will rage at news of my death. * * * Brave warriors will take no rest until they have avenged me." . . . Some scholars question whether there is any ground for this graphic tradition, but it might reasonably enough be true. The Norse ancestors of William of Normandy were furious warriors and their fanatical faith in their god Odin steeled them with a wonderful courage against torture. At the end of their sufferings did they not go "to quaff hydromel at the seat of honor," as the dying Lodbrog sang?

831. ***I have only too much of a wife in my art, and she has given me trouble enough; as to my children, they are the works that I shall leave; and if they are not worth much, they will at least live for some time.***

— MICHELANGELO.
(See 445.)

THIS was Michelangelo's philosophic reply to a friend, a priest, who was deploring the fact that as the artist had never married, he would leave no children to inherit the fruit of his honorable toil. The great painter-sculptor added, with sincere gravity: "Woe to Lorenzo Ghiberti if he had not made the gates of San Giovanni, for his children and grandchildren have sold or squandered all that he left, but the gates are still in their place." . . . . Ghiberti, who flourished a century before Michelangelo, is celebrated for his work on two of the bronze gates of the San Giovanni baptistery in Florence. His designs for the first, the "Sacrifice of Isaac," were entered in competition with Donatello, Brunelleschi, and other Italian artists. Only those of Brunelleschi were pronounced of equal merit. He withdrew, and the execution was left to Ghiberti alone, who labored on the gate for twenty years. The highest praise ever bestowed upon these creations of Ghiberti came from Michelangelo himself who declared them "worthy to be the gates of Paradise."

832. ***If we Slavs be dogs, we will prove to you that we can bite.***

— MISTEVOI,
Prince of the Abodriti.

IT was no hollow threat that Mistevoi made to Dietrich, an arrogant German lord, who was jealous of his attentions to the attractive Mechtildis, sister of Bernhard of Saxony. When Dietrich called him a dog, unworthy to ask for a Christian bride, it was a grievous insult to Mistevoi, who with the rest of his Baltic tribe had embraced Christianity and was living up to it, though it had been forced upon him by the conquering Danes. The warlike spirit of the Abodriti flamed up; the pagan Slavs joined them; and rising in rebellion against the Germans, they desolated the lands of the indiscreet Dietrich, burning the churches, killing the priests, and destroying Hamburg and other cities (983 A.D.). The upshot was that the emperor Otto II took Dietrich's government away from him because he could not keep his tongue still.

833. ***Never draw me without reason; never sheathe me without honor!***

NOBLE words indeed were those chosen by Spanish knights of old to engrave upon their cherished swords of Toledo steel; but, like many another lofty phrase respecting war, they were often forgotten by the hotheads in the sudden passion of altercation or the frenzy of battle. . . . . For twenty centuries have Toledan blades been celebrated because of their remarkable flexibility and strength, which made it possible, without hurting their temper, to curl them up like the mainspring of a watch before packing them.

834. ***Here is my neck, and here is my head; betrayed like Jesus Christ, if I must die like him, at least I shall die a pope.***

— BONIFACE VIII, Benedetto Gaetano,
Pope (1294–1303).

BONIFACE was about to post the sentence of excommunication against Philip IV of France, with whom he had been in conflict for some years, when he was arrested in his native city of Anagni. William de Nogaret, agent of the king, bribed the military chief of the place and stormed the palace (Sept. 7, 1303). On entering with his troops he was awed for the moment by the sight of the aged pontiff seated in calm dignity on his throne, in all his papal regalia. In one hand he held the cross; in the other, the keys of St. Peter. Warned by the tumult, he expected assassination. "At least I shall die like a pope," he said, when Nogaret demanded his abdication. Held prisoner for three days, he was liberated by the townspeople and the peasantry, who drove the French troops away. He was conducted to Rome and died soon afterward (Oct. 11 or 12) in the Vatican.

835. ***Good frend for Jesvs sake forbeare***
to digg the dvst encloased heare.
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
and cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

— EPITAPH of William Shakespeare (1564–1616),
English dramatist, poet and player.

THIS "doggerel," as it is called by Hugh Chisholm in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* occupies a place on the gravestone of Shakespeare in the chancel of the parish church at Stratford-on-Avon, where he died (April 23, 1616). Whether of his own composition (as the neighborhood tradition represents), or selected by him from an original of which no record exists, is a matter of contention. The inscription was not judged of sufficient consequence to be duplicated on the monument set up later on the wall of the chancel, but it may be responsible for the fact that the bones of the master author rest undisturbed.

836. ***Die Religionen müssen alle tolerirt werden. * * * denn hier muss ein jeder nach seiner Façon selig werden.***

(***All Religions must be tolerated. * * * in this country every man must get to heaven in his own way.***)

— FREDERICK THE GREAT.

(Compare 1118.)

LESS than a month after he became king, Frederick was put to the test on his attitude toward religious opinions. The *Geistliche Departement* (Board of Religion) complained to him (June 22, 1740) that the Roman Catholic Schools for soldiers' children, in Berlin, were "seducing Protestants," and asked him for directions. On the margin of the report he promptly wrote (with the quaint capitalization which was his habit) that "every man must get to Heaven in his own way." The words were received with enthusiasm throughout his realm. Never during his long reign did Frederick lapse from this impartiality. . . . . Voltaire, the French philosopher, in his "Letters on the English" (Letter V: On the Church of England), observes, respecting the many faiths in the island kingdom:

> *An Englishman, as one to whom liberty is natural, may go to heaven in his own way.*

837. ***General Taylor never surrenders.***

— Thomas Leonidas Crittenden (1819–1893),
American soldier.
(See 67.)

THIS saying, wrongly ascribed to Gen. Zachary Taylor at Buena Vista (Feb. 22, 1847), was employed as a slogan by his followers in the Presidential campaign of 1848 and did much to put him in the White House. Consequently Taylor did not take the trouble to deny it. . . . . Just before the clash at Buena Vista the Mexican general, Santa Anna, sent a pompous summons to Taylor to surrender and save himself from a crushing defeat. (The American army numbered 6,000, the enemy's 20,000.) Taylor's reply was couched in the customary military form, and ended: "I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request." Lieut. Col. Crittenden, who was an aide on Taylor's staff, took occasion to emphasize to the Mexican messenger that General Taylor never surrendered. In two days of fighting Santa Anna was decisively whipped, with a loss of two thousand. . . . . Crittenden was appointed consul at Liverpool, England, by President Taylor. He served with gallantry on the Union side in the Civil War and attained the rank of major-general.

838. ***I will assume the undertaking for my own crown of Castile, and I am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury should be found inadequate.***

— ISABELLA,
Queen of Castile.
(Compare 363, 827.)

THESE words struck like silver music on the ears of Christopher Columbus. For more than eighteen years he had gone from court to court vainly seeking aid in his enterprise. He was met with incredulity and open derision. He was foolhardy, insane (he was told), to think of daring the mists of that unknown further sea whose waters ran off downhill or into chaos. Now at last he had the sanction of a powerful queen. He could follow the splendid vision which he had never lost despite ridicule and poverty. . . . . Isabella had been favorable to the propositions of Columbus from the time of her first interview with him (1486), but she was too deeply engaged with the war against the Moors to give him the consideration that he craved. After the fall of Granada he resumed negotiations with her at the royal camp at Santa Fé (January, 1492), but his stipulations appeared too haughty for an indigent adventurer, and were rejected. This last rebuff determined Columbus to try his fortune in France; so, early in February, he set off for Cordova. . . . . As his mule plodded along with him he must have wondered if anywhere in the world he had an influential friend. Even as he pondered gloomily, his allies at the Castilian court, few but faithful, were pleading with Isabella to call him back. Chief among them were the marquesa De Moya, favorite confidante of the queen, and Luis de Santangel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues. Their entreaties prevailed. A messenger overtook Columbus six miles from Granada at the bridge Pinos. Soon after he stood in the presence of Isabella and heard her promise that, if need be, she would turn her gems into money to send him out on his great adventure. . . . . It is unlikely that either of them realized the full dramatic importance of the scene, but at that moment a new continent was discovered.

839. ***We shall take the fort or die there! Forward, Fifty-fourth!***

— Col. Robert Gould Shaw (1837–1863),
American soldier.
(See 149.)

PROPHETIC was the cry of Shaw as he led his 54th Massachusetts Infantry—the first colored regiment sent into the field from the North—up the shot-swept rampart of Fort Wagner in South Carolina (July 18, 1863) in an attack none the less valorous that it proved unsuccessful. He gained the parapet, turned and waved his sword, with a last appeal to his men, and fell in the terrible fire. Thus perished a man of culture whose devotion to his black troops was one of the sublimest things in the conflict between the States. . . . . When Gov. John Albion Andrew decided to arm the negroes of Massachusetts for the firing line, he announced his intention of appointing as their officers "only gentlemen of the highest tone and honor"—and chose Shaw for the first in command. The 54th drilled at Readville and marched through Boston (May 28) on its departure for the front. One of Shaw's first requests after reaching the South was that his regiment should be brigaded with the white soldiers. . . . . Fort Wagner was the most formidable earthwork held by the Confederates. To be allotted a place in the storming line was sufficient acknowledgment of the bravery of Shaw's unit. One half of his officers and men died with him. All were cast into a ditch together by order of the commander of the fort, whose expression of brutal satisfaction at leaving the white colonel to be buried with "the niggers" was in reality e highest tribute to the nobility of Shaw's sacrifice. His father, Francis George Shaw, wisely chose not to disturb his repose among his gallant blacks. . . . . One of the inscriptions on the Shaw memorial at the head of Boston Common is the motto of the Society of the Cincinnati:

Omnia relinquit servare rem publicam.
(*He gave up all to serve the republic.*)

840. ***Il y a trois choses que j'ai aimé toujours et jamais compris—la peinture, la musique, et les dames.***

(***There are three things I have always loved, and never understood—painting, music, and women.***)

— FONTENELLE.

IT has well been remarked of Fontenelle that "he had intelligence rather than intellect." His emotions were not deep. One of his own cynical sayings serves as sufficient commentary upon himself:

Il faut avoir de l'âme pour avoir du goût.
(*One must have a soul to have taste.*)

How, then, could this French author, clever but superficial, hope to fathom such eternal mysteries as the canvas of an artist—a symphony—a woman? . . . .

A picture is a poem without words,

mused Cornificius, ancient Roman rhetorician. Consequently pictures perplexed Fontenelle. Without words, they had no significance for him. . . . . The great composer Beethoven set down in his will this beautiful thought:

Music is a revelation; a revelation loftier than all wisdom and all philosophy.

Fontenelle lacked the profound perception to enjoy such a grand revelation. . . . . Thackeray puts the following in the mouth of one of his characters in "Mr. Brown's Letters":

When I say that I know women, I mean that I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself.

. . . . Fontenelle expressed it with more gallantry.

841. ***Yes, my voices were of God; my voices have not deceived me!***

—Joan of Arc, Jeanne d'Arc (1411–1431),
French martyr.
(See 640.)

A TRIUMPHANT cry came from the Maid of Orleans at the very moment when the mounting flames were reaching for her at the top of the lofty pile of wood where she was burned to death in the market place of Rouen (May 30, 1431). . . . . With cunning intent her enemies had made her funeral pyre high. Every eye of the multitude could plainly see her sufferings; the executioner could not get up there to shorten her agonies with the usual stroke; and, most important of all, while the fire slowly crept up to the stake this "heretic and traitress" might give way in the torment of her suspense to some desperate recantation or prayer for mercy which would justify the sentence of her judges. But she offered them no satisfaction on that score. Only a shout of bliss passed her lips. . . . . Mystical voices had bidden this girl to forsake her homely pursuits in her village of Domremy, to don the mail of war, and to lead on an army to free her country of the English invaders. At Troyes, and Orleans, and Rheims these voices had been with her; in her prison cell they had strengthened her. And now they were still calling to her. This hour of death was her victory. . . . . At last the hideous show was over. The cardinal of England and his prelates, the preacher and the judges, descended from their platforms and went their way. They had burned Joan of Arc, the virgin, to fine ashes —and with her the crude wooden cross which one sympathetic English soldier had cut from a stick and handed to her as she started to climb the pile. But they had not vanquished her spirit.

842. ***All Greece is the monument of Euripides; Macedonian earth covers but his bones.***

THIS inscription was put on the cenotaph which the Athenians erected to the great Greek tragedian on the road to the Piraeus, seaport of Athens. . . . . Euripides, who founded the romantic drama, stopped writing for the Athenian stage in 408 B.C., and departed from the capital, never to return. Invited to the court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia, he passed the remainder of his life there. He died in 406—killed, the story goes, by savage dogs that were set upon him by two envious poets. Archelaus insisted upon keeping his bones, and raised a splendid monument to him at Pella, bearing the words:

Never, O Euripides, will thy memory be forgotten!

Subsequently a statue was erected for him in the theater at Athens by the orator Lycurgus. . . . . On learning of the death of Euripides, Sophocles, his greatest rival, joined in the public mourning.

843. ***Why should I die having so much riches? * * * Fie, will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing?***

— HENRY BEAUFORT (c. 1377–1447),
English cardinal and bishop of Winchester.
(Compare 539.)

BEAUFORT was by no means the first man of money and high office to utter this bitter cry upon his exit from worldly things. One of the wealthiest English subjects of his time, he served three kings—Henry IV, Henry V, and Henry VI,—and buttressed his favor with them by lending them large sums. But finally came the day when all his pounds sterling availed him naught. . . . . Lying at his last gasp in his palace of Wolvesey at Winchester (April 11, 1447), he confessed to his chaplain the utter impotence of his treasure. "If the whole realm would save my life, I am able by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it," he said, not without a large measure of truth. *Will money do nothing?* Death was deaf to his wail.

844. ***You first, sir.***

—Tunis Augustus McDonough Craven (1813–1864),
American naval officer.
(See 88.)

WITH all the gallantry of a true gentleman Craven stepped aside from the only passage to safety and gave precedence to his pilot on the monitor Tecumseh just before she sank in the battle of Mobile Bay (Aug. 5, 1864) during the Civil War. A minute later he went down to his death; the pilot escaped. . . . . Craven took a leading part with Farragut's squadron, offering fight to the formidable Tennessee, the flagship of the Confederate admiral Franklin Buchanan. Warned against torpedoes, he had retorted: "I don't care a pinch of snuff for them!" But one exploded under the Tecumseh as she was about to close with her adversary. The single door to the pilot-house, where Craven stood, was only wide enough for one man. "You first, sir," said the commander. . . . . The monitor foundered bow first, carrying ninety-three of her crew of 144. A buoy marks the scene of Craven's noble sacrifice.

845. ***If they open my heart, they will read upon it the name of Calais.***

— Mary, "the Bloody Mary" (1516–1558),
Queen of England.

THE capture of the English garrison in Calais by Francis, duke of Guise, preyed deeply upon the mind of Mary and undoubtedly hastened her death, which occurred less than a year later (Nov. 17, 1558). When Guise, with 30,000 men, in seven days reduced the two forts and compelled the surrender of the nine hundred defenders of the citadel (Jan. 8, 1558) the queen suffered a twofold calamity: the English were driven from their last foothold in France, and the alliance between England and Spain collapsed. . . . . Robert Browning (1812-1889) adapted this lament of Queen Mary, in his famous lines:

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."

846. ***Remember that whenever you are at war, the churchmen, the women, the children, and the poor are not your enemies.***

— Bernard du Guesclin (c. 1320–1380),
Constable of France.
(See 446, 854.)

WITH almost his last breath the gallant and magnanimous Du Guesclin—most renowned of all the French warriors of his period—left with his comrades an admonition which, if respected by the captains of conflict, would strip war of half its terrors. . . . . The death of Du Guesclin forms one of the most remarkable scenes in history. In 1380 he carried the arms of Charles V into Languedoc and laid siege to the fortress of Chateauneuf-Randon, held by the English. The commander of the garrison agreed to surrender if he were not relieved by a certain time. Du Guesclin, weakened by the exertions of his campaigns, was stricken with fever, and expired on the very day of the expected capitulation (July 13). But the leader of the English kept his pledge like a man of honor. Hauling down his flag and leading his men out, with bare head and drawn sword he marched solemnly up to the coffin of Du Guesclin and laid upon it the keys to the citadel. . . . . "The best soldier and truest gentleman of France" would not have wished for a nobler tribute. . . . . The English had excellent reason for respecting Du Guesclin. He fought them for ten years, and wrested three provinces from them. His battle-cry was

Notre Dame, Guesclin! Guesclin!

When they heard it they trembled.

847. ***If you do not surrender, I shall destroy your breastworks and eat breakfast in New Orleans Sunday morning.***

— Sir Edward Michael Pakenham,
British general (1778-1815).

If you do, you will eat supper in hell Sunday night!

— Andrew Jackson.

PAKENHAM, with 9000 trained soldiers at his back (some authorities fix the number high as 14,000), anticipated little trouble in taking New Orleans, which was held by Jackson with a motley force of 4,000. He fancied, however, that a threat might make attack unnecessary by scaring the American general into submission or withdrawal. "Old Hickory's" fiery temper was picturesquely revealed in his reply to the letter of his adversary. . . . . On Jan. 8, 1815, the British moved to the assault, at Chalmette near the Mississippi River. In Jackson's lines were militia, negroes, and the savage pirates of the notorious Jean Lafitte, from Barataria, with only a few regulars. Sheltered by entrenchments formed largely from bales of cotton, they mowed down whole ranks of the enemy with their accurate fire. Pakenham himself fell dead. The British loss was 2,000; that of the defenders much less than a hundred (seven killed and six wounded are the commonly accepted figures). . . . . While the battle gave Jackson permanent fame, it served no purpose whatever in deciding the war. The United States and Great Britain had signed the Treaty of Ghent two weeks previously (Dec. 24, 1814), but the news had not reached Louisiana.

848. ***Then I will command the army in person, and any man who is taken in treason against the Union I will hang as I did the deserters and spies at Monterey!***

— ZACHARY TAYLOR (1784–1850),
Twelfth President of the United States.
(See 67.)

WITH the same spirit which he had displayed in leading his soldiers to victory over Santa Anna in the war with Mexico, Taylor met the serious sectional disturbances that agitated the country when he became President. Though a Virginian by birth and a slave-owner, emphatically he made good his pre-election pledge "to be the President of the whole people." .... The Texans in fixing their state boundaries laid claim to some of the territory of New Mexico and threatened to annex it by force (1850). Taylor promptly issued orders that would bring the regular troops against them if they persisted. Some of the other states below the Mason and Dixon Line showed such strong sympathy with Texas that their congressmen hastened to the White House to warn the President that Southern officers in the Federal service might refuse to take part in a punitive expedition. Taylor retorted, with a vigor most commendable for his sixty-six years, that he would have them executed as deserters and lead the army himself. Compromise prevailed, however. Soon afterward Taylor died (July 9), justly eulogized for his steadfast avoidance of partisanship and his sincere endeavors to govern North and South impartially.

849. ***No, no, I will not take a sword from a man who knows so well how to use it; but I'll trouble you for that hat.***

— Isaac Hull (1775–1843),
American naval commander.

THE Guerrière pounded to a hulk by the deadly fire of American gunners, Captain Dacres came aboard the Constitution to surrender to Captain Hull after the famous battle south of the Grand Banks (Aug. 19, 1812). As he climbed to the top of the rope ladder Hull gave him a hand to help him on deck. The defeated British officer held out his sword, but Hull refused it, complimented him on his bravery, and then reminded him jocosely that he was on the losing end of a bet. Before the War of 1812 the two officers happened to meet, and Dacres wagered a hat with Hull that he would win if they should ever join battle. The bet was decided in the first frigate action of the war. . . . . The Constitution was superior in tonnage and in guns; but, above all, in the marksmanship of her crew. In half an hour the Guerrière was wallowing helplessly, her masts in stumps, her decks littered with dead. Hull took her men off and blew her up. He was given a gold medal by Congress, and the Constitution received her celebrated sobriquet *Old Ironsides*. Impatient for action, Hull had stolen out of Boston harbor without orders (Aug. 2), and but for his signal victory over the Guerrière he might have been disgraced for his boldness. . . . . In all his naval career Hull never hauled down his colors till he surrendered unconditionally to Death (Feb. 13, 1843), at Philadelphia. His last words were:

I strike my flag.

850. ***We meet on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love.***

—William Penn.

(See 906.)

STANDING beneath a majestic elm at Shackamaxon (now Kensington) on the northern edge of the present city of Philadelphia, one autumn day in 1682, a man of benign appearance in the sober garb of a Quaker consummated with a group of Indians in paint and feathers a treaty unique in history. It was never recorded in writing, with signatures duly affixed and sealed; yet there beside the river Delaware (Nov. 30) the governor of Pennsylvania province entered into a lasting compact with the delegates of the Lenni-Lenape tribes that was founded on the equal rights of humanity. No land titles or trade privileges were at stake. Penn came unarmed, bearing a message of love:

> *I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain; for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood.*

So he spoke, and offered a few simple gifts. In return the Indians handed him the wampum belt, most substantial token of their sincerity. Looking up at the skies and around at the forests—*their* forests by all the rights of original possession—they said solemnly:

> *We will live with William Penn and his children as long as the moon and the sun shall endure.*

. . . . No oath was taken to confirm this treaty; but "not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian," says Bancroft, impressively.

851. ***I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted that I have done —in behalf of his despised poor, was not wrong, but right.***

— JOHN BROWN, of Osawatomie (1800–1859),
American Abolitionist.

BROWN'S brave but foolhardy venture at Harper's Ferry (Oct. 16-18, 1859) had ended in the defeat of his pitiful little force and his own capture. He was on trial at Charlestown, Virginia (now West Virginia), for conspiring to incite insurrection, for murder, and for treason. So feeble from his wounds that he could not stand, the stern old man of sixty—who believed that he had "letters of marque from God" (Wendell Phillips)—addressed the court in his own defense. His rough eloquence is worthy of remembrance:

> *This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament; that teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further 'to remember' them that are in bonds, as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction.*

Within forty-eight hours he died on the scaffold (Dec. 2), unmoved in his faith. . . . . John Brown forfeited his life foolishly, perhaps; but "his soul went marching on," in the words of the famous rallying-song of the North. Six years from the day he was hanged, there was not a slave in the Republic. His cause had been proved just. Henry J. Hallgreen's song, "John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave," was chanted by thousands of Northern soldiers going into battle in the Rebellion. It has been classed with the Garibaldi hymn and the Marseillaise. Hallgreen (who died in Malden, Mass., late in 1927, at the age of ninety-five) was captain in the Massachusetts "Fighting-Tiger Regiment" and served through the war.

852. ***Remember that the memory of a king ought not to die away with the sound of his funeral bells, but should remain in the hearts of his people.***

— GUSTAVUS I ERIKSSON, Gustavus Vasa (1496–1560), King of Sweden.

THIS was one of the last utterances of Gustavus to his sons as they stood beside his deathbed in the palace at Stockholm: Eric, the eldest, who succeeded to the throne; Duke John, Duke Magnus, and Duke Charles. Of all the wise things this virtuous king had said to them, none is worthier of preservation. . . . . Another of his favorite sayings was this:

A man is but a man; when the
play is out, we are all alike.

"The play was out" for Gustavus on Sept. 29, 1560. He breathed his last sure of the grateful remembrance of his people.

853. ***Tenez bonne table, et soignez les femmes.***
(Set a good table, and make much of the women.)

— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON gave to the Abbé du Pradt, his agent in Warsaw, this sly injunction for winning over Poland as an ally (1806). Du Pradt found it pleasant to follow, and effective. As the sophisticated Bonaparte had anticipated, the dinner parties given at the Polish capital with French money helped to bring about the ends that he desired.

854. ***Since I am so ugly, it behooves that I be bold.***

— Du Guesclin.

(See 846.)

DU GUESCLIN'S conspicuous lack of good looks had much to do with making him one of the most indomitable warriors that ever thrust a spear into the heart of a foe. As a boy his ugliness was so marked that even his parents regarded him with aversion and treated him harshly. This embittered the young Breton and he became wild and surly. When the other children taunted him on his homeliness and deformity he beat them soundly with the stout stick which he always carried. He also used it so freely on his schoolmasters when they tried to teach him his letters that they finally gave up in despair. This was the youth who became such a terror in battle that France rang with his exploits, and whoever crossed blades with him and lived to tell of it had glory enough for a lifetime.

855. ***I will never bend my knees to the knees of any man, nor kiss any man's foot!***

— Rollo (Rolf), "the Ganger" (c. 860–930),
Norwegian viking and first duke of Normandy.

TO conciliate this fierce sea king and stop his ravages in northern France, Charles the Simple gave him the princess Gisela in marriage and ceded to him the land afterward known as Normandy. So far, so good; but the stubborn pagan rebelled at the ceremony of feudal homage which required that he should kiss the foot of the French ruler. Finally he agreed that one of his knights should act as his substitute. The knight murmured at the order, nor did he prostrate himself. Instead he grasped the king's foot and brought it up to his lips with a rough jerk. The dumfounded Charles was thrown on his royal back, while his nobles gasped. However, he stifled his anger and mortification, and declared the pact duly completed.

856. ***Et tu, Brute!*** *(And you, Brutus!)* Or,
Tu quoque, Brute! *(You also, O Brutus!)*

— JULIUS CAESAR.
(See 817.)

HISTORY teems with the laments of kings and dictators over the treachery of those whom they have trusted. None has sounded a profounder pathos than the dying exclamation of Caesar at his betrayal by Brutus on the fatal Ides of March when a ring of assassins, under the guise of conferring a noble benefit upon Rome, in reality brought her disaster. . . . . Marcus Junius Brutus stands forth as the most notorious of ingrates. He turned his blade against the ruler who had forborne to execute him for his support of Pompey, who had appointed him governor of Cisalpine Gaul, and who had promised to put him over Macedonia. Warned of his plottings, Caesar had replied confidently: "Brutus will wait for this skin of mine." But Brutus could not bide his time. . . . . When the murderers set upon Caesar in the senate-chamber (March 15, 44 B.C.) he made a stout defense, though taken unawares. He was unsubdued by the blows that rained upon him—till Brutus struck. Then his spirit broke, and he ceased to resist. It was not the wound in the thigh which troubled him—already his body was pierced in a score of places. It was the revelation of treason in the one who, above all the other conspirators, had the smallest excuse for attacking him. *Et tu, Brute!* So he drew his robe about his face and fell at the foot of Pompey's statue—slain by ingratitude.

[According to Suetonius, the words of Caesar on being stabbed by Brutus were *"Et tu, Brute fili!"* (And you too, O son Brutus!). This has given color to the story that Brutus was Caesar's illegitimate son and had joined the conspiracy to kill him because he had named Octavian as his heir.]

857. ***If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard!***

—Abraham Lincoln.

BUSINESS in the slave mart in New Orleans was uncommonly brisk, one day in 1831. Here was a lot of blacks to suit the most fastidious investor, as the auctioneer, warming to his work, blatantly reminded the planters. . . . . Close by stood a lank, lean young man who struck some of the crowd as uncouth with his homely face and ill-fitting clothes. Abraham Lincoln, then twenty-two years old, had come down the Mississippi from Illinois on a flatboat with his employer Denton Orfutt, a migratory trader, and one other, John Johnston. He heard the auctioneer emphasize the fine points of the helpless chattels who were shoved on the block one after another, and insultingly appraise face and figure of the cringing girls, while the bidders pressed to the front for a better view of the prizes. He watched trembling old men and women "knocked down" for less than the price of a dog; sobbing children parted roughly from their heart-broken mothers. And he turned to his companions and exclaimed that if the chance ever should offer he would "hit hard" this brutal barter in human bodies. If those around him heard his words, undoubtedly they sneered. How could they know that by one of the most extraordinary turns of destiny this ungainly stranger from the North would one day sweep away all the slave-blocks of the South? . . . . Thirty-two years passed, but that scene remained vivid in the memory of Abraham Lincoln. On Jan. 1, 1863, he "hit that thing," and he "hit it hard." When he signed the Emancipation Proclamation he made good the vow which he had never forgotten.

> *I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves * * * are and henceforward shall be free. * * **

[The story of Lincoln and his famous remark in the slave market has been disputed; but it is not at all incompatible with the certain fact of his visit of one month to New Orleans in 1831.]

858. ***Xerxes the king will pass over thee, whether thou consentest or not!***

IN order to get into Greece with his vast army, Xerxes threw a bridge across the Hellespont. It was scarcely in place before the waves rose in fury and tossed it off in débris. When the tempest abated, the enraged king commanded that the refractory strait be scourged with three hundred lashes, even as the bare back of a disobedient slave. To complete this amazing exhibition of imperial vanity, he had a pair of fetters cast into the water, while this manifesto was pronounced:

> *Thou ungracious water, thy master condemns thee to this punishment for having injured him without provocation! Xerxes the king will pass over thee, whether thou consentest or not!*

. . . . The architects whose structure had been wrecked were deprived of their heads, and another lot, in fear and trembling made a bridge of boats. The Hellespont (presumably cowed by the chastisement) showed no further objection, and the conqueror passed safely over.

859. ***Thou art just, O Lord! and thy judgments are righteous.***

— MAURICE, Mauricius Flavius Tiberius (c. 539–602),
Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire.

DETHRONED and doomed to death, Maurice was forced to watch the slaughter of his five sons, one after another—a terrible ordeal which he bore with sublime fortitude. . . . . A revolt starting in the Roman army on the Rhine spread to Constantinople. Maurice, escaping to the Asiatic shore with his wife and his nine children, landed at the church of St. Autonomus, near Chalcedon, and there took refuge. The rebels made the centurion Phocas emperor and demanded the life of the fugitive. Phocas despatched executioners who dragged Maurice and his sons from the sanctuary at Chalcedon and slew them all, reserving the aged father till the last, to make his torture the keener. As the blows fell upon his sons Maurice piously affirmed his belief in the justice of God. Nor did he quail when his own turn came to meet the sword. Constantina, his widow, was subsequently beheaded with her daughters. . . . . Phocas lost his own head at the hands of Heraclous, the governor of Africa.

860. ***A widow, who has lost the sun of her own soul, should never expose herself to the light of day.***

— JOANNA, "the Mad," Juana la Loca (1479–1555), Queen of Castile.

ONE of the most remarkable pilgrimages ever recorded was Joanna's journey with the body of her young husband, Philip I, the Handsome, from Burgos, the seat of the court, to Granada. For several years her reason had been gradually giving way; she became utterly demented over Philip's death (Sept. 25, 1506). After brooding for days in melancholy in a darkened room she suddenly determined upon the removal of the corpse. Expostulations of her advisers and the priests only roused her to an insane passion which brooked no denial. . . . . A long line of nobles and holy men followed the splendid hearse as escort to the mad queen. She insisted upon setting out at night (Dec. 20), and only at night would she travel. By daylight the cortège halted, the body was taken into church or monastery, and funeral services were performed with all solemnity. Always intensely jealous of her good-looking consort, Joanna kept armed guards about the coffin to prevent the approach of any woman. Even after arrival at Granada she insisted that the body be constantly near her so that she could pay it most eccentric and pathetic devotions. It was long before she would consent to have it placed in a tomb. . . . . Joanna outlived Philip almost fifty years, her wretched existence finally coming to an end on April 11, 1555, at Tordesillas.

861. ***Ah, brigands, you come to take me in my bed, but you don't know me!***

— Le Grand Ferre, Magnus Ferratus (14th century),
French patriot.

A MIGHTY man with the broad-axe, was Le Grand Ferré, as the English soldiers of Edward III learned to their cost during their invasion of France (1360). The stories of his exploits are still often retold with relish in the country roundabout Compeigne. . . . . Le Grand Ferré was the right-hand man of the captain Guillaume des Alouettes at a little fortified village of Longueil. Alone he fought whole bands of the enemy and cleft the skulls of several score. One day, after an especially desperate set-to, he drank much cold water and fell ill of a fever. At this good news a dozen of the English marched on his cottage to make an end of him in his bed. His wife saw them coming, and began to wail. But Le Grand Ferré got up, seized his great axe, and met the soldiers in the yard with a roar of defiance. Planting his burly back against the wall he whacked away till five of his foes lay dead at his feet and the rest fled in dismay. Then he went back to bed. . . . . It is a matter of regret that such a masterly knight should have met so prosaic an end. For Le Grand Ferré, heated by this fray, again quaffed more cold water than was wise. He was buried in the village cemetery amidst the lamentations of the whole countryside. The troops of Edward brimmed the wine-cups when they heard of it.

862. ***If you take from us Alsace and Lorraine, you will only have truce for a time; in France, from old men down to children, all will learn the use of arms, and millions of soldiers will one day demand of you what you take from us.***

— Emmanuel Felix de Wimpffen (1811–1884),
French general.
(See 864, 901.)

NEVER was there truer prophecy than that made by Wimpffen to Bismarck (Sept. 1, 1870) while negotiating for the capitulation of the French army at Sedan. With subconscious vision he saw ahead almost fifty years to the World War and the Treaty of Versailles. . . . . After Napoleon III had given himself up to the king of Germany at Sedan it devolved upon Wimpffen as the ranking officer of the French to arrange for the surrender of the soldiers. He went to the German headquarters in the castle of Bellevue, near Donchery, and for several hours argued with von Moltke, Bismarck and William I for moderate terms. Bismarck declared with an air of finality that, besides paying an indemnity of four billion francs, France must cede Alsace and Lorraine. Wimpffen replied that if money alone were demanded, peace would be assured "for an indefinite time," but that if two provinces were wrested from them, the French people would certainly hold a stern day of reckoning. . . . . The victors had their will. Alsace and Lorraine went under the German flag. But through the years France never forgot. Of all the fruits of victory which came to her under the pact signed by Germany and the Allies at Versailles (June 28, 1919), none was sweeter than the restoration of the precious territory which Wimpffen had tried so earnestly to save on that disastrous day of Sedan.

863. ***Life! Life! Life for my repentance! Life for all my devotion to the republic! Life for all my riches to the nation!***

— Mme. du Barry, Marie Jeanne Bécu (1746–1793),
French adventuress.

DRAGGED from her splendid mansion of Luciennes on the borders of St. Germain forest—a retreat given to her by Louis XV—Du Barry was taken to the guillotine in Paris (Dec. 7, 1793). As the rough cart rattled along she rent the air with her cries. "Life! Life!"—keeping up her shrill appeals even as the blade fell on her exquisite throat. Far better for Marie Jeanne Bécu if she had never left the milliner's shop in the rue St. Honoré where as a girl of sixteen she first attracted attention by her charms. . . . . Of all the women who traveled the road to the scaffold this fallen favorite of a king made the most miserable spectacle. The words of Lamartine cannot be improved upon: "She died a coward, because she died neither for opinion, for virtue, nor for love, but for vice. *She dishonored the scaffold as she had dishonored the throne.*" All the vast riches lavished upon her by her royal benefactor could add not one moment to her span of existence when once she was marked for death. If cast at the feet of her executioners, the luxuries which had made her name a bitter byword among the French masses would have been contemptuously kicked aside. *Life?* Du Barry had enjoyed her fill of it—life selfish and immoral. It was nineteen years since she had quit the court following the death of Louis, but the Revolutionists had not forgotten her. Much of her seductive beauty still remained, though in her terror and her tears it was scarcely noticeable. . . . . The knife came flashing down, and France was revenged on one more palace parasite.

864. *Monsieur mon frère* [my brother]*; Not having succeeded in dying in the midst of my troops, nothing remains for me but to deliver my sword into your majesty's hands.*

— Napoleon III,
Emperor of France.
(See 862.)

WITH this abject message to the king of Germany (who was by no means surprised to receive it) Napoleon closed the catastrophe of Sedan. Late in the afternoon of Sept. 1, 1870, he sent the note by an aide-de-camp to Donchery, three miles away, where William I was quartered, and thus assumed responsibility for one of the most mortifying disasters which ever stained the military records of his country. . . . . There still remained time for the French emperor to "die in the midst of his troops"—if he had been sincerely set upon so heroic a fate. Despite the white flag hoisted at three o'clock by his own command (and torn down by Colonel Fauve), Wimpffen and his men fought on for three hours longer, with a gallantry which evoked the admiration of their enemies, even of William himself. But Napoleon III was not Napoleon I He went off to meet his conqueror, leaving to Wimpffen the thankless task of surrendering the army. The next day 82,000 French soldiers, with all their material, passed into the hands of the Germans.

865. ***There are no more Pyrenees.***

THESE words have been frequently credited to Louis XIV, king of France, as expressive of his gratification at the accession of his grandson, the duke of Anjou (Philip V), to the throne of Spain, which theoretically removed all boundary barriers between the two countries. The utterance might, with credit to his phrasing, have come from him, but as a matter of fact it did not. The historian Jean Victor Duruy explains it. . . . . In describing the progress of the young prince and his cortège to Madrid (he arrived there on April 21, 1701), the French ambassador to Spain said: "The journey became easy and presently *the Pyrenees melted away.*" The Paris newspaper *Mercure* (Mercury) on the following day embellished the remark: "What joy! *There are no more Pyrenees;* they are levelled and we are one." . . . . More than a century later (1822), when war threatened between France and Spain over the reigning dynasty, Louis XVIII said:

> *Louis XIV destroyed the Pyrenees; I shall not allow them to be raised again. He placed my house on the throne of Spain; I shall not allow it to fall.*

866. ***Ocean! the land on which I sit is mine, and thou art a part of my dominion, therefore rise not—obey my commands, nor presume to wet the edge of my robe!***

— CANUTE,
King of England.
(See 872.)

THE old story of Canute and his lordly command to the sea is familiar, but as sometimes related its true significance is altogether missed. Whether the incident occurred before he went to Rome as a penitent pilgrim with his staff and wallet (about 1030) or after his return to Winchester, it well illustrates the sound intelligence and the dislike of extravagant homage which made him a beloved ruler of the English. . . . . Tired of the flatteries of his courtiers, Canute resolved to teach them a lesson. So one day he had his throne moved down to the edge of the shore when the tide was sweeping in, and, seating himself there, he loudly bade the waters to keep their distance. In silent awe his retainers waited to see the law of their august sovereign obeyed. But still the waves came rolling in. When they had rippled over the hem of his royal garments and over his feet Canute, instead of showing anger or chagrin, addressed the dismayed members of his court in solemn fashion:

> *Confess ye now how frivolous and vain is the might of an earthly king compared to that great Power who rules the elements, and can say unto the ocean, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.'*

To make the moral the more impressive, according to the ancient chronicle, he took off his crown forever and laid it away in Winchester cathedral.

867. *Vous êtes un homme (you are a man), Monsieur de Goethe!*

— Napoleon Bonaparte.

WITH these flattering words, Napoleon decorated Goethe with the cross of the Legion of Honor. As the Corsican turned away after the ceremony, Goethe, returning the compliment, exclaimed to those near him:

Voilà un homme!
(*There is a man!*)

. . . . It was at Erfurt, the town in Prussian Saxony where Napoleon had gone for his conference with Alexander I, emperor of Russia (October, 1808), that the poet-dramatist had his memorable interview with the military genius who made history with sword and cannon instead of the pen. Mutual admiration possessed them. Goethe had written a hymn of praise to the conqueror, whom he did not view as the wrecker of European liberties but rather as the champion of civilization against the barbarism of the Slavs. Napoleon esteemed Goethe for his writings and for his political principles as well. ("The Sorrows of Werther" was his companion on his expedition to Egypt, and he thumbed it frequently while exiled at St. Helena.) He was glad to meet Goethe especially since he was sure to hear himself and his mighty ambitions lauded. So, while soldiers and statesmen waited impatiently for an audience, he ignored them for the company of this literary man. . . . . Goethe discovered, in the course of the conversation, that Napoleon had a complete acquaintance with classic drama. He said afterward: "Never before have I found so sympathetic a listener, who met me, if I may use the expression, so thoroughly as an equal.". . . . Certainly there was some of Bonaparte's own egotism in the author of "Faust."

868. ***J'ai vécu.***
(I have lived.)

— Abbe Sieyes.
(See 602.)

SIEYES though one of the foremost theorists of the French Revolution, was noted for his brevity in the Assembly; but while he talked little, he said much. Never jeopardizing his personal safety, he discreetly took himself out of Paris at the beginning of the Reign of Terror and stayed in seclusion till after it had subsided. On his return, somebody asked him what he had done during the Terror. The question proved no more ironical than the Abbé's quick retort: *"J'ai vécu."* By continuing to exist he had indeed a more substantial accomplishment to his credit than many of his associates, who had imprudently loitered too near the guillotine after incurring the displeasure of Robespierre.

869. ***Ah! that man was always more fortunate than I!***

— Duke of Villars.
(See 148.)

THE celebrated soldier Villars, dying in Turin, plaintively expressed his envy of the duke of Berwick, James Fitzjames, who had just been killed while besieging the Austrians at Philippsburg in Baden (June 12, 1734). Lucky fellow, that marshal! It was a sudden and violent fate, of course, but preferable to lingering along at the age of eighty, helpless on a couch, with no hope of further martial triumphs. So thought Villars. He was soon done with his wearisome suspense. Five days after Berwick fell, his own end came (June 17)—but not as he would have chosen it.

870. ***I thought myself sole queen here, but I find a thousand others round me.***

— JOAN OF NAVARRE (1272–1305),
Queen of Philip IV, "the Fair," king of France.

IN May, 1301, Philip went with his consort and the whole court to view his new domain of Flanders, which he had annexed during the previous year. The women of Bruges came forth in their richest attire and displayed a luxury that excited Joan's envy. It was a blow to her queenly vanity to behold such an amazing show of golden gems and ornaments among the bourgeois wives and daughters of a commercial people, and she could not refrain from expressing her irritation. Velvets and satins were commonly worn by the Flemings at that opulent period and precious stones flashed everywhere in dress and decoration. . . . . "Flanders was in truth the richest country in Europe because it was there that the people worked hardest."

871. ***'T is the sweetest maiden that I ever kissed.***

— ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL (1629–1685),
Ninth earl of Argyll.

JUST before Argyll, condemned for leading a rebellious expedition against James II in the western Highlands, laid his head under the knife at Edinburgh (June 30, 1685), he paid his respects to the instrument of execution with a bit of pleasantry which did credit to his fortitude. The "maiden," as the Scotch guillotine was called, differed little from its French relation in construction, and none whatever in the effectiveness of its sharp-ground blade. Soon after Argyll's death its use was abandoned.

872. ** * * I want no money raised by injustice.*

— CANUTE (Cnut) "the Great" (c. 995–1035),
King of England and Denmark.
(See 866.)

THIS is an extract from one of the most remarkable letters of state in existence. Canute wrote it while visiting Denmark on his way back to his imperial capital of Winchester after his pilgrimage to Rome (1027 or 1030). It was addressed to "all the nation of the English, both nobles and commoners," and was borne to them by the abbot of Tavistock. . . . . Almost one thousand years have passed since Canute reigned, yet in all that time no man in authority over a nation, whether quartered in a palace or a White House, has more exactly laid down the one rule of economics in government under which a people can be really prosperous and truly contented:

> *Let those who are noble, and those who are not, equally obtain their rights according to the laws— from which no deviation shall be allowed, either from fear of me, or through favor to the powerful, or for the purpose of supplying my treasury. I want no money raised by injustice.*

. . . . Taxation has bewildered and debauched modern rulers and their agents. Not so with Canute and his collectors. In seven of the plainest of English words he went right to the core of the matter. His creed is amazingly simple and concrete —some will say impossible. Yet Canute carried it into successful execution. . . . . "No English king before him had levied such heavy taxes, yet never were taxes more cheerfully paid, because the people felt that every penny of the money was used for the benefit of the country" (Robert Nisbet Bain, in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*). . . . . Canute took the lead in assuring justice for his subjects. He did not stop with platitudes.

873. ***The friendship of a great man is a favor of the gods.***

— Napoleon Bonaparte.

(Compare 746.)

NAPOLEON showed his consummate ability as an actor on many occasions, but never more dramatically than during his famous love-feast with Alexander I at Erfurt (October, 1808). . . . . He had brought the great tragedian Talma and his company of the Comédie Française from Paris especially for the festivities. They were in the midst of the "Mort de César" (Death of Caesar) when Napoleon rose from his arm-chair in the pit. Turning deferentially to the Russian emperor, who occupied the other seat of honor beside him, he recited the stately line from Oedipus about "the friendship of a great man," which was intended to gratify Alexander's vanity. To all appearances, the shrewd gesture was effective. The kings of Bavaria, Saxony, Westphalia and Wurtemburg cheered; so did the thirty-four princes, the twenty-four ministers, the thirty generals in the audience. Alexander, with a profound bow, grasped Napoleon's hand, and replied: "*That* I have never more truly felt than at the present moment." . . . . It was cleverly done on both sides. Alexander, in an impromptu part, was no less competent than Napoleon, who had undoubtedly rehearsed his role. Evidently France was sure of Russia as an ally. But there is excellent ground for the belief that Alexander went to Erfurt with distrust of Napoleon's designs and masked his real feelings ingeniously. If so, then his own acting was deserving of the palm. . . . . There was little applause for Napoleon when, four years later, he led his army into Russia to make war on the brother ruler whom he had flattered so extravagantly at Erfurt.

874. ***If their princes exceed their bounds, Madam, they may be resisted and even deposed.***

— JOHN KNOX.

THESE were bold words to speak to a queen, but Knox addressed them to Mary Queen of Scots in her own castle on a day in 1561, not long after she had returned from France to take the crown of her country. As the leader of the Scotch Protestants the great preacher had made public protest at the celebration of mass in the royal household, and Mary, through the medium of her half-brother Lord James Stuart (afterward the earl of Moray), consented to an interview with Knox, to thresh out the religious issue which had become of grave importance to the kingdom. . . . . It was a memorable scene. The spirited young queen, firm in her Catholic faith, plied Knox with pointed questions, which he answered with unsparing frankness. No soft-footed, velvet-gloved reformer was this man. Face to face with his sovereign, he showed the same brusque sincerity that marked his stern discourses to his congregations. . . . . "Think ye," asked Mary, "that subjects, having power, may resist their princes?" Yes, *resist and depose,* came the prompt, uncompromising reply:

> *Right religion takes no authority from worldly princes, but from the Eternal God alone.*

. . . . In succeeding months there were three more of these unusual dialogues, but, like the first, they ended in a stalemate. The Reformation had gathered too much force to be checked by mere dialectics. In the end it swept Mary Stuart from her throne and indirectly to her death on the scaffold. It brought John Knox to a serene end.

875. ***I have fulfilled what my Lord commanded me, and I wish that He would send me back to my father and mother to keep their sheep and cattle.***

— JOAN OF ARC.
(See 841.)

THE inspired maid, in less than two months after mounting her white charger at the head of the French, had delivered the city of Orleans from the English, defeated them at Jargeau, Beaugency, and Patay, and driven them beyond the Loire. On July 16, 1429, holding her sacred banner of battle with its field of lilies, she stood beside the dauphin in the cathedral at Rheims while he was crowned Charles VII. Now, to Jean, count of Dunois, who had fought shoulder to shoulder with her in her holy campaign, she expressed a wistful longing to return to her peasant home at Domremy and the pleasant solitude of the hillside where, more than a year before, her "brothers of Paradise" had bidden her to go forth on her sublime mission. But the girl who had filled her soldiers with firm faith in her supernatural powers was destined never again to behold her little village in the Vosges. . . . . "Joan," asked Dunois, "do you know when you will die, and in what place?" It was "as God willed," she replied simply. . . . . In that humble spirit Joan of Arc came at last to the flaming stake at Rouen. Yet, as the cart bore her toward the pile of fagots, she could not repress an exclamation of anguish:

O Rouen, Rouen, must I die here!

. . . . She was gazing, not ahead to the torture, but back to peaceful Domremy, where her needle and her spinning wheel were now idle, and her sheep came to another's call.

876. ***Please God, then, by whose guidance we have come, we will die with our brave brothers in arms, and a curse light on him who hesitates!***

— RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED.
(See 719.)

RICHARD'S rescue of the Christians besieged at Joppa by Saladin (1192) was one of the most glorious feats of the renowned Crusader, though some of the historians give it rather cursory notice. He was imbued with almost superhuman valor and strength that day. . . . . Hastening from Acre by sea to the aid of his beleaguered companions, Richard found the Turks massed in great force on the shore to repel him. They showered their arrows on his decks. A brave priest swam off from the town to the king's galley with word that the defenders were in a desperate situation in the great tower. Some of Richard's officers argued against trying to land in the face of such a multitude of the enemy. "We will die with our brave brothers," exclaimed Richard, "and a curse light on him who hesitates!" Ordering the galleys pushed close up to land, he was the first to leap into the surf and to dash ashore. With sword and arbalest he led his men through the hostile press, fought his way into the town by a winding stair, and soon had his banner flying from an eminence. It gave the besieged Christians heart and they rushed forward to the attack. The confused Moslems were slain or put to flight, and Richard set up his tent on the spot where only a few hours before the pavilions of Saladin had made so proud a show. . . . . This was Richard's last exploit in Palestine. Soon afterward he agreed on a truce with Saladin and sailed for England (October, 1192).

877. *When was the banner of Aguilar ever known to fly from the field?*

— Don Alonso de Aguilar, Alonso Hernandez de Cordova,
Spanish nobleman and soldier.

NO incident in the wars between the Spaniards and the Moors makes the blood race faster than the death-grapple of Don Alonso de Aguilar with the giant Feri de Ben Estepar in the Sierra Vermeja, or Red Sierra, near Monarda (March 18, 1501). One of the greatest grandees of his time, he fought the infidels for forty years and met his fate with the same valor which flowed in the veins of his more celebrated brother Gonsalvo de Cordova, "the Great Captain," conqueror of Naples. . . . . Don Alonso was one of the leaders of the expedition despatched by King Ferdinand against the rebels on the western borders of Granada. The Spaniards, outnumbered, were trapped in the craggy defiles and almost annihilated. Aguilar and his little troop were cut off at the top of a pass. Some of his followers sought escape and begged him to see to his own safety. "When was the banner of Aguilar ever known to fly from the field?" he replied scornfully. He implored his eldest son and heir, Don Pedro de Cordova, to go, but though grievously hurt, the boy remained by his father's side, until borne away, protesting, out of the reach of the enemy. . . . . One by one Aguilar's men were struck dead around him, till he was almost alone. With his back against a rock he battled on, though weakening from many wounds. A Moor of mighty muscles closed with him and bore him to the ground. The pride of his breed was still strong in the fainting Castilian. "I am Don Alonso de Aguilar!" he exclaimed. "And I am the Feri de Ben Estepar!" retorted his foe with equal hauteur. The realization that he was engaged with so redoubtable a foe roused Aguilar to a last effort, but his arm dropped helpless, and the Moor gave him the thrust. He was the fifth lord of the Cordovas to die in combat with the Moslems.

878. ***Wol, ick soll di lachen lehren!***
(Ay, ay, I will teach you to laugh!)

— CHARLES V (1500–1558),
Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.
(See 881.)

FOR five weary years Philip, the landgraf of Hesse, traveled as a prisoner in the train of the emperor Charles—because he failed to keep a straight face when it was highly desirable for him to do so. . . . . After his ally in the Smalkaldic League, John Frederick, elector of Saxony, was defeated and captured by Charles at the battle of Muhlberg, Philip saw the hopelessness of further resistance and agreed to surrender upon the assurance that he should not be imprisoned. Charles, sitting in state, received his submission at Halle (June 19, 1547). While on his knees before the throne, with his chancellor Guntherode behind him droning the petition for pardon, Philip showed a smile. Perhaps a sense of his ridiculous position suddenly overcame him. It did not escape the emperor. Shaking a finger at the abject prince, he exclaimed: "Ay, ay, I will teach you to laugh!" . . . . It was long before Philip smiled freely again. Closely guarded, he was taken about with the imperial court wherever it went. For some time John Frederick was his companion in misery. Not until the Treaty of Passau (July 31, 1552) was he turned loose, to hasten back to his country and his family.

879. * * * ***Death shall not overtake me on a soft couch—it has always spared me on the battle-field. Standing, I will give back my soul to the Lord of Hosts.***

— Peter Ernst, Graf von Mansfield (c. 1580–1626),
German soldier.
(Compare 515, 667.)

MANSFIELD was one of the bravest of the Protestant captains in the Thirty Years' War, outfighting the renowned Tilly at Wiesloch (April, 1622), but he was defeated by Wallenstein at the bridge of Dessau (April 25, 1626). Six months later, having disbanded his troops, he was attempting to escape to Venice when he was taken ill at Rakowitza (Uracowicz) in Bosnia, and died there (Nov. 10, 1626). . . . . As his last night on earth wore away Mansfield's strength sank lower with each stroke of the clock. In the first gray shades of dawn he roused from his agony and to the astonishment of his attendants called for his armor and sword. They were brought, and at the sight of them his eyes for the moment lost their dullness. "Bear me to the open window, my faithful friends," he said. "Death shall not overtake me on a soft couch. . . . . " Two of his officers raised him from the couch and helped him to the window. Standing there supported in their arms, he gazed out upon the rays of the rising sun, and expired, with the words:

Keep together; make a brave stand!

880. ***What, my men, shall we be taunted with bearing more finery on our backs than courage in our hearts?***

— Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, Duke of Infantado,
Spanish nobleman.

THE nobles of old Castile went to war against the Moors with all the splendor of pageantry in the liveries of their cavaliers and the trappings of their steeds. None made a more lordly display of magnificence than Mendoza, who was the head of one of the most powerful houses in the kingdom and the right hand of Ferdinand and Isabella. At the siege of Illora (1486) he was the first to storm the breach. Such a rain of missiles fell from the walls upon his brilliantly accoutred knights that they wavered. Fiercely he upbraided them, with a mocking reference to their showy decorations. "Let us not, in God's name, be laughed at as mere holyday soldiers!" he cried, waving them on to the charge. Shamed by the rebuke, they recovered their courage and carried the town.

881. ***I appeared, I fought, and God vanquished.***

— Charles V,
Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.
(Compare 97.)

CHARLES wrote down for his "Memoirs" this entry (not altogether original but nevertheless appropriate) after his one-sided victory at Muhlberg on the Elbe (Sunday, April 24, 1547), where he routed the Saxons and captured their elector, John Frederick. The king was at mass in Muhlberg when informed of the presence of the enemy, and he completed his devotions before riding away on his charger to the plain of Lochau, the real scene of the combat.

882. ***Si tu te remues, Bâle, je te tue.***
(Bâle, if thou stirrest, I will slay thee.)

(Compare 107.)

IN one of those moments of childish conceit so frequently met with in the lives of kings, Louis XIV had a great cannon cast expressly for his fortress at Huningen in Alsace-Lorraine and planted with its muzzle pointed toward the Swiss city of Basel (Bale) on the opposite side of the Rhine. This remarkable piece of ordnance bore the contemptuous inscription quoted above. The French monarch held a lasting grudge against Basel because it was one of the chief centers of the Reformation movement; yet many thousands of hired Swiss soldiers were serving in his army at the very time when his celebrated military engineer Vauban was raising the Huningen citadel (1679-1681). It towered there, a continual irritation to the people of Basel, until 1815, when the Austrians captured and demolished it.

883. ***Hold thy peace; kings are never drowned.***

—William Rufus,
King of England.
(Compare 503.)

WILLIAM Rufus was in such a hurry to get across to his French province of Maine and put down the revolt of Helie de la Fleche (1099) that he left the hunt in the New Forest, galloped to the sea-shore, and put off in a storm in the first vessel available, which happened to be none too stanch. The captain warned him of the peril of the passage, but the king checked him abruptly, with the same lordly disdain of the elements which Julius Caesar showed under somewhat similar circumstances.

884. *J'avais cru plus difficile de mourir.*
(I imagined it was more difficult to die.)

— Louis XIV.
(See 303, 592.)

.THOUGH in the agonies of gangrene, the aged Louis viewed his end with composure. Madame de Maintenon, the wife who for thirty years had subordinated all other interest to his peace of mind, was taking her last leave of him (Aug. 30, 1715) when he assured her that death did not seem so hard, after all. On the morning of Sept. 1, he breathed his last, at the age of seventy-seven, with a brief prayer:

Nunc et in hora mortis—Mon Dieu, aidez moi!
(Now and in the hour of death —my God, help me!)

"It was not one man, it was a world that was ended," says Henri Martin. The reign of Louis le Grand was the longest and greatest in French history. . . . . On a day fifty-five years earlier (Oct. 6, 1660), one of the most noted of French comic writers took Death's hand with the same tranquillity, and much the same remark. Helpless cripple for many years, at the last Paul Scarron found relief from his pain only in opium. Yet his parting words to those around him had no suggestion of misery or complaint:

Je ne me serais jamais imaginé qu'il fut si facile de se moquer de la mort.
(I should never have thought it was so easy a matter to laugh at the approach of death.)

. . . . One of the maxims for which the caliph Abu Bekr (573-634) is honorably remembered was the following:

Death is the most difficult of all things before it comes, and the easiest when it is past.

885. ***Hold always the sight of blood in horror. Take care not to shed or stain thyself with it, for the mark is never washed away.***

—SALADIN, Salah-ed-din Yussuf ibn Ayub (1138–1193),
Ayyubite sultan of Egypt and Syria.

THERE can be little dispute over the excellence of this advice which the great Saladin gave to his son Dhahir, who was departing for Aleppo to take the post of governor. Yet it calls to mind two striking scenes in the adventurous career of this Moslem leader which prove him possessed of a nature of extraordinary contradictions. . . . . After his crushing defeat of the Christian army at Hittin (July 5, 1187) during the Second Crusade, Saladin struck dead with his own hand Renaud de Chatillon, and looked on with a smile as all the captured Templars and Knights of St. John, two hundred in number, were beheaded before him. It is true that De Chatillon, hardly better than a brigand, had faithlessly violated a four-year truce with the sultan—but blood is blood. . . . . Three months later (Oct. 2), when Saladin entered Jerusalem in triumph, he showed almost feminine compassion toward the trembling inhabitants, who had cast themselves upon his mercy. He sympathized with the women and children in their distress, released the prisoners and lavished gifts on them. History affords no instance of nobler generosity on the part of a conqueror. . . . . Perhaps the best summary of a character of such vivid contrasts is to be found in the remark of an enemy of the sultan (cited by Gibbon), that "Saladin was in nothing a barbarian but in name." He was invariably faithful to his pledges, chivalrous to the weak, the aged, and the orphans. Devotion to his religion caused him to shed blood—and that is the astonishing paradox.

886. * * * ***She believed in me when men despised me; she relieved my wants when I was poor and persecuted by the world.***

— MAHOMET.

MAHOMET married Khadija, the first of his numerous wives, when he was twenty-five, and long before he heard the divine call to become apostle. His fidelity to her throughout the twenty-four years of their union is one of the brightest features of his history. As long as she lived she never had a rival in his affections. With her death, however, he fully availed himself of the privileges of polygamy, and the favorite of his harem was the youthful and radiant Ayesha (Aisha). As he was musing fondly on Khadija's memory one day Ayesha exclaimed petulantly: "Was she not old? Has not God given you a better in her place?" "No!" replied the prophet with emphasis. "There never can be a better! She believed in me when men despised me. * * * " . . . . Khadija was the widow of a rich tradesman. Her romance with Mahomet, who was fifteen years her junior, began when he guided some of her caravans to Syria and southern Arabia. There was no blot on her intelligence or her virtue. She was the prophet's first convert. When he was outlawed from Mecca by the enemies of Islamism she kept him company for three years in the barren desert. Mahomet gave her the highest honor in his power by including her among the "four perfect women" of his selection, with Miriam the sister of Moses, Mary the mother of Jesus, and his best beloved daughter Fatima. Khadija bore him four sons and three daughters besides Fatima.

887. *Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?*
— CONSTANTINE XIII (or XI), Palaeologus (1394–1453),
Last emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire.
(See 621, 888.)

WHEN the fierce Janizaries of Muhammed II broke through the walls of Constantinople and overwhelmed the little band of Christian defenders, the Roman Empire of the East was obliterated from the maps, and with it perished Constantine, battling bravely against hopeless odds. A pitiful few of his soldiers clung to his side. Seeing that all was lost, he implored them to despatch him, but none would wet a sword in his blood. . . . . Constantine's dread of falling into the hands of the infidels was not realized. Borne down at last under the increasing swarms of the enemy, he was slain. Some hours later his body was found at the bottom of a great heap of his dead followers. The golden eagles on the shoes were sign enough, but the Turks made doubly certain by cutting off the head and displaying it to those Greeks who had escaped the slaughter. Tearfully they identified it, and it was then brought to the sultan, who, after publicly exposing it, gave his heroic adversary honorable burial. . . . . For fifty-three days Constantine with 8000 Christians had held at bay 150,000 Moslems, though blockaded by sea as well as by land. He was abandoned to his fate by the princes of the Western powers; only a few hundred Genoese cuirassiers under John Justiniani came to his aid. The city was finally stormed on the night of May 29 (1453). As the rising sun of the 30th threw its golden rays upon the thousand minarets and towers of Stamboul the Ottomans rushed through the breaches. Constantine fell, and the tragedy of a mighty dominion was consummated in massacre and fire.

888. ***The spider hath woven his web in the imperial palace; and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of the Afrasiab.***

— MUHAMMED II (Mohammed) "the Great" (c. 1430–1481), Sultan of Turkey.
(See 887.)

AFTER his capture of Constantinople (May 30, 1453) Muhammed proceeded to the palace deserted by Constantine XIII. No sign remained of the long line of Latin rulers who had resided there: the Eastern Empire had perished. Where were all the vestiges of imperial elegance? As the conqueror stood in the strange silence of the great halls and gazed about at the mournful desolation he was suddenly sensible of the fleeting nature of earthly glory and power. There occurred to his mind the impressive lines of a Persian poet, and he repeated them solemnly—more to himself than for the ears of the viziers and guards around him, though they heard him. . . . . Muhammed had established the capital of the Ottoman dominions on the Bosphorus; but he wondered how long would it endure? His triumph proved substantial far beyond his fancy; Constantinople has ever since remained the center of the Moslem world.

889. ***It could be taken with roasted apples!***

— Duke of Lauzun, Antonin Nompar de Caumont (1632–1723), French soldier.

WHEN William III of England drew up his army of twenty-six thousand men before the walls of Limerick (Aug. 9, 1690) the French leader, Lauzun, deserted his Irish allies and with the above sneer at the defenses of the city marched off to Galway to take ship. But Gen. Patrick Sarsfield had his doubts about "roasted apples," though he could oppose the besiegers with only twelve thousand armed soldiers and a low stock of ammunition. First he cut off William's big siege train that was on its way from Dublin and blew all the cannon into the sky. Then he disposed his forces for the stoutest resistance possible. . . . . The English made a breach (Aug. 27) and ten thousand of them swept through. They were having quite the best of it in the fierce fighting when the women folk of Limerick, spirited and muscular, took a hand, storming them with volleys of thick ale-bottles and stones. Leaving behind two thousand killed and wounded, the enemy went tumbling out in confusion. A few days later the disgusted William abandoned the siege and returned to England.

890. ***Justice never skulks, nor will I, its representative.***

— MATHIEU MOLE (1584–1656),
French statesman.

BESET by an infuriated mob during the revolt of the Frondé, Mole, venerable president of the French parliament, scorned the suggestion of flight and silenced the clamors for his head by a remarkable exhibition of courage (March 12, 1649). . . . . With a bloody conflict imminent in Paris between the royalist troops under Condé and the Rhine army of Turenne, who was marching to the aid of the rebels, Mole hastened to Ruel, where Queen Anne of Austria had removed her court, and on behalf of the parliament signed a treaty which thwarted the seditious intrigues of the duke de Bouillon and the Cardinal de Retz. Shouting "Treason!" the angered populace surrounded the Palais de Justice, but the chief magistrate, undaunted, read the pact aloud and by his firmness obtained its adoption. By this time the rabble had forced their way into the corridors and insistently demanded the *grand barbe* (long beard), as they called Mole. A back gate offered him escape. His friends urged him to take it. He replied:

> *Justice never skulks. * * * I may perish, but will never commit an act of cowardice, which would give hardihood to the mob.*

Then with steady step he made his way down the front staircase and straight through the midst of the crowd. Abashed by his bravery, they gave him passage without doing him harm.

891. ***Why will you bruise a broken reed?***

— Andronicus I, Comnenus (c. 1110–1185),
Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire.

IRONY reached its highest measure in the death of Andronicus. The rebellious populace of his capital Constantinople, after torturing him horribly, suspended him by the feet between two pillars which bore the effigies of a wolf and a sow. There he perished with a mournful cry, flanked by the most suitable symbols of his sovereignty. For he had preyed with savage perfidy upon all who offended him, and had reveled in licentiousness. . . . . The downfall of Andronicus came suddenly. Isaac Angelus, one of the emperor's kin, whose death had been ordered, bravely chose to defend his life. Striking down the executioner, he fled to the church of St. Sophia, and from that sanctuary appealed to the people to rise against the murderous tyrant. Sedition swiftly swept the city, and Isaac was hailed as emperor. Andronicus was seized while enjoying himself on the imperial galley in the Propontis and given up to the pleasure of the mob. He was paraded derisively through the streets on a camel while blows rained on him from every side. For three days he was the butt of the popular fury, and in view of his age showed remarkable endurance under the ingenious torments. At last, as he hung head down, his sufferings were mercifully ended by an Italian soldier, who plunged a sword into his mutilated body. . . . . Yet Andronicus, vile as he was, had done wise things for his subjects. He had checked the rapacity of the nobles with stern laws, he had selected only the most deserving office-holders, and he had made the provinces prosperous. His passions rode him to his ruin.

892. ***Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?***

— GEORGE WASHINGTON.

IT was a distressing moment for Washington, that day in September, 1776, when he saw his raw soldiers fly from Howe's troops and allow them to land unresisted at Bloomingdale, only two miles from his own camp in Harlem. He had posted a force there to guard against this very move by the British; now they were running away without stopping to fire a shot. Furthermore two brigades from New England that had come down to the field with him deserted also, leaving only a few aides to defend him. . . . . Though less than a hundred paces from the enemy, Washington was so deep in his gloomy thoughts that he sat motionless on his horse, heedless of his own safety. If his attendants had not seized his bridle and hurried him away he might have fallen into the hands of Lord Howe, and the cause of the Revolution would have been dealt a serious, if not fatal blow.

893. ***If the gods use dialectic, they can use none other than that of Chrysippus.***

— DIOGENES LAERTIUS,
Greek biographer.
(See 828.)

LAERTIUS took this picturesque way of praising the Stoic philosopher Chrysippus (about 280-206 B. C.), who was renowned for his extensive knowledge and powers of disputation. So keen was his logic that he was frequently referred to as "the knife for the academic knots." Chrysippus produced no fewer than 750 treatises, citing copiously from other writers to reinforce his arguments. It is said that he never accomplished less than 500 lines a day.

894. ***I prefer the honestly simple to the ingeniously wicked.***

—WILLIAM PENN.

(See 850.)

THAT "pestiferous Quaker proselyter" William Penn was again at his public harangues in London. He had already served nine months as a prisoner in the Tower, yet here he was openly preaching the doctrines of his sect in the Wheeler Street meeting-house (1671). So the bigoted lieutenant of the Tower, Sir J. Robinson, formerly lord mayor, arrested him. . . . . The magistrate flatteringly addressed Penn as "an ingenious gentleman," reminded him of his "plentiful estate" (Penn had come into a fortune of 1500 pounds a year by the death of his father on Sept. 16, 1670), and asked him why he should make himself unhappy by associating with "such a simple people." Penn retorted that he would rather keep the company of the honestly simple than the ingeniously wicked—which, of course, made his lot in court none the easier. He was sent off to Newgate to serve six months because he refused to take the oath of allegiance.

895. **** * * There is but one step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock.***

— MIRABEAU.

THE sudden vicissitudes of political fortune were strikingly expressed in these words of Mirabeau to his enemies, the Jacobins, in the Assembly. They had reviled him for "treason" and cried it through the streets, because he upheld the right of the monarchy over the nation in the matter of declaring for war or peace (1790). . . . . From the Tarpeian rock, on the southern extremity of the Capitoline Hill, the ancient Romans were accustomed to hurl to their death those who betrayed the state or aspired to restore the monarchy.

896. ***Do as I have done and you will arrive at the same peaceful and tranquil end.***

— Louis XVIII, Louis de Désiré (1755–1824),
Titular king of France.

WORTHY advice did the dying Louis XVIII offer to his brother Charles Philippe, count of Artois, who was to succeed him as Charles X; but it was rendered impractical by the wide difference in the temperaments of the two men. . . . . Through prudence and self-control Louis, an old man, "vanquished the Revolution" (Allison); "he had done that which Robespierre and Napoleon had left undone. He found France in slavery, he left it in freedom; he found it bankrupt, he left it radiant with happiness." For ten years he held the throne by his own wisdom, without bloodshed. . . . . Charles X lacked common-sense. He was headstrong and dictatorial. He claimed power "by divine right" (that age-worn pretense of royalty). The consequences could easily be foreseen. His unpopularity brought another insurrection crashing about him. Forced to abdicate, he found asylum across the Channel under that ruler of whom he had once said scornfully:

> *I would rather hew wood than be a king under the conditions of the king of England.*

. . . . Louis XVIII, during his last years, reigned from an arm-chair on wheels under stress of his infirmities, but still kept a firm grip on his government. Charles X was a most effective figure when mounted on his charger, but he held a loose rein over his country, and it finally ran away from him.

897. **** * * I come like Themistocles to take my seat at the hearth of the British people. * * ****

— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

ON July 15, 1815, the Corsican conqueror who had humbled empires with the might of his grenadiers and shifted kings like chessmen on the board of diplomacy mounted the deck of the British cruiser Bellerophon in the harbor of Rochefort—no longer a dictator but a suppliant. A fugitive from the Prussians and from the royalists of his own land, on the previous day he had dictated a letter to the prince regent of England (insanity had removed George III from the affairs of government), casting himself upon the forbearance of the nation which, above all others, had contributed to his overthrow. He compared himself with Themistocles and claimed shelter under the laws of *the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.* Captain Maitland received him with due dignity, but without definite pledges of mercy, and bore him away to Plymouth. . . . . Napoleon fared far less fortunately in his exile than Themistocles. When that eminent Greek soldier and statesman fled from Athens he was received hospitably by the Persians. They allowed him to settle comfortably in Magnesia and assigned him five cities to provide him with ample revenues: Magnesia, Myus and Lampsacus, for bread, meat and wine; Palaescepsis, for clothing; Percote, for bedding and furniture for his house. After his death the Magnesians worshipped him as a god. . . . . The fallen French usurper never set foot on the shore of the country in whose magnanimity he trusted. In Plymouth harbor he was transferred to another ship-of-war, the Northumberland, which landed him on an island in the lonely reaches of the Atlantic. St. Helena was the "hearth" where Napoleon dragged out his remaining years.

898. ***Sir, I came here to claim my right, and not to listen to sermons; I heard plenty of them, and tedious ones, too, when I was learning my grammar.***

— ROBERT II (c. 1054–1134),
Duke of Normandy.

WILLIAM the Conqueror's eldest son, a brave and ambitious young man, had the notion that paternal promises should be kept. He had been assured of the duchy of Normandy if his father succeeded in the conquest of England. Indeed, the Norman chiefs had already sworn fealty to the youth as their future sovereign. So when William was securely in possession of his new island kingdom, and wearing the English crown, Robert went to him and demanded that he make good his word.

> *My son, I wot not to throw off my clothes till I go to bed,*

was the rough answer that he received, with the advice to make a new choice of associates. Robert's retort that he was not there to be preached at made William so angry that he flatly declared that never would he give up Normandy. Stung by this treachery—it was nothing less—the spirited Robert exclaimed: "Well, then, I will go and bear arms among strangers!" He became a soldier-adventurer in foreign lands, distinguishing himself in the First Crusade and warring on his father in Normandy. They never became reconciled.

899. ***The sovereign is the chief servant, the administrator, of the state.***

— JOSEPH II,
Emperor of Austria.
(Compare 396, 404, 731.)

JOSEPH, though an avowed royalist, ruled with an "enlightened despotism." He was frequently referred to by contemporaries as the "crowned friend of men." His one great aim was to increase the power and greatness of the state, *for the good of all the people.* He was an implacable enemy of the privileges of individual power and corruption.

I owe justice to all without respect of persons,

he said. His political philosophy is further elaborated by another of his declarations:

> *The idea that the subject classes have received their bits of land from the higher classes as a voluntary gift is as absurd as if a sovereign should persuade himself that the sovereignty of his kingdom belongs to him, instead of far more to the country, or that these millions of human beings were created for him, and not he for them, that he may serve them.*

900. ***Il est mort aujourd'hui un homme qui faisait honneur à l'homme.***

(There is dead to-day a man who was an honor to mankind.)

— COUNT OF MONTECUCCULI, Raimondo (1609–1680),
Austrian general and prince of the Holy Roman Empire.

NO tribute ever bestowed by one renowned military commander upon another excels this brief eulogy of the marshal Turenne by his only peer in war except the Great Condé. . . . . As the Austrian imperial commander, in 1673 Montecucculi matched his strategy against Turenne's on the Neckar and the Rhine, and worsted him, effecting a junction with the Dutch army and capturing Bonn. Coming out of retirement in the winter of 1674-1675, for several months he checkmated the moves of his great rival, but was finally maneuvered into battle at Sassbach at a disadvantage. Scarcely had the encounter begun (July 27, 1675) when Turenne was killed. On being informed of it, Montecucculi hastened to express his sorrow, and added words of laudation as worthy of his own generous spirit as of the character of his brilliant adversary.

Turenne exemplified in its highest degree the art of war in the seventeenth century. Napoleon held his genius up before the French soldiers as worthy of constant study. He was a comrade to his troops, and his first tactical aim was to avoid sacrificing them in great pitched battles. He could strike swiftly and surely, however, and under reverses he always maintained the poise of a great captain.

901. ***Not an inch of our territory, nor a single stone of our fortresses!***

— Jules Claude Gabriel Favre (1809–1880),
French statesman.
(See 862.)

NAPOLEON III and his army had surrendered ingloriously at Sedan, and the Germans were before Paris. They held the heights of Chatillon and could bombard the city. Favre, vice-president in the government of National Defense, went to the general headquarters of the besiegers at Ferrières (Sept. 6, 1870) to discuss peace terms with Bismarck. The Chancellor demanded, as one of the chief conditions of the withdrawal of the German troops, the cession of several of the French provinces. Then Favre, in an untimely exuberance of patriotism, made his celebrated retort: that *not an inch, nor a stone* would be relinquished to the invaders. . . . . Such brave oratory counted for nothing, because it lacked the support of sufficient shot and shell. It probably amused Bismarck. In the final settlement the victors took all of Alsace and German Lorraine, two of the fairest and richest portions of France.

Germany never succeeded in assimilating the Alsatians. During the World War they fled by thousands to the armies of Foch. The Treaty of Versailles (1918) restored the lost province to France, but only ten years afterward she faced the prospect of losing it again. For the elections of 1929 resulted in an anti-Nationalist triumph, and a powerful agitation for the complete independence of Alsace.

902. ***O mes amis, sauvez moi et mes enfants!***
(O my friends, save me and my children!)

— MARIE ANTOINETTE,
Queen of France.
(See 393.)

THE red torrent of the Revolution has swept into the palace at Versailles with the dawn of a gray October day (1789). The queen is cornered with her little boy and girl, Louis Charles and Marie Thérèse. . . . . Up the staircases and through the halls roars the rabble. Roused from sleep by the knocks and the cries of the sentinels, Marie, hastily wrapped by her maids, seizes her children and flees from her suite. Scant seconds afterward poniards rend the bed which she has just left. She takes refuge in the apartments of her husband Louis XVI. With a burst of tears she appeals to the small band of loyal attendants to save her and the little ones snuggling in terrified wonderment at her knees. . . . . But the National Guards rally; the mob is turned back. Marie's hour of death is not yet. Four years of suffering and humiliation, painful captivity and merciless trial, stretch ahead of her to that other dismal October morning when the guillotine will end all her troubles.

903. ***Eh bien, me voilà!***
(Well, here I am!)

— Louis XVI,
King of France.
(See 102.)

THE attempt of Louis to run away from his country with his queen and children (June 20, 1791) was as weak and ill-advised as his own character. He accepted his ignominious capture at Varennes with the same dullness and apathy which he had shown toward affairs of state. Only a figure-head of a king at his best, his resemblance to a marionette became even more apparent when he was being taken back to Paris at the end of his futile flight from the Tuileries. . . . . As the carriage rumbled along, his consort, the stronger-minded Marie Antoinette, in her grief and humiliation kept silence, scorning converse with Barnave and Petion, the escorts from the Assembly. Louis, however, talked on with shallow words. Really, he had not intended to go beyond the frontier, he insisted, with obvious silliness. Then, with a smile which might have signified dejection, chagrin, or nothing at all—*Eh bien, me voila!* . . . . Yes, they had Louis; and for nineteen months they kept him. Then, one day, they gave him liberty—by means of the guillotine.

904. ***No halberts between my people and me!***

— CHARLES X (1757–1836),
King of France.

THE new king Charles made his public entry into Paris on Sept. 27, 1824. On a prancing Arab steed that gave him excellent opportunity to exhibit his skillful horsemanship he made a gallant spectacle, and as he rode along from St. Cloud to the palace the people thronged to get a sight of him. Some in their eagerness pressed out into the street and the royal guards were for driving them back with ungentle taps for their ill manners. Charles restrained such rough measures. There should be no halberts between his people and himself!. . . . His words were cheered by the crowd as an auspicious sign; but Charles wielding the sceptre proved to be a very different person. The French put up with his foolishness for six years; then, in August, 1830, he took his last ride through Paris. He had surrendered the throne to Louis Philippe, duke of Orleans, and was on his way to the sea-coast. Louis wisely let him depart without interference and thus met the fondest desire of the nation.

905. ***Nous avons trouvé une chambre introuvable.***
(We have found a chamber unfindable.)

— LOUIS XVIII,
Titular king of France.

THIS celebrated paradox was framed by Louis when he received the information that as a result of the elections of 1815 he was assured of a Royalist chamber of deputies in revolutionary France—an anomaly which had appeared to be impossible. This *chambre introuvable* proved so honestly independent, however, in its opposition to "excess centralization" of power that the king, seeing with alarm his royal policies endangered, ordered it dissolved in September, 1816.

906. **** * * You shall be governed by laws of your own makeing, and live a free, and if you will, a sober and industrious People. I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress his person. * * ****

—William Penn (1644–1718),
Founder of the Colony of Pennsylvania.
(See 850, 894.)

SUCH was the noble pledge of Penn, the English Quaker, to the inhabitants of the broad and fertile province to which he had been given title as absolute proprietary by Charles II. Before setting sail for his new possession he issued in London (April 8, 1681) a proclamation to his American subjects which promised them naught but peace, prosperity, and happiness. Never during his long reign was he false to these assurances. Founding his government firmly on the bedrock of religion, it naturally followed that neither avarice nor personal ambition swerved him from his guiding principle that

> *any government is free to the people where the laws rule and the people are a party to the laws. * * * For liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery.*

No monarch has ever enunciated a broader, juster, sounder policy, or has adhered to it more conscientiously.

907. ***The coalesced kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the head of a king!***

— Danton.

THE execution of Louis XVI roused the other crowned rulers of Europe and they began to show their hostility toward the Revolutionists. France was menaced with attack by an alliance of nations. It was at this critical time that the dramatic Danton, ready as ever with an unusual utterance for the situation, delivered a shibboleth which was caught up by his associates of the Republican party.

908. ***We are the only women that bring forth men.***

— GORGO,
Wife of Leonidas, king of Sparta.
(See 673.)

THE justifiable pride of the Spartan women in their virtues and their vigor was never better shown than in this reply of Gorgo to a woman of another country who said to her:

> *You of Lacedaemon are the only women in the world that rule the men.*

. . . . Thoroughly trained in such athletics as running, wrestling and throwing the darts, and skilled in the dances of the public festivals, the girls of Sparta grew to maturity strong and self-reliant, mentally as well as physically. They were well able to take care of themselves and their country while their men were away on the business of war; and they consequently enjoyed a freedom of action that was denied to their sisters in other lands. The memorable exploit of Gorgo's husband and his devoted band at Thermopylae was but a natural result of this serious preparation for the rearing of sturdy, fearless progeny. . . . . Gorgo was the daughter of Cleomenes, the half-brother of Leonidas, who succeeded him as king (489 or 488 B.C.).

909. ***To die for one's country***
Is the happiest and most enviable fate!

(See 189.)

BY mandate of the French Convention, Fouché and his mate, Collot d'Herbois, were depopulating Lyons as rapidly and as thoroughly as it could be done with artillery and guillotines. Couthon had been sent, in 1793, to "regulate" the hapless city, but his methods were too mild to satisfy the Paris tribunal. He had allowed the leading citizens free exit. Fouché and d'Herbois tracked them down and brought them back to give more éclat to the shambles. Sixty-four of the wretched creatures, manacled in pairs, were lined up alongside a double ditch in the marshy plain of the Brotteaux, and cannon were posed at each end. It was a clever device—the victims would fall into their own graves. . . . . As the gunners lighted their matches some heroic soul in the ranks of the doomed started singing "To die for one's country * * *." It was taken up by all the others, until a clear and valiant chorus sent the hymn to heaven. As the last word died the cannon barked, and those who were struck toppled into the death trough, dragging down with them all the living. Grape was discharged upon them; then the dragoons were let loose and with saber and pistol completed the slaughter.

910. ***What now? What astonishes you? I have taken seisin*** [possession] ***of this land with my hands, and, by the splendor of God, as far as it extends it is mine—it is yours!***

—WILLIAM I, THE CONQUEROR (1027–1087),
Duke of Normandy and king of England.

ON his grand invasion of England William landed at Bulverhithe, between Levensey and Hastings, on the Sussex coast (Sept. 28, 1066). All his army were drawn up in impressive array awaiting his coming. When he slipped and fell upon his face his superstitious soldiers saw in it an ominous accident and cried out in dismay. William righted himself with alacrity, and displayed a handful of earth as a symbol of his claim to the territory. . . . . Carrying war on to Norman soil, an English sovereign figured in a scene of striking similarity 280 years later. When Edward III landed near Cape La Hogue (July 10, 1346) his ten thousand archers were formed on the sands. With his first step he fell. (The bump made his nose bleed, says Froissart.) The knights, as they helped him up, implored him to heed the evil sign and get back to his ship. But Edward assured them:

This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me.

. . . . The same thing happened to Julius Caesar (it has been related also of Scipio) when he chased Pompey to Egypt (48 B.C.). On landing at Adrumetum, near Alexandria, he tripped and fell, but turned the unfortunate omen into a sign of triumph by kissing the soil, as though he had intentionally prostrated himself, exclaiming:

Teneo te, Africa!
(I hold thee fast, O Africa!)

. . . . When Napoleon's horse threw him on the bank of the Niemen at the start of his disastrous Russian campaign (1812) a French soldier cried, with rare foresight:

It is a bad omen! A Roman would retire.

911. ***We must never forget that the chief and first object of the prosecution of crime is its deterrent effect upon future would-be criminals in the protection of society.***

— WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT (1857–1930),
Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and former President.
(Compare 1091.)

SPEAKING before the National Crime Commission, at Washington (Nov. 3, 1927), Taft showed that he was not in sympathy with the coddling of murderers as victims of circumstances or sufferers from a "disease." He declared:

> *We must not allow our interest in criminals to go to the point of making effective prosecution of crime and its punishment subordinate to schemes for reform of criminals, however admirable they may be.*

. . . . At about the same time (Dec. 14, 1927) Governor Alvan Tufts Fuller of Massachusetts uttered language of similar import in an address to the Massachusetts State Grange, at Boston:

> *In Massachusetts we believe in the freedom of the individual. We also believe that while freedom stands for liberty, neither of them stands for license.* * * *

. . . . Almost one hundred years ago(Aug. 3, 1830), at Salem, Massachusetts, Daniel Webster in appealing for the extreme penalty in the case of J. F. Knapp, on trial for the slaying of Capt. Joseph White, affirmed:

> *Every unpunished murder takes away something from the security of every man's life.*

. . . . When the French peasantry rebelled against the nobles (the uprising of the "Jacquerie"), in 1358, the following proverb was common:

> *Oignez vilain, il vous poindra; poignez vilain, il vous oindra.*
>
> *(Save a villain from hanging, he'll cut your throat; show a villain the steel, he kneels.)*

912. ***It is the coat of a son of Mars. Let Mars deliver him, if he can.***

— CELESTINE III, Giacinto Bobo,
Pope from 1191 to 1198.

WHILE Richard the Lion-Hearted was warring in Normandy against Philip of France, the bishop of Beauvais, who had put on the armor of a soldier, was brought to him a prisoner. The English king rejoiced exceedingly at this stroke of good fortune, for when he had fallen into the hands of Henry VI, the Roman emperor, it was this same bishop, as the French envoy to Henry's court, who had induced his captor to put him in chains—a circumstance as galling to Richard's pride as to his flesh. Gladly did he welcome the opportunity to cast the ecclesiastic into a dungeon in the castle of Rouen and to load him with the heaviest of fetters. . . . . The bishop appealed to the pope, who refused him the protection of the church because "he had put on the helmet instead of the mitre and fought against the champion of the Cross." However, Celestine wrote to Richard, as a friend, asking softer treatment for "his dear son." He received from Richard the bishop's outfit of mail, with a sarcastic note: "Look if this be the coat of thy son or not." The pontiff thereupon renounced all kinship to Beauvais, and turned him over to the protection of the God of Battle. Only with Richard's death was Beauvais set free.

913. ***I have been severe to some in order to be good to all. I have loved justice and not vengeance.***

— Cardinal Richelieu (1585–1642),
French statesman.
(See 823.)

THESE words of Richelieu, spoken so composedly a few hours before he breathed his last (Dec. 4, 1642), have a fine sound, but they excite doubt. As the chief minister of Louis XIII he did great things for France, politically. He overthrew the supremacy of the Hapsburgs and on the ruins firmly set the Bourbons. "The absolute dominion of the French crown" was his guiding star, and he followed it with inflexible purpose. Attached forever to his memory, however, are the many victims whom he sent to the scaffold or the block without legal apology; his swarm of spies at court; his unscrupulous cunning; the three million *livres* which he amassed by his machinations; his cruelty to the king's own kin. He was cold and relentless, vain and unloved. Yet, after his physician had told him that in twenty-four hours he would be "dead or well," he assured his curé, with the complacency of a saint, that he *"never had any enemies but those of the state."* . . . . "Was he very sure of it?" asks one historian. And with that pertinent question it is perhaps as well to leave Richelieu—after noting the brief comment of Louis the king: "A great statesman is dead."

914. **** * * Go to your master, and tell him that we are here by the power of the people, and that we will not be driven forth but by the power of bayonets.***

— MIRABEAU.

MIRABEAU flung this defiance at the duke of Dreux-Breze, master of ceremonies to Louis XVI, who wanted to know why the members of the Assembly did not disperse obedient to the king's orders at the close of the meeting of the States-General at Marly (June 23, 1789). The bold words made the deputies more firm in upholding the popular rights in the crisis, and thus hastened the Revolution. . . . . In the hall of states Louis had harangued the three orders—Assembly, nobility, and clergy—in an overbearing manner, ending with the declaration that if he encountered fresh obstacles, he would take the welfare of the people into his own hands and consider himself as their only representative. He commanded the Assembly to separate, and departed with the aristocrats and some of the ecclesiastics. The commons remained in their places. M. de Breze entered and asked President Bailly if he had not heard the orders of the king. "I am about to take those of the Assembly," replied Bailly shortly. Then the aggressive Mirabeau made himself spokesman. He told De Breze that he had no business there, and bade him take to the king the message that only armed force could drive the Assembly out before they were ready to go. De Breze withdrew, and the deputies did business despite the soldiers who hovered at the door. . . . . Less than three weeks later (July 12) the people took up arms and stormed the Bastille. Louis had issued his last order to the Assembly.

915. ***I have been born in such a station as to give account of my actions to none but God; but these are of such a nature that I fear not even the judgment of men, and especially, sire, of a prince so just as yourself.***

— Richard the Lion-Hearted,
King of England.

STANDING in chains before his bitter enemy, Henry VI, Roman emperor, the celebrated Crusader began with dignified words his defense in the diet at Hagenau, Germany (1193). Taken prisoner by Duke Leopold of Austria while returning from the Holy Land, Richard had been sold to Henry, who gladly paid 60,000 pounds to get possession of the sovereign that had antagonized him by recognizing his rival Tancred as ruler of Sicily. Long imprisonment in a Tyrolese castle, under the constant watch of guards, had not daunted the spirit of the romantic hero of the troubadours. His noble bearing roused the sympathy of the princes of the diet, and as he proceeded even Henry showed emotion. . . . . Richard took up the charges one by one in manly fashion. He had kept on good terms with the king of Sicily because in need of his aid; in seizing Cyprus he had freed the people from an oppressive king and justly avenged his own injuries. As to the imputation that he had been too friendly with Saladin, his Moslem adversary in Palestine, he said: "My actions speak for me, and justify my cause more than words." Had he not captured Acre, won two battles, and refrained from enriching himself with an abundance of spoils? He would have taken Jerusalem if time had been given him: "this is the fault of my enemies, not mine." . . . . Henry relented, ordered Richard's bonds removed, and gave him freedom on the payment of a heavy ransom (variously estimated at from 100,000 to 150,000 marks), which his English subjects raised by taxing themselves to the utmost.

916. ***Now let us die with honor!***

—Joseph Antony Poniatowski (1763–1813),
Marshal of France.

WITH this cry Poniatowski, a prince of Poland fighting for Napoleon, spurred his horse straight into the ranks of the Russians at Leipsic (Oct. 18, 1813) and sacrificed his life rather than suffer the disgrace of surrender. . . . . At the head of a rearguard of 20,000, Poniatowski had covered the retreat of the badly beaten French with conspicuous bravery. He held back the allies until Napoleon and the residue of his main army had crossed the Elster and were well on the road to Lutzen. Then he ordered his own soldiers to retire. Slowly they began to fall back, but an over-anxious French engineer prematurely blew up the bridge, and they were cut off. . . . . Poniatowski did the only thing that could have been expected of him. He charged the foe, cut his way through to the river bank, and plunged into the water, but fell dead under the fire of the Russian sharpshooters. He was buried in the cathedral at Cracow, beside two other Polish heroes of fame: Kosciuzko and Sobieski.

917. ***God commanded it; if I had had one hundred fathers and one hundred mothers, I should have gone.***

—Joan of Arc.

(See 875.)

UNDER the merciless inquisition of her judges at Rheims Joan maintained a noble dignity. With brutal ingenuity they cast about for questions to betray her into admissions that might give them a plausible excuse for her execution (a crime which they had already resolved to commit). She met them all with a clearness and a sincerity that disproved their charges of "heresy, blasphemy, and treason." Finally they demanded to know whether she had not thought that she was sinning in leaving home "without the permission of her parents." They must have expected the reply which they received. The maid of Domremy had given sufficient evidence by her bravery in battle and her serenity in captivity that she believed the holiness of her militant cause transcended even her obligations to father and mother. She was certain, however, of their forgiveness, she said.

918. ***We are both upon the stage and must act such parts as are assigned us in this tragedy; let us do it in a way of honor and without personal animosities.***

— Sir William Waller (c. 1597–1668), English soldier.

WALLER and Sir Ralph Hopton provided one of the finest examples of sterling friendship maintained under difficult conditions. They found themselves on opposing sides in the English Civil War: Waller as a major-general in the Parliamentary army, Hopton as lieutenant-general of the Royalists. Hopton defeated Waller at Lansdown (July 5, 1643), but Waller rallied and shut up Hopton in Devizes. Soon afterward (July 13) Hopton, with the aid of a relieving force from Oxford, crushed Waller's army at Roundway Down. Through all these vicissitudes the two retained their mutual esteem, as is testified by the above extract from one of Waller's letters to Hopton. "With what a perfect hatred I detest this war without any enemy," he wrote. In another place he declared: "Hostility itself cannot violate my friendship to your person." . . . . After the war Waller sat in the House of Commons and the Convention Parliament. He died in peaceful retirement (Sept 19, 1668). Hopton, who shared the downfall of the Royalists after fighting to the last, died in exile at Bruges (September, 1652).

919. **** * * You only hold the crown from God, sire. * * * Deign to remember * * * that God only crowns kings in order to procure for his subjects security of life, personal liberty, and peaceful enjoyment of prosperity.***

— Chretien Guillaume de Lamoignon Malesherbes
(1721–1794),
French statesman.
(Compare 417.)

IN his protest to Louis XV at the dissolution of the *parlement* by the edict of Dec. 7, 1770, Malesherbes delivered one of the straightest of all rebukes against the claims of thrones to authority "divine." His argument was adopted by the *cour des aides* (court of aids), of which he was the chief magistrate (Feb. 18, 1771). It still holds its place as a model declaration of the true foundations of royal power and the limits to which sovereign authority can legitimately be carried without violating the rights of the subject people. . . . . The propositions of Malesherbes got under the skin of Louis, who straightway banished him to his country-seat at Lucie. He came back with the old *parlement* under the next Louis, however, and was again active politically. At the age of seventy-two, Malesherbes voluntarily came out of retirement in Switzerland to defend Louis XVI before the Convention. Two years later the minions of the dictator Robespierre dragged him to the guillotine (April 23, 1794).

920. ***Forward—forward—courage! Follow my example—don't be afraid!***

— Lord Byron.

IN his dying delirium at Missolonghi Byron fancied that he was leading on his Suliote guards in the cause of Greek independence, to which he had given his name, his fortune, his very life. . . . . The glorious past of the country appealed to the poet's romantic imagination. Though his health was burned out by his mental exertions and his reckless indulgences during his residence in Italy, he threw himself with characteristic ardor into the movement for freedom, and deliberately killed himself for a people with whom he had no affinity of blood. In three months he reconciled the disputes of the Liberal leaders, drilled troops and paid them, stood the expense of building defenses, provided medical equipment. Then came the deathblow to his enfeebled constitution. . . . . In the nine days of Byron's illness "Greece" was frequently on his lips. Once he said:

> *There are things which make the world dear to me (Io lascio qualche cosa di caro nel mondo); for the rest, I am content to die.*

On the evening of April 19, 1824, he murmured, "Now I shall go to sleep," and shortly afterward expired, at the age of thirty-six. . . . . The people of Missolonghi were shrouded in sorrow. "The great man is gone!" they cried. Minute-guns were fired, and there was general mourning for twenty-one days. After lying in state, Byron's body was sent back to England and buried in the family vault in the village church of Hucknall-Torkard, near Newstead (July 16). . . . . Denied bust or tomb in Westminster Abbey, the author of "Childe Harold" is shrined in the perpetual affection of the Greeks. They kept the heart which had pulsed so fervently for them, and gave it a resting-place in Missolonghi. Perhaps it were better so; for Missolonghi was the scene of Byron's noblest actions.

921. ***War be it, then; millions for defense, sir, but not one cent for tribute!***

— Charles Cotesworth Pinckney (1746–1825),
American statesman.

PINCKNEY, the South Carolinan, became famous for his spirited reply to the French statesman Talleyrand (October, 1797), when relations between the United States and France were near the breaking-point over the damage done to American shipping by French privateers. . . . . In 1786, Pinckney as the accredited minister to Paris to negotiate with the French government was not only denied an official audience, but was ordered out of France forthwith. In the following year, however, he was sent back by President John Adams, with John Marshall and Elbridge Gerry, to make another effort at settlement. The trio were refused an interview by the Directory, but Talleyrand and two other agents insinuated that an American "loan" would be highly acceptable. At last Talleyrand went straight to the point. A gift of 50,000 pounds would obtain a parley for the commissioners. A refusal meant war. Pinckney's short and sharp response ended the meeting, and he returned home at once with Marshall, Gerry remaining. . . . . Not until April 2, 1798, did President Adams present to Congress the dispatches of the commissioners describing the affair. He cloaked the identities of Talleyrand and his companions under the initials "X. Y. Z," and the " X. Y. Z. Correspondence" is celebrated in American history. . . . . Pinckney's words became a national slogan. A navy of thirty-eight men-of-war was built, and the coasts were swept clean of the French rovers.

[Albert Bushnell Hart, the historian, renders Pinckney's declaration: "No, no, no, not one six-pence!" He derives it from the American commissioners' report. The more familiar form is given preference here because of its importance as a rallying-cry for the States.]

922. *I shall be your wife no longer, and shall never rest till I give you as sorrowful a heart as I have at this present.*

— Mary Queen of Scots.
(See 215.)

A TRAGIC scene had just been enacted in the palace of Holyrood on this evening of March 9, 1566. Led by Mary's husband, Lord Darnley, a band of conspirators had burst into her apartment, dragged out David Rizzio, her chief minister and favorite, who was supping with her, and murdered him in an antechamber. Her shrill appeals for his life could not stay their thrusts. When Rizzio lay dead the queen turned on Darnley with a passionate reproach. . . . . Less than a year later (Feb. 9, 1567) Darnley was slain, undoubtedly with the full connivance of his royal wife. Within the next three months Mary married the earl of Bothwell, James Hepburn, who stands convicted in history as the assassin of her husband. Bothwell, after long incarceration in the Zealand castle of Dragsholm, died insane (April 14, 1578). Mary perished under the axe (Feb. 8, 1587); and thus was completed the chain of sinister events due to her luckless association with Rizzio.

923. *Willigis, Willigis, remember thy origin.*

—Willigis (975–1011),
Archbishop of Mainz.

WILLIGIS was so proud of being the son of a wheelwright that for the arms of his exalted office he chose a wheel, with the above words. He inherited the stout character of his humble and hard-working father, leading the party which wiped out the aspirations of the unpopular Henry the Wrangler to the throne of the Western Roman Empire. Subsequently, however, he supported the coronation of the Wrangler's son, Henry of Navarre, because of his piety and his generosity toward the church.

924. ***Did not these waters present an insuperable barrier, I would carry the faith and the law of the faithful to countries reaching from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof!***

— ACHBAR BEN NAFI AL-FAHRI (7th century),
Arab general.

ACHBAR, an illustrious soldier, bore the banner of the Omayyad caliph Yazid I across northern Africa (about 682), and with it the religion of Islam; for the people of Numidia, Morocco, and Mauretania judged it more discreet to bow down in solemn humility to the Crescent than to resist his fierce warriors. One day Achbar came to the spreading ocean. Driving his charger into the surf till his saddle-girths were wet, he raised his gleaming scimitar on high and uttered his empty boast. . . . . Rebellious mountaineers had closed in behind Achbar. A few days later they swarmed upon him. When his body was found among his slain soldiers his hand still held the saber with which he had so recently saluted the Atlantic.

925. ***Santiago, Santiago! España, España! a sangre, a carne, a juego, a sacco.***

(St. James, St. James! Spain, Spain! Blood, flesh, fire, sack!)

RAISING this ferocious cry, the Spanish Fury swept the city of Antwerp in 1576. Before the pack of Alva—5500 foot and horse—charged over the ramparts, they all kneeled in the citadel for the mockery of invoking the blessing of God upon the arms that were speedily to drip with the blood of 6000 burghers. When the horde tired of killing they turned to looting and divided up treasure worth four or five millions sterling. For two days the richest town in Europe was an inferno. Nearly a thousand buildings were burned. Such savagery would be unbelievable but for the stern testimony of history.

926. ***You die, as you have lived—a hypocrite!***

— IRENE (c. 1066–c. 1120),
Queen of Alexius I, Emperor of the East.

ALEXIUS spent most of the thirty-seven years of his reign in fighting. One after another he took on the Normans, the Patzinaks, the Crusaders, and the Turks. Nor could he die in peace; for almost with his last breath he was in a broil with his wife, a spirited lady of large ambitions. She wanted him to alter the succession so that the throne would go to her daughter Anne's husband, Nicephorus Bryennius, and she made his death-bed miserable with her importunities. Finally the harassed emperor raised his aching head from his pillow and uttered with all the fervor that he could muster a pious denunciation of wordly vanity and pride. His irate consort retorted with a stinging reproach, and he passed away with the word "hypocrite" in his ears (1118). . . . . The career of Alexius was not without cruelty and injustice, and the historian Gibbon remarks that the bitter exclamation of his queen might well serve as his epitaph.

927. ***Yet I was once your emperor.***

— VITELLIUS, Aulus (15–69 A. D.),
Roman emperor.

VITELLIUS, notorious for his gluttony, his licentiousness, and his general worthlessness as a ruler, had one noble moment at the very end of his life. Seized by his mutinous soldiers while skulking in the palace which they had desolated, he was pushed and prodded along to the Gemonian stairs and there put to the sword, after many indignities (Dec. 21, 69 A. D.). To a tribune who was foremost in abusing him while he stood awaiting the fatal blow he said, with a dignity which was surprising in him: "Yet I was once your emperor."

928. ***'T is a damned bad treaty, and I don't know whether I will sign it or not.***

— Henry Clay (1777–1852),
American statesman.

ON the day before the American and British peace commissioners signed the Treaty of Ghent, which concluded the War of 1812, Clay, who was one of the envoys, bluntly expressed his dissatisfaction with the agreement. This was not strange. On the floor of Congress he had aggressively advocated the war, and he had gone so far as to demand the dictation of terms to Great Britain at Quebec or Halifax. Now, after almost five months of parleying at Ghent, the upshot, as he viewed it, was a pact by which his country gained nothing, despite its losses in lives and property. The conquests on either side were restored and all the questions between the two nations were left where they had been at the outbreak of the conflict. Yet, with the others, he put his signature to the document (Dec. 24, 1814).

929. ***I Morgen er det Atter Dag.***
(Daylight will reappear to-morrow.)
Another version is:
(To-morrow will be another day.)

—Valdemar IV, "Atterdag" (c. 1320–1375),
King of Denmark.

VALDEMAR found great comfort in this hopeful proverb and frequently repeated it, especially when formidable obstacles rose before him. "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day" runs another adage; but, like mankind in general, Valdemar often ran afoul of perplexities which admitted of no immediate solution. Then he would say "Atter Dag." . . . . For thirty years he devoted himself to the task of restoring the shattered Danish kingdom to unity and power. No adversity discouraged him. When fighting failed to advance his ends, he resorted to wily diplomacy.

930. ***I see the succors of England coming!***

— JOAN DE MONTFORT,
French countess.

LONG and valiantly had Joan de Montfort held the castle of Hennebont (Hennebon) against the forces of Charles, count of Blois, the rival of her husband, John de Montfort, for the duchy of Brittany (1342). Imprisoned in the tower of the Louvre at Paris was De Montfort, but his stout-hearted wife had clothed herself in armor and taken his place at the head of his knights. The besiegers were making ready for a last fierce assault on the fortress. The countess still clung to the hope of assistance from her friends the English; for Edward II had given his support to the De Montfort claim. Mounting to a high tower, she peered anxiously out of a window toward the sea, and gave a joyful cry. A great fleet of sail was making in for shore. At last her deliverers were at hand. The expedition of Sir Walter Manny had overcome the storms. The foe decamped from the walls. . . . . The defense of Hennebont is one of the most glorious chapters in French history. The ancient chroniclers recognized the picturesque possibilities in it. Artists have immortalized the heroic countess in her watch from the turret.

931. ***Here am I laid, my life of misery done.***
Ask not my name, I curse you every one.
—TIMON OF ATHENS, "the Misanthrope" (431–404 B. C.).
(See 952.)

THIS Timon, who is the subject of one of Shakespeare's plays, became embittered with mankind because of the ingratitude of his early friends, and the epitaph which he wrote for himself (quoted above) is proof that he did not outlive his hatred. The lines were inscribed on his tomb at Halae, on the seashore, and still further to repel possible visitors, he had the place hedged with thorns. The gods, evidently sympathetic with his desire to be left unmolested, made his obscurity complete some years after his death by sending down a landslip which turned his grave into an island, inaccessible to the feet of the curious. . . . . Mark Antony, fleeing to Egypt after Caesar had defeated his fleet at Actium, in a mood of great depression compared his lot with Timon's and followed the example of that distrustful personage. On a mole in the sea near Pharos he built a house, calling it Timonium, and retired to it, shutting out all his acquaintances. . . . . Timon should not be confused with Timon of Phlius (about 320-230 B. C.), the Greek poet and philosopher.

932. ***We have lived long, gentlemen, but this is the noblest work of our lives.***

— Robert R. Livingston (1746–1813),
American statesman.
(See 362.)

LIVINGSTON, then the American minister to France, spoke these words earnestly as he rose from the table, in Paris, where he and James Monroe had just concluded with Barbé Marbois, Napoleon's agent, the agreement for the transfer of the Louisiana Purchase to the United States by the French Republic (April 30, 1803). The transaction was not only the most brilliant achievement of President Jefferson's administration—it was one of the most noteworthy episodes in American history. . . . . Jefferson had instructed Livingston to negotiate merely for the cession of New Orleans and the Floridas, but Napoleon, who had abandoned his American colonial schemes, fearing that Louisiana would be wrested from him by Great Britain, with which he was then at war, offered the whole territory to the Americans. With diplomatic boldness Livingston and Monroe promptly accepted the grant on their own personal responsibilities. Thus they closed one of the most extraordinary bargains between nations, securing for their country an area of 1,000,000 square miles—five times as large as France—for the trifling sum of $15,000,000 (80,000,000 francs). With the subsequent interest payments the price amounted to $27,267,622, or about four cents an acre, for "perhaps the richest agricultural region of the world." . . . . Within this vast domain, there lie to-day the States of Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, and Oklahoma, and most of Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana. In 1803, the inhabitants numbered about 85,000; a hundred years later, the population was 15,000,000, "and the taxable wealth alone was four hundred times the fifteen millions given to Napoleon."

933. ***Here comes the rear guard of the Grand Army!***

— MARSHAL NEY.

(See 576.)

GIVING this dramatic password, a tattered, unshorn soldier, bearing no arms, the grime of powder on his face, answered the hail of a sentry at the French outpost in the village of Gumbinnen, East Prussia, in the grey morning of Dec. 20, 1812. Michel Ney, Napoleon's most fiery marshal, had emerged over the border, sixty-five miles away, out of the wreckage of the superb array with which the emperor had gone into Russia. Disreputable looking and weary of limb, still his spirit was not subdued. He held high his unkempt head—and well he might. He was the last soldier of the Grande Armée to quit Russian soil. With a handful of the guards he had held the bridge-head at Kovno on the Niemen till the rearmost French column was safely across. Only then did he leave his post and, looking back with disdain at the Cossacks that he had fought off, throw his musket into the river. There was a scene for an artist's masterpiece. . . . . Ney's sublime performance as commander of the rear guard on the awful retreat from Moscow will bear retelling a thousand-and-one times. Starting with a corps of less than 7,000, and a dozen small cannon which were soon abandoned in the snow, he beat off the swarms of hovering Russians. Wallowing through the drifts he reached the Dnieper, defended the passage there, and made the other bank with less than half of his force. At the Beresina again he held back the foe. Napoleon, pressing on with the main body, abandoned him to his fate near Krasnoi, but Ney cut his way through. When he overtook the emperor at Orcha his band had shrunk to 800; at Vilna, he had 400 left. Then Kovno, and his noblest stand of all. . . . . When Ney, more like a camp follower than a marshal, walked up to the Gumbinnen picket, he was the most glorious figure of all the 350,000 fighting men that Napoleon had led to death and disaster in his campaign against the czar Alexander.

934. ***Good-by, wretched world, this death is easy!***

—Andreas Hofer (1767–1810),
Tyrolese patriot.

HOFER, a pious peasant of the Passeier valley, was the chief leader of the Tyrolese insurrection against France in 1809 and distinguished himself by his bravery. Routing the army of Marshal Lefebvre, he entered Innsbruck, and from the Hofburg there ruled the country for several months in the name of the emperor of Austria. Napoleon at last sent overpowering forces after him and put a price on his head. Hofer fled to a deserted herdsman's hut in the mountains, but was betrayed. His captors brought him down barefoot through the ice and snow, and took him to Mantua, where he was court-martialed and shot on the city walls (Feb. 20, 1810). He refused to have his eyes bandaged, and perished looking steadily into the guns. "This death is easy!" he exclaimed just before he fell. . . . . There was pronounced sympathy for Hofer among his judges and he might have been acquitted but for Napoleon, who sent a peremptory order by heliograph from Milan fixing a time limit for his execution. Napoleon, on his part, blamed the excessive zeal of his generals for the hasty deed. . . . . A festival play in celebration of Hofer's patriotism is performed in the open air at Meran every year.

935. ***The English are bent on war, but if they are the first to draw the sword, I shall be the last to sheathe it.***

— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

SUMMONED to a public levée at the Tuileries (March 12, 1803), Lord Charles Whitworth (Baron Aldbaston), the English ambassador extraordinary to France, discovered that Napoleon desired his presence in no cordial spirit. The First Consul was involved in a quarrel with Great Britain over the possession of Malta. Two days before, George III had issued a royal proclamation calling into service the English militia, a sign of preparation for hostilities. . . . . Turning upon Whitworth in the presence of the Russian and Spanish envoys, Napoleon exclaimed in an angry voice: "You are decided on war, it seems—you wish it. . . . . Britons do not respect treaties, so we shall cover them with black crepe. You may destroy France, but you shall not intimidate her!" Whitworth replied that it was not the wish of England "to do either the one or the other," but declared firmly that those who broke treaties "should be responsible to Europe for the consequences." . . . . This exchange, not particularly weighty in its immediate consequences, yet cast a large shadow over the subsequent fortunes of Napoleon. From that hour England was destined to be the foe that in the end would pull him down.

936. ***Near this spot are deposited the Remains of one who possessed Beauty without Vanity, Strength without Insolence, Courage without Ferocity, and all the Virtues of man without his Vices.***

— EPITAPH written by LORD BYRON for his dog BOATSWAIN.

BOATSWAIN, of Newfoundland breed, died in a fit of madness (Nov. 18, 1808), and Byron grieved for many days. He dwelt on his loss in letters to his friends, lamenting that "only Murray" (his publisher, John Murray) was left to him now. The poet raised a monument to Boatswain in the gardens of Newstead Abbey. . . . . Byron's affection for his dead pet recalls the piquant observation of Lamartine, the French statesman:

> *Plus je vois des representants du peuple, plus j'aime mes chiens.*
> *(The more I see the representatives of the people, the more I love my dogs.)*

. . . . Pope, the English poet, declared in a letter to Henry Cromwell:

> *Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends.*

. . . . There is an old French proverb:

> *Who loves me loves my dog.*

937. ***Frenchmen, at your approach I set fire to my house, lest it be polluted by your presence. I have also given you my two houses in Moscow with half a million of rubles. You will find nothing but ashes.***

— Count Feodor Vassilievich Rostoptschin (1765–1826),
Military Governor of Moscow.
(See 250.)

WHEN Moscow was abandoned to Napoleon and his army (September, 1812), Rostoptschin, before fleeing with the rest of the inhabitants, fired his splendid country mansion at Vorovono in the neighborhood of the capital, first marking the above scornful message to the invaders on the great iron door. He also put the torch to the governor's palace and to his own private residence in the city. . . . . Tradition charges Rostoptschin with having ordered the burning of Moscow (Sept. 17) and the immense public stocks of oil and vodka. This suspicion still exists despite his spirited pamphlet of denial, "La Verite sur l'incendie de Moscou" (The Truth about the Burning of Moscow), published in Paris in 1823. He divided the blame for the conflagration between some over-zealous Russian patriots and the French themselves; but Seeley asserts that before departing he had made preparations for giving the city to the flames. . . . . Rostoptschin merits credit for the energetic measures that he took to defend Moscow, with Kutusov's regular army engaged in the field. By great exertions he raised and equipped a force of 122,000, and he felt deeply offended when ordered to evacuate. After Napoleon's departure he put forth every effort to repair the damage done to the city.

938. ***I am dying for you, like so many others. You will not mourn my loss any more than the rest.***

—JEAN LANNES, Duke of Montebello (1769–1809), Marshal of France.

LANNES, one of Napoleon's favorite commanders, was given to addressing the emperor bluntly, even insolently; nor was he the less outspoken when he lay with both legs shot off after the battle of Aspern-Essling (May 22, 1809). . . . . The French were defeated, and Lannes braved the hottest fire to cover their retreat to the island of Lobau in the Danube. There Napoleon had retired, and there soon afterward was borne his marshal, shattered by a cannon-ball. . . . . Bonaparte dropped on his knees beside the litter and gave way to grief such as he rarely showed. "Lannes, do you know me?" he exclaimed. "It's your friend, Bonaparte!" The dying general in reply bitterly reproached him for his selfish and inhuman ambitions. . . . . Such is the account of the cadet Gassicourt, who attended Lannes at the time. An entirely different version is that of General Petit, who quotes Lannes thus: "I am dying for you and for my country. Do not mourn my loss. May you live and save the army!" The authority of Gassicourt is accepted here as by far the more reasonable. . . . . Lannes was carried to Vienna and expired there (May 31). He was buried in the Pantheon at Paris. Napoleon while in exile at St. Helena wrote of him:

I found him a dwarf, but I lost him a giant.

939. ***Why don't you make General Gneisenau apothecary? It was he who prepared my pills.***

— Marshal Blucher.
(See 1051.)

WHEN the allied sovereigns Alexander I of Russia and Frederick William III of Prussia made their triumphal visit to England after the fall of Paris and the abdication of Napoleon, in the summer of 1814, Blücher accompanied them and was received with an acclaim which rivaled their own reception. This was fitting enough, for with his Silesians he had led the campaign against the French capital and was the first to enter it. . . . . Blücher was showered with honors by the admiring English, not the least being the degree of doctor of laws which was conferred upon him by Oxford University. During the ceremonies the Prussian veteran paid tribute in a humorous way to his old comrade the count Neithardt von Gneisenau, his quartermaster-general, who saw that he was plentifully provided with "pills" to shoot at the French during the march on Paris. The team-work of these two officers has been termed "the best example of the harmonious cooperation between a general and his chief-of-staff." . . . . Gneisenau subsequently directed the relentless pursuit of the French after Waterloo; Blücher gave them the knock-out blow by succoring Wellington in the crisis. As a general Gneisenau was but little inferior to Frederick the Great.

940. ***Old women should not seek to be perfumed.***

— PERICLES (490–429 B. C.),
Athenian statesman and general.

WHEN Pericles came back to Athens after his great exploit of conquering Samos, the most powerful of the Ionian Islands, he delivered (as was the custom) a public funeral harangue in tribute to the war dead. As he descended from the stage the women hastened to crown him with garlands. Among those who pressed about him was Elipinice, sister of Cimon, the leader of the aristocratic party and the rival of Pericles in statesmanship and military command; but she held no wreath in her hand. Sarcastically she addressed him: "These are brave deeds, Pericles, that you have done, and such as deserve our chaplets; *who have lost us many a worthy citizen, not in a war with Phoenicians or Medes, like my brother Cimon, but for the overthrow of an allied and kindred city.*" (Samos was a member of the Delphian League.) Pericles met her rebuke with the smiling reminder that "old women should not seek to be perfumed."

941. ***For, oh, the Samians are a lettered people.***

— ARISTOPHANES (c. 448–385 B. C.),
Greek poet and comic dramatist.

CONTAINED in this ironic line of Aristophanes is the key to an interesting little tale. . . . . After his first subjugation of Samos, the Athenian Pericles stamped the foreheads of some of his captives with the image of a *samaena*—a sort of blunt-nosed ship which the Samians themselves had been the first to build. Subsequently (440 B.C.) when Melissus worsted the Athenian fleet in the absence of Pericles, he promptly branded his prisoners over the eyes with the figure of an owl.

942. *Kaiser bin i', und Knödel muss i' haben!*
(I am emperor, and will have the dumpling!)

— FERDINAND I (1793–1875),
Emperor of Austria.

THE weak-minded Ferdinand (he was actually insane at times) was given to childish fits of peevishness which were often ludicrous. While on an excursion one day with his physician he went into a farmhouse to escape the rain. The farmer and his family were dining on some dumplings of tempting looks and savor. Ferdinand expressed a desire for one. The doctor, fearful of the effect on the royal digestion, strongly protested. But the irate emperor got the biggest dumpling in the pot—and survived it. His saying on this occasion passed into a proverb among the Viennese.

943. ***I wished the Athenians to talk about this, that they might not say something worse of me.***

— ALCIBIADES (c. 450–404 B. C.),
Athenian general and politician.

ALCIBIADES owned a dog that had the right of way in Athens because of his size, his handsome bearing, and the price that he cost the politician—no less than seventy minas ($1330). One day the animal appeared on the street bereft of his tail: that glorious ornament had been deliberately cut off by his master. This caused a great stir of tongues. When a friend of Alcibiades remonstrated with him and told him that the people were berating him right and left, he chuckled and said: "Just what I wanted has happened, then. I wished the Athenians to talk about this, that they might not say something worse of me."

944. *Votre armée du Bobre n'existe plus!*
(Your army of the Bober no longer exists!)
—Jacques Etienne Joseph Alexandre MacDonald,
(1765–1840),
Marshal of France.

IT was a forlorn report which MacDonald rendered when he presented himself before Napoleon at Dresden after the battle of Katzbach in Silesia (Aug. 26-29, 1813). He had been pounced upon and swept to swift and complete defeat by Blücher, who, while warily dodging any engagement with the French under the immediate command of Napoleon himself, did not hesitate to try conclusions with his marshal. MacDonald's Army of the Bober (thus called from the river which formed the center of its operations) was driven into the Katzbach and the Niesse, with a loss of 5000 killed and 18,000 prisoners, abandoning over a hundred cannon and two of its proud eagles. . . . . Fate had been kinder to MacDonald at Wagram (July 5-6, 1809), where he was decorated on the field by Napoleon after his superb charge through the Austrian center decided the day.

945. ***Soldiers! such insolence can be answered only by a victory. Forward!***

—Jean Baptiste Kleber (1753–1800),
French general.

WHEN Napoleon, learning that the fall of the Directory was imminent, secretly deserted his army in Egypt (August, 1799) and hastened to Paris to seize the dictatorship, he left Kleber in command. Cut off from France with only 10,000 men, Kleber made terms with the British for evacuation, but Lord Keith, the British admiral, refused to ratify the terms, demanding immediate surrender. Kleber indignantly tore up the treaty and called on his troops to avenge the insult with their arms. The next morning (March 20, 1800) he threw his little army against the 60,000 Turks of the grand vizier Mustapha Pasha, near Heliopolis, and around the ruins of that ancient city cut them to pieces. Then he recaptured Cairo; but he was murdered there by an Arab fanatic (June 14). The dagger that pierced him punctured Napoleon's design of Egyptian conquest; for Kleber's successor, General Menou, was defeated by the British, and the French withdrew from the country (September, 1801).

946. ***Euchidas ran to Delphi and back in one day.***

MODERN Marathon runners might well ponder this epitaph of Euchidas, which was inscribed over his tomb in the temple of Diana Euclia in the ancient Greek city of Plataea (Plataeae) in Boeotia. . . . . After the Greek allies had routed the Persian general Mardonius and his great army on the plain of the Asopus near Plataea (479 B.C.), they were told by the oracle of Apollo to offer sacrifice of thanksgiving with unpolluted fire only, from the common altar at Delphi. Let Plutarch relate the remainder of the story in his simple, graphic style, without a wasted word: " . . . . Euchias, a Plataean, promising to fetch fire, with all possible speed, from the altar of the god, went to Delphi, and having sprinkled and purified his body, crowned himself with laurel; and taking the fire from the altar ran back to Plataea, and got back there before sunset, performing in one day a journey of a thousand furlongs; and saluting his fellow-citizens and delivering them the fire, he immediately fell down, and in a short time after expired." . . . . Here was a youth who ran 125 miles between morning and evening, not for publicity or gold, but for the honor of his city.

947. ***No Athenian has ever put on mourning through any action of mine.***

— PERICLES.
(See 940.)

THIS, out of all his many accomplishments for the glory of his state, afforded Pericles the deepest satisfaction as he lay dying of a slow fever, in the autumn of 429 B.C. . . . . The friends around his couch fell to reviewing his personal merits and lauding the nine great victories on land and sea for which he had set up as many trophies for the honor of Athens. Though apparently unconscious, Pericles heard it all, and surprised the group by suddenly saying:

> *What you praise in my life belongs partly to good fortune, and is, at best, common to me with many other generals. But the peculiarity of which I am most proud, you have not noticed: no Athenian has ever put on mourning through any action of mine.*

. . . . It has been suggested that Pericles had in mind his generosity toward his political opponents. He refused to ruin them by persecution, though having it in his power.

948. ***Within two little years I have taken two Spanish, one French and one Dutch admirals.***

— Sir George Brydges Rodney (1718–1792),
English admiral.

IT was with pardonable pride that Rodney thus wrote home after the crowning achievement of his vigorous career—the defeat of the comte de Grasse off Dominica (April 12, 1782). The ships of the French were crowded with soldiers and artillery for the conquest of Jamaica. De Grasse, who was landed at Portsmouth, was the first commander-in-chief of a French army or navy to be a prisoner in England since the surrender of Marshal Tallard to the duke of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim (Aug. 13, 1704) during Queen Anne's wars. His flagship, the Ville de Paris, was the only man-of-war of the first class that had ever been taken into an English port as a prize. Another of Rodney's notable successes was the relief of Gibraltar, which he brought about by crushing the fleet of the Spanish admiral Don Juan de Langara off Cape St. Vincent (Jan. 16, 1780). There is a monument to Rodney in St. Paul's Cathedral.

949. ***My trade is not to make speeches, but to cut off heads.***

— Francis of Lorraine, 2d Duke of Guise (1519–1563),
French soldier.

WHEN Guise as the leader of the forces of the Catholic Francis II defeated the Huguenots in their attack on the castle of Amboise (March 19, 1560), where the king and court had taken refuge, he made short work of the conspirators who fell into his hands. Twelve hundred of them were hanged or put to the knife. One of his victims was courageous enough to upbraid him for his ferocity and to question the propriety of it. All the satisfaction that he received before forfeiting his life was the blunt interruption cited above.

950. ***Neither for Zion nor Jerusalem will I depart from my just rights, while there is breath in my nostrils!***

— EDWARD I,
King of England.

WHEN William Wallace gave up the Scottish guardianship, following his defeat by Edward's army at Falkirk (July 22, 1298), Boniface VIII proclaimed Scotland a dependency of the See of Rome and commanded Edward, who also claimed the kingdom, to proceed to the Vatican and plead his case. This summons was served upon the English king by the archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Winchelsea, who warned him to yield, "since Jerusalem would not fail to protect her citizens and Mount Zion her worshippers." Edward rose in his wrath and electrified council and court with an exclamation of defiance. He laid the pope's bull before the Parliament, who turned it down, and Boniface retreated from his stand.

951. ***Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.***

—WILLIAM LOWNDES (1652–1724),
Secretary to the Treasury of England.

IN the movement to reform the currency during the reign of William III (1695), Lowndes, a respectable man but easily imposed upon by worthless financial theories, conceived the scheme of passing a ninepenny shilling for twelvepence. The absurdity of this fantastic idea was shown by John Locke, the English philosopher, in an unanswerable treatise. . . . . While Lowndes advocated short change for the nation, evidently he found the full shilling quite satisfactory for himself. The observant Lord Chesterfield wrote of him (Feb. 5, 1750), that "to his favorite maxim his posterity owed the very considerable fortune that he left them."

952. ***Ye men of Athens, I have a little plot of ground, and in it grows a fig-tree, on which many citizens have been pleased to hang themselves; and now, having resolved to build in that place, I wished to announce it publicly, that any of you who may be desirous may go and hang yourselves before it is cut down.***

—Timon of Athens, "the Misanthrope."

(See 931.)

TIMON, who was noted for his confirmed hatred of humanity in general, would undoubtedly have been delighted to leave his fig-tree standing on the assurance that all the citizens of Athens, without regard to class, should hang themselves upon its branches. He mounted into the speaker's place in the assembly one day to make his announcement that they must find some other place in which to commit suicide. This was only one of Timon's many eccentric acts, for which Aristophanes and other comic writers made sport of him.

953. ***War can't be fed at so much a day.***

— Crobylus (3d century B. C.), Greek orator.

WAR, the ogre, has a ravenous maw, as the world has been reminded times innumerable down through the ages; but nobody ever phrased this truth more tersely than Crobylus, about whom little is known to-day. This remark was made at a conference of the Greek States held in Athens, at the prompting of Demosthenes, to prepare to fight Philip of Macedon. Money was being levied to pay an army of 15,000 infantry and 2000 horsemen gathered among the allies, and the envoys desired an exact statement of the total amount which their contributions to the conflict would be expected to reach. Crobylus put out of their heads at once the fantastic idea that a war could be run on the budget plan, like an Athenian's kitchen.

954. ***He lies there who never flattered nor feared any flesh.***

— Earl of Morton, James Douglas (c. 1525–1581),
Regent of Scotland.
(See 874.)

STANDING at the grave of John Knox in St. Giles' Churchyard, Edinburgh, on the funeral day (November, 1572), Morton in ten words spoke a perfect eulogy of the celebrated Scottish reformer. With vivid brevity he pictured the chief characteristic of the militant Protestant apostle—dauntlessness. . . . . Knox flourished a two-handed sword in defense of the martyr, George Wishart; uttered no soft words to the queen, Mary Stuart; suffered exile courageously; kept his spirit as a slave of the galleys; never compromised with sin; inspired the peasantry of his country to resist tyranny. There are many estimates of Knox, but that of Morton alone is sufficient.

955. ***I would not lose the honor this opportunity afforded to me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment.***

— Samuel Johnson.

WITH this gallant remark Johnson wrote his name on the skirt of the great English actress Sarah Siddons in her picture as the "Tragic Muse," one of the noblest works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It hangs in the gallery of Dulwich College, London. . . . . Mrs. Siddons, celebrated more especially for her role of Lady Macbeth, numbered among her friends many of the distinguished persons of her time, of whom Johnson was not the least.

956. ***Madam, you see what war is!***

— Napoleon Bonaparte.

ROUTED on the battlefields of Auerstadt and Jena by the armies of Napoleon on the same day (Oct. 14, 1806), two streams of fleeing Prussian soldiers mingled and sought refuge in Weimar; but the French drove them out, and Bonaparte established temporary headquarters there. As he was entering, Louisa, the grand-duchess of Saxe-Weimar (whose husband, Charles Augustus, was a Prussian division commander), came bravely to meet him. She feared greatly for the fate of the beautiful old town—the "German Athens"—so rich in its classical associations and its memories of Goethe and Schiller, Wieland and Herder. Napoleon greeted her respectfully and quieted her agitations, at the same time pointing out to her the signs of devastation which perforce had to result from the hot pursuit of a foe that kept up a show of resistance. Such was *war,* he impressed upon her. . . . . The incident brings to mind the reply of Wellington to a lady in London who told him that she was curious to be present at a great victory of arms, that she might witness the glory of it. The duke said:

> *Madam, there is nothing so dreadful as a great victory—except a great defeat.*

. . . . Emerson, in his essay "Quotation and Originality," credits the Comte D'Argenson (1696-1764), minister of war for Louis XV, with a saying remarkably similar, though uttered many years before:

> *Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.*

957. ***It is over with me; but for you, take courage.***

— Martin Harpertzoon Tromp (1597–1653),
Dutch admiral.

THE distinguished Tromp, who elevated the naval repute of Holland high among the nations, was cut off by death in the midst of his hottest sea-fight. With a hundred ships-of-war he engaged an English fleet of equal size under the admiral George Monk, first Duke of Albemarle, in the Channel off Holland. Exposed on the deck, as usual, he was struck in the breast by a musket-ball. "Take courage," he said, as he fell. He expired before he could be taken below. . . . . The captains were signalled to come to the flagship for a council in the emergency. Standing over the body of his commander, Michael Adrianzoon De Ruyter, himself one of the most brilliant of Dutch officers, uttered a notable lament:

> *Ah, would that God had taken me in his place!*
> *He was more useful to the country than I.*

. . . . To avenge the death of Tromp, the Dutch fought more fiercely, but finally retired into the Texel. The English, also badly used up, were glad to draw off toward the Thames. Tromp was given a splendid funeral at Delft and a monument was raised to him in the old church there.

> [It is curious that authorities should differ so widely concerning the exact date of such a famous naval battle. A. Richer, in his "Lives of the Most Celebrated Seamen," fixes it on Aug. 10 (1653), while other historians place it variously on July 29, July 30, and July 31. Richer's careful attention to detail in his description of the fight entitles him to be accepted as an accurate authority.]

958. ***Wilt thou govern better?***

— PHOCAS,
Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire (602-610).

HIS soul weighted with an inhumanity which made his name a reproach to his own subjects, Phocas showed astonishing insolence in addressing this question to the general who was about to execute him and appropriate his diadem. . . . . A centurion before he was raised to power on the swords of the mutinous army of the Danube, Phocas had proved a miserable failure as emperor, but he did not lack distinction as an inventor of the most exquisite tortures. His starving people at last rebelled and besought Heraclius, the independent exarch of Africa, to come over and rid them of this imperial assassin. The governor sent his efficient son, Heraclius the younger, who promptly satisfied the Romans. . . . . Seized in his palace, Phocas was stripped of his crown and his purple robe, and taken in chains aboard the galley of Heraclius, who denounced him for his abominable acts. Phocas brazenly asked if he would "govern better." Heraclius gave an affirmative answer by putting him to death, burning his body, and destroying all his statues and banners. By obliterating Phocas, Heraclius warded off the destruction of the Roman empire for another hundred years.

959. ***There goes one of my lady's tiring-pins; the countess's love-shafts pierce to the heart.***

—William Montagu, Earl of Salisbury,
Marshal of England.

LATE in the year 1337, Montagu with one of the armies of Edward III laid siege to the ancient and forbidding castle of Dunbar on the sea-cliffs of Haddingtonshire—and was worsted by a woman. . . . . Patrick Dunbar, second earl of March, was away from home, but his countess—"Black Agnes of Dunbar"—took command of the defense with a dauntlessness worthy of her family name Moray (Murray), and inspired her retainers with invincible courage. She showed her scorn for the English by appearing openly on the bastions every day, attended by her maidens and her archers. On one of these occasions a bowman in her train let fly an arrow with such force that it found the heart of one of Montagu's knights despite his complete armor. Though bitter at the loss of a brave soldier, Montagu commented with grim humor on the "love-shafts" of the countess. . . . . After nineteen weeks Montagu conceded defeat and withdrew, leaving the brave Agnes of Dunbar standing triumphant on her castle walls.

960. ***My country is the whole world.***

— DANTE, Dante Alighieri (1265–1321), Italian poet.
(Compare 1079.)

IN the midst of the bitter factional struggle between the Donati and the Cerchi (1300-1301) Dante left his native city of Florence under unjust accusations, and never entered it again. His recall was offered to him, but on conditions which he scorned as unworthy. Though often he yearned to view once more the familiar scenes, he bravely accepted his exile as an opportunity to share in the broader citizenship of all nations. He wrote to a Florentine friend:

> *Can I not everywhere behold the light of the sun and the stars, everywhere meditate on the noblest truths, without appearing ingloriously and shamefully before the city and the people? Even my bread will not fail me.* * * *

. . . . Seneca the Stoic (first century A.D.) declared:

> *Non sum uni angulo natus; patria mea totus hic est mundus.*
> (*I am not born for one corner; the whole world is my native land.*)

. . . . Diogenes Laertius, biographer of the Greek sages, said:

> *I am a citizen of the world.*

. . . . Cicero relates that Socrates,

> *when he was asked of what country he called himself, said, 'Of the world.'*

. . . . The Greek philosopher Epictetus (b. about 60 A.D.), held that

> *Each human being is in the first instance a citizen of his own nation or commonwealth; but he is also a member of the great city of gods and men* * * *.

961. **** * * To-day there is not a single great man in any country in the world.***

— Nicholas Murray Butler.
(See 736.)

WHEN Butler ventured this bold assertion in the course of a press interview in London (July 13, 1927) he started a discussion which gradually engaged notable personages of England and the United States. The prominent American educator and publicist was fresh from a personal meeting with Mussolini, but not even the dynamic personality of the Italian dictator had impressed him to the point of enthusiasm. Nor did any other of the celebrated figures whom he encountered in his world tour loom in his mind to the grand height of a Homer, a Plato, a Galileo. He said:

> *For two thousand years past there never was a period when somewhere in the world there was not a really great poet, philosopher, or genius of some sort who dwarfed his fellow-men. Yet to-day there is not a single great man in any country.*

As a possible explanation Butler advanced the following idea:

> *Perhaps the intelligence and the standards of knowledge of the public have attained so high a level that the great no longer look great—as when the plains rise the mountains look small.*

. . . . The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Randall Thomas Davidson (eighty years old), agreed with Butler as to the extraordinary dearth of men of towering achievements:

> *Nothing strikes me so much as the absence now, as compared with forty years ago, of great personalities, outstanding above their fellows.*

962. ***Pull down the nests and the rooks will fly off!***

— JOHN KNOX.

IN this terse fashion did Knox show that he was not displeased with the ruthless war which the Protestant reformers of Scotland waged on the ecclesiastical structures of the Catholics. The destruction of abbeys, cathedrals, and churches was carried to so wanton an extent that the monks and friars had scarcely any cloisters left over their heads. . . . . Carlyle maintains that Knox wanted no cathedrals pulled down, but "leprosy and darkness thrown out of the hearts of men." Still, there is the sturdy old reformer's noted saying about "the rooks."

963. ***Thou and I will this day fly together!***

— EARL OF ATHOLL, David de Strathbogie (died 1337), Scottish noble.

STRIKING a great boulder with his hand, Atholl made his vow of death—for it could mean nothing less—in the pass of Kilblain when under attack by the Scottish Loyalists, whom he had deserted to take up arms for the English invader Edward III. Set upon suddenly, with small chance for defense against the larger numbers of the enemy, his troops sought safety each for himself. Scorning to join them in flight, Atholl took his heroic oath and fell fighting beside his strange altar. Five faithful knights shared his fate.

964. ***I will not only spare his life, but I will cherish him like a parroquet.***

— Hyder Ali.
(See 998.)

WHEN Hyder was the commander-in-chief of the army of Mysore (before he seized the rule for himself), he had the good fortune to capture his faithless ally Khonde Row, a Brahman, who had taken up arms against him. The rebel seems to have been popular among the ladies of the palace, who besought Hyder's clemency for him. The rajah joined in their plea. Hyder, who never could read or write, had a native humor which was not dependent upon a knowledge of letters. He gave his assurance that he would "cherish" the Brahman "like a parroquet." He had the prisoner put into an iron cage, and there Khonde Row resided for the rest of his life, with a daily fare of rice and milk. . . . . What more could a parroquet desire? Hyder blandly asked when the Brahman's friends reproached him.

965. ***Sardanapalus,***
The king, and son of Anacyndaraxes,
In one day built Anchiale and Tarsus.
Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth e'en THIS.

(See 828.)

THE pleasure-loving Assyrian king Sardanapalus, who squandered riches almost beyond computation in the gratification of his senses, pictured himself with remarkable fidelity for posterity on a monument in Anchiale. In the figure that he had the carver make of him he is shown snapping his fingers at the world—a fillip which emphasizes the cynical "this" on the inscription.

966. *I am not king; the only king of the Romans is Jupiter.*
—JULIUS CAESAR.

SEATED in his golden chair before the rostra of the Lupercal on the Palatine Hill, Caesar, crowned with laurel and in triumphal robes, was presiding over the ceremonies of the Lupercalia, one of the oldest and greatest of the Roman festivals (Feb. 15, 44 B. C.); but the eyes of the crowd were not on him. . . . . Mark Antony, one of the priests and the *magister* (master) of the Luperci Juliii, a new college instituted in honor of Caesar, was running the course around the walls of the old Palatine city. According to custom, he was stripped to the skin save for a girdle about his loins, and he bore a thong made from the hide of the goats that had been offered in the solemn sacrifice. As he ran, he struck out with his whip at the people along the way. The women crowded close, eager for the blow which was supposed to prevent sterility. Having covered the distance, Anthony broke through the multitude and, approaching Caesar, drew from under his girdle a diadem. "This is the gift of the Roman people," he exclaimed, and made a gesture as if to tender it to the dictator. Some of the people clapped their hands; most of them groaned in manifest displeasure. Caesar put away the diadem. Again Antony held it forth, and again Caesar rejected it, saying: "The only king of the Romans is Jupiter." A great chorus of approbation rose. By Caesar's orders the diadem was hung in the temple of Jupiter.

967. ***Either we succeed to-morrow, or you never see me more.***

— Sir David Baird (1757–1829),
British general.

IT was the night before the storming of the island fortress of Seringapatam, in which Baird had been assigned the most desperate part. With 4500 men, nearly half of them natives, he was to lead the charge on the stronghold where Tippoo Sahib, the sultan of Mysore, awaited the assault with 24,000 veteran troops. The British batteries, to be sure, had opened a breach in the bastions, but before it could be reached the Cauvery river must be crossed under the fire of 240 cannon. It was a prospect to daunt the stoutest soldier. Triumph or death lay ahead, Baird said gravely to Colonel Agnew as they lay in the trenches waiting for the hour. Success would be doubly sweet to him here; for, chained in a dungeon within those walls, he had spent three years as a captive of Hyder Ali, Tippoo's father. . . . . On the afternoon of May 4, 1799, Baird evened the score. At the head of his devoted battalion he mounted the steep in a storm of shot, with his own hands threw a bridge of planks over the water ditch, and was the first to dash across. The supporting columns were close behind. Routed from the ramparts, the garrison were slaughtered in their last stand at the mosque. Tippoo himself was among the slain. The chivalric Baird saved the two young sons of the sultan from the massacre. . . . . Baird was deprived of the reward obviously due him for his gallantry, Col. Arthur Wellesley (afterward the duke of Wellington) being appointed governor of the captured town.

968. ***Sunder the sinew, and the limbs collapse; hack the bones, and the body falls! Huns of mine! rouse your rage, and let your fury swell as of old!***

—ATTILA.
(See 535.)

THIS savage appeal of Attila to his soldiers at the famous battle of Chalons (451 A. D.) was characteristic of his ruthless fighting-code. He was the most thorough-going barbarian that ever made rapine and bloodshed his business. . . . . On that day of carnage in the wide plain of the Marne (it is said that the slain on both sides numbered 200,000), Attila's warriors faltered before the combined Goths and Romans. For the first time, the Hun chieftain had to brace up their courage. He exhorted them:

> *You are warriors, or nothing, and what to such is more satisfying than to carve out his vengeance by the sword? Ah, Revenge, nature's first gift and sweetest soother of the soul! . . . . Doomed is he who fights not when Attila leads the fight!*

But for once his boastful talk proved vain. His army took a terrible beating, and he escaped with his own life only by fleeing to the cover of his wagon barricade. . . . . As a matter of truth, Attila was bolder in his words than in his personal actions. In his battle line-up he always posted himself in the center where his bravest fighters were thickest around him.

969. * * * ***The old worn-out fable that the way to have peace is to prepare for war.***

—William Edgar Borah (1865–),
United States senator from Idaho.
(Compare 376, 577, 632.)

ASSAILING the proposed billion-dollar enlargement of the United States navy as "sheer madness," Borah, chairman of the Senate foreign relations committee, issued a public statement through the press (Jan. 22, 1928). He cited the World War in refutation of the value of preparedness, and said:

> *The nations responsible for it were armed to the teeth. They had bled their people white in the name of the hoary lie that arms mean peace.*

. . . . Another American senator, John Wayles Eppes of Virginia (1773-1823), used much the same language in Congress more than 120 years ago. When the United States and Great Britain were at odds in the spring of 1807 over the regulation of marine commerce Eppes declared:

> *If there is any principle which ought to be hooted at in a Republican government, it is that to preserve peace we should be prepared for war. Sir, it is this very principle which is the source of all the miseries of Europe.*

970. ***If God should grant us another such defeat, our enemies would be destroyed.***

Also rendered,

If it pleases God to give your majesty's enemies another such victory, they are ruined.

— Duc de Villars, Claude Louis Hector de Villars (1653–1734),
Marshal of France.
(Compare 119.)

VILLARS was justified in writing thus to Louis XIV respecting Malplaquet, where his troops fought the allied armies under the duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene without a clear decision (Sept. 11, 1709). In this greatest pitched battle of the War of the Spanish Succession, the French, though forced to retreat, did so only after inflicting a loss of 20,000 men on their adversaries (their own casualties were something more than half as many). They saved all their guns, and left only five hundred prisoners behind. Villars was seriously wounded, but he stuck to the field and directed his troops from a chair till he became insensible. Marlborough termed it a "very murdering battle," and was chary of claiming a victory.

971. ***I am the most important person in the army after your excellency, for you are the head of the serpent, and I am the tail.***

— Richard Wall (1694–1778),
Diplomat and soldier.

WALL was an Irishman, who sought his fortune in Spain. While on service with the Spanish army that invaded Italy in 1733 he was presented on one occasion to the duke of Montemar, the commander-in-chief. Somewhat uncertain as to Wall's rank, the general inquired about it, somewhat haughtily. Wall responded with ready wit.

972. ***Rex homo fit papae.***
(The king is made the vassal of the pope.)

— INNOCENT II,
Pope from 1130 to 1143.

LOTHAIR II was crowned emperor of the Holy Roman Empire by Innocent II, whom he had supported with his army against the anti-pope Anacletus II. The ceremony was performed in the church of the Lateran at Rome (June 4, 1133), and the pontiff was so well pleased with the extremely humble homage paid him by "the Saxon" that he had a painting made of the scene and publicly displayed in the church, first writing beneath it: *Rex homo fit papae*. . . . . Some twenty years afterward Frederick Barbarossa, declaring that the picture was an insolent example of the conceit of the Church, had it taken down and burned. Only a short while before this show of indignation Frederick himself had meekly held the stirrup of Adrian IV in return for the privilege of receiving the crown from the hands of that pope in the church of St. Peter (June 18, 1155).

973. ***A king of France may die, but he is never ill.***

— LOUIS XVIII,
King of France.

IN the last hour of his life (Sept 16, 1824) Louis XVIII made light of the symptoms of approaching death and refused to discuss them. He kept his physicians in the background and talked on current affairs with his officers and the diplomats who came to offer sympathy. Giving the members of his family sensible admonitions for their guidance, he calmly cast off his mortal cloak, as all kings must.

974. ***Judas sold Christ for thirty pence; and your highnesses wish to sell Him again for three hundred thousand ducats.***

—THOMAS TORQUEMADA (1420–1498),
Inquisitor-general of Spain and councillor of state.

WITH brazen cant Torquemada thus censured Ferdinand and Isabella when they opposed his scheme to expel all the Jews from Spain and suggested to him instead the payment of ransom of 300,000 ducats. His mock assumption of Christian sincerity prevailed, however, and one of the most striking examples of religious intolerance in history resulted. The sovereigns decreed (March, 1492) that every Jew must either embrace Catholicism or leave the country. Torquemada, by a crafty order of his own, made it impossible for the unfortunate people to sell their property, and seized all of it for the Inquisition. . . . . The Jews were the mainstay of Spanish trade. By driving out almost a million families of them (Mariana puts it as high as 1,700,000) the fanatical Torquemada caused the country an immense financial loss. It was the beginning of a commercial decline from which Spain has never recovered. The share of the king and queen of Castile and Aragon in this disaster should not be overlooked.

975. *No matter for that; if he has died innocent, it will be all the better for him when he stands trial in the other world.*

—Juan de Vargas.

THE notorious Blood Council of the duke of Alva, merciless despot of the Netherlands under the Spanish king, Philip, discovered in one of their sessions at Brussels (1567) that a man whose case was called for "trial" had been carelessly executed some time previously. Vargas, the most bloodthirsty of this body of puppets, was hugely pleased. His delight increased with the further disclosure that (as usual with Alva's victims) the "culprit" had committed no crime. With a hideous laugh he observed that the man would fare all the better when tried in the other world. . . . . This Vargas is one of the most execrable figures in history. Forced to flee Spain on account of his crimes, he eagerly welcomed the chance to sit at Alva's right hand and share in his murderous work. In the sack of the city of Antwerp, Vargas was the leader of a troop of Spaniards. He had his barbarous jest for every batch of unfortunates sent away to the gallows or the stake.

976. ***Hold and halt! We are come too late to aid them; let us not lessen the victory they have won by affecting to claim a share in it.***

— Sir James of Douglas, "the Good" (1286–1330), Scottish soldier.

AT Bannockburn, where Robert Bruce overwhelmed the English, the generous-minded Douglas forbore to deprive his chief rival, Thomas Randolph, earl of Moray, of full rights to one of the most heroic exploits performed on that memorable day. The stirring incident provides a happy example of the heights of nobility to which the knights of that bloody period sometimes rose even in the furious stress of conflict. . . . . Frustrated in a flanking attempt on Stirling on the day before the battle (June 23, 1314), Sir Robert Clifford with eight hundred horse charged Randolph and his spearmen, who were only a few score in number and all on foot. The situation appeared so desperate for Randolph that Douglas, without waiting for the full assent of Bruce, hastened to his aid with as many men as he could muster. But the wall of spears held firm, and Clifford's cavalry were repulsed in confusion. The troops of Douglas were eager to clash with the English, but he held them back rather than encroach upon Randolph's glory. . . . . This son of the Douglases is one of the most romantic figures in Scottish history. He was a favorite follower of Bruce, who, just before his death, chose Sir James to carry his heart to Palestine, "in redemption of his unfulfilled vow to go on crusade." Soon after he had performed this pilgrimage Douglas was killed while fighting the Moors in Spain (Aug. 25, 1330).

977. In this place and on this day there commences a new epoch in the history of the world.

— GOETHE.

THE verdict of Goethe on the battle of Valmy (Sept. 20, 1792) lives in history because it was literally borne out by subsequent events. . . . . The great German poet was one of the sight-seers who went along with the Prussian army of the duke of Brunswick in the campaign against France. It was to be merely a parade, a "military trip," Brunswick had announced. "Not too much baggage, gentlemen," he added jocularly to the pleasure-seekers who had booked places in the procession. It would soon be over. The French, in the melée of revolution, would be only too glad for foreign soldiers to deliver them from the mess. But the French people, resenting this invasion, stopped fighting among themselves, deposed and imprisoned their king, proclaimed a republic, and, united in their national pride, rushed to repel the Prussians. Kellermann, with the army of the Rhine, occupied the heights of Valmy. After a cannonade on both sides Brunswick ordered a charge, but the French looked so resolute and raised such a lusty shout of defiance that the assault was abandoned and the Prussians started for home. . . . . That night Goethe shared in the general gloom around the campfires. With solemn words he gave Valmy its correct place in history. . . . . The republican cause received an impetus on that day which, after much travail, led to the birth of the New France.

978. Sir, you will be well in the front if you keep up with me!

— Raoul de Nesle (c. 1250–1302),
Constable of France.

BUT for a taunt which pricked De Nesle into a display of reckless courage, the proud French army of Robert of Artois might not have rushed to catastrophe on the long lances of the Flemings in the celebrated combat of Courtrai (July 11, 1302). . . . . Though far from being a coward, the constable counseled caution. Instead of a direct attack on the enemy he urged that they be taken in flank. The count of Artois said to him scornfully: "Are you afraid of these rabbits, or have you indeed some of their fur on you?" Burning under the insult, the impulsive De Nesle challenged the count to keep up with him and led his knights to the charge. . . . . The 20,000 Flemings were posted behind a ditch, deep and wide, which was unseen by the impetuous French horsemen till they were almost on the edge of it. In they tumbled, and the rest of the heavily-mailed squadrons pressing from the rear fell upon them in heaps. The Flemings, with no danger to themselves, thrust their spears into the struggling mass of unhorsed riders and slew 6000 at leisure. Two hundred nobles perished —the cream of French chivalry. Among them were De Nesle and Artois. Four thousand gilt spurs, spoils of the slaughter, were hung up in the cathedral of Courtrai; hence the "Battle of the Spurs."

979. *Ci-git Margot, la gente demoiselle,*
Qu' a en deux maris, et encore se mourut pucelle.
(Here gentle Margot quietly is laid,
Who had two husbands, and yet died a maid.)

— MARGARET OF AUSTRIA (1480–1530),
Duchess of Savoy and Regent of the Netherlands.

MARGARET, at the age of seventeen (1497), was on her way to Spain, in midwinter, to marry the infante Juan of the Asturias, heir to the throne of Castile and Aragon, when the ship ran into a tempest and nearly foundered. While the deck shook above her head she showed her courage and her pleasantry by writing her own epitaph. If she should perish, it would be the second time that she had prepared to put on the finery of a bride for naught. When two years old she had been betrothed to the dauphin Charles, son of Louis XI, and was brought up in the French court; but on becoming king as Charles VIII, seven years later, he had wedded, instead, the duchess Anne of Brittany. . . . . Margaret's ship weathered the storm, and she landed safely at Santander in March, making herself sure of one husband, but in a few months Juan died. Five years afterward she became the wife of Philibert II, duke of Savoy, and after three years of matrimony again found herself a widow. In 1507 she was appointed regent of the Netherlands by her father Maximilian I, and proved a just, capable administrator. She composed numerous poems, which were, however, never published.

980. *Nil scire tutissima fides.*

(To know nothing is the safest creed.)

— Motto of Johan (Jan) Van Olden-Barneveldt (1547–1619),
Dutch statesman.
(See 326, 420.)

IN his youth, Barneveldt, who was fated to be the dominating figure of Holland over a period of thirty-two years, found time away from his law books in Heidelberg to study Calvinism. He hoped to discover therein a satisfying religion to guide him, but the doctrines only bewildered him. In his perplexity he turned to the inscription over the gateway of his great-grandfather's noble house in his native town of Amersfoort, and adopted it—not as counseling ignorance or indifference in worldly matters, but as removing all anxiety about his spiritual fortunes. He still believed in a Creator; to that anchor he would hold fast. He simply threw overboard all the dogmas that had confused him, and determined to perform his earthly duties soberly and faithfully, confident that a generous Eternal would not visit perpetual torture upon his soul for any mistakes that he might make. This was the creed to which he adhered, even to the day when he went to his execution a victim of malevolent injustice.

981. ** * * I have done nothing to ask mercy of him. It is God alone from Whom I must ask it, and I pray Him to pardon my sins.*

— John Desmarets (d. 1383),
French advocate-general.

DESMARETS was one of the prominent personages put to death with scant reason during the Paris riots that marked the minority of Charles VI. At the spot of execution the crowd assailed the old man's ears with the cry: "Ask mercy of the king, that he may forgive your crimes!" Desmarets reminded them with dignity that he had loyally served Phillip, the great-grandfather, and Charles V, the father, of the young monarch, and never had they had anything to reproach him with. "This one would reproach me neither," he said, "had he the age and knowledge of a grown man. I do not believe him responsible in the least for this judgment. I have done nothing to ask mercy of him." . . . . He was right. The boy Charles never was normal-minded. He died a madman. The uprisings of 1383, and their aimless executions, were due to the outrages of his brothers, the duke of Anjou, the duke of Burgundy, and the duke of Berri. . . . . Desmarets was one of the negotiators of the Treaty of Bretigny (1360) between John II, the Good, king of France, and Edward III of England.

982. ***There are my credentials, then!***

—XIMENES.
(See 748.)

THIS stern-willed regent of Spain proclaimed Charles V king (1517) over the protests of the Castilian aristocracy. For want of a better objection, they advanced the argument that it was an indignity to the queen-mother Joanna (though she was already losing her intellect). One day a group of the nobles called on Ximenes at the palace and demanded to know by what right he assumed so much authority in the government. Ximenes cited the power vested in him by the will of Ferdinand, the grandfather and predecessor of the young prince, and the written endorsement of Charles himself. Still the visitors wrangled with him. Ximenes ended it abruptly. Leading them to a window, he directed their attention to a battery of artillery in the court below—his "credentials." . . . . The Spanish historian Alvaro Gomez refutes this story; but it coincides with the vigorous character of Ximenes. Prescott makes place for it in his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella."

983. ***It will touch every sailor's heart to have a girl queen to fight for. They'll be tattooing her face on their arms, and I'll be bound they'll all think she was christened after Nelson's ship.***

—William IV (1765–1837),
King of England.
(See 319.)

GENIAL King William was very fond of his niece, Princess Victoria, the direct inheritor of the throne, and felt no apprehension in leaving the rule to her hands. Frequently in his last days he predicted with all confidence that she would be "a good woman and a good queen." So it proved. . . . . Victoria was eighteen when her uncle died (June 20, 1837). At five o'clock in the morning Dr. Howley, archbishop of Canterbury, and the marquis Conyngham, lord chamberlain, took the news to her. Awakened by a hesitant maid, Victoria received the information that the crown of the kingdom had passed to her own brow. "She came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her hair falling upon her shoulders, feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." (Miss Wynn's "Diaries of a Lady of Quality.")

984. ***I tell you it is the leopard that strangles the eagle!***

— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

WHEN Napoleon returned to Paris after his great victory at Austerlitz the baron de Denon, his director-general of museums and favorite art adviser, spread out before him various medals which had been struck off in honor of his victories. On one was depicted a French eagle rending an English leopard. It hit the emperor in his touchiest spot. Across the Channel, almost within sight of him, lay a nation that he could not conquer—because of her supreme fleet. Calling Denon a "rascally flatterer," Napoleon commanded him to destroy this medal. "I cannot put a fishing-boat to sea that it is not taken," he exclaimed. ". . . . It is the leopard that strangles the eagle!" . . . . Napoleon was speaking prophetically—England strangled him at last.

985. ***Take it, take it, my lads! you have all earned it!***

— WILLIAM, Prince of Orange (1792–1849),
Afterward William II, king of the Netherlands.

WILLIAM commanded the Dutch and Belgian contingents of the allied armies at Waterloo and displayed dashing courage. While leading a charge his fervor carried him beyond his troops and he found himself surrounded by the French. A Belgian battalion rushed to his aid and by desperate fighting liberated him. He showed his gratitude by tearing from his breast a decoration which he had won while aide-de-camp to the duke of Wellington in the Peninsular War and tossing it into the midst of his rescuers, with the cry: "Take it, my lads!" There was a spirited scuffle for it. The soldier who won it proudly tied it to the battalion standard.

986. ** * * I war only with the living, not with the dead.*

— CHARLES V (1500–1558),
Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.
Charles I of Spain.

CONQUEROR of Saxony by virtue of his victory at Muhlberg, Charles took possession of Wittenberg (May 23, 1547) and soon afterward proceeded to the royal chapel of the Castle church to look upon the tomb of Martin Luther. He stood in serious reflection at the last resting place of the great reformer, who had been as militant a warrior for his faith as ever the emperor himself in his campaigns to extend his dominions. One of his suite broke in roughly upon his meditations: "Take up the remains of this heretic and have them burned in public!" The profane proposal received instant rebuke from Charles. "Let him repose in peace," he said; "he has already found his judge. I war only with the living, not with the dead."

987. *Do not weep for me, nor waste your time in fruitless prayers for my recovery, but pray rather for the salvation of my soul.*

— ISABELLA, "the Catholic,"
Queen of Castile.

CALMLY reconciled to death, the devout Isabella sought to restrain the grief of the friends around her bed at Medina del Campo just before her voice became mute forever (Nov. 26, 1504). It was fitting that this virtuous sovereign, who had reigned unselfishly for thirty years, should have the peace of mind which blessed her at the end. As she had never sacrificed the affairs of her soul to matters of state, so in this hour her spiritual welfare was her deepest concern.

988. ***A bowstring cannot always be stretched.***

— AMASIS II (Aahmes),
King of Egypt, 570-526 B. C.

SOLDIER of fortune before he became king, Amasis chafed under the ceremonious etiquette of the palace. He spent most of his time with convivial companions, giving little attention to matters of justice. This lack of dignity vexed some of his courtiers, who remonstrated with him. Amasis replied crisply that a bowstring could not always be stretched. . . . . Amasis was crowned with a helmet by the revolting soldiers of Apries. There were sneers at his obscure birth. His retort was ingenious and effective. From the gold basin in which he used to wash his feet he had the image of a god made and offered it to public veneration, with the words:

> *Thus it was with me: I was a plebeian, now I am your king; render me, then, the honor and respect which are due me.*

. . . . Amasis made a sensible ruler, raising the prosperity of Egypt to its highest stage. His famous law against idleness was put into force in Athens by Solon. Every Egyptian had to declare to the monarch each year his means of subsistence, and if he could not prove that he made a living by honest ways he was put to death. . . . . Unhappily, all that Amasis accomplished for his country was swept away almost in a day. A few months after his death the Persian Cambyses fell upon his son Psammetichus III (Psammenitus) and wrested the kingdom from him. (See 677.)

989. ***It is my duty. 'Bonus pastor dat vitam suam pro ovibus suis. (The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep.)'***

— Denis Auguste Affre (1793–1848),
Archbishop of Paris.

BULLETS were hissing in the place de la Bastille early on a June evening of 1848. The insurgents stood at bay against the government forces of General Cavaignac. Into the square came an astonishing procession. Walking ahead, with unhurried steps, was the archbishop of Paris in his robes. In one hand he bore a cross; in the other, a green branch. He approached as a minister of Christian devotion and an envoy of peace. Sharing his bravery were two of his vicars in full canonicals, and three members of the assembly. . . . . Hopeful that he might put a stop to the slaughter which had been going on in the streets for three days, Monseigneur Affre, despite the warnings of Cavaignac, had set out for the lines of the insurrectionists. As he proceeded people fell to their knees and pleaded with him to desist. He answered simply: "It is my duty," and quoted the words of Christ to the Pharisees (John 10: 11). . . . . Calmly the archbishop mounted the barricade at the entrance to the Faubourg St. Antoine. He had reached the top when a shot pierced his loins. Horrified by this tragedy, the rebels took him to the hospital of Quatre-Vingts. He soon died (June 27), with a prayer on his lips for his "misguided people." He was given a great public funeral on July 7, when the storm of civil war had cleared away.

990. ***Jus belli, ut qui vicissent, iis quos vicissent, quemadmodum vellent, imperarent.***

(***It is the right of war for conquerors to treat those whom they have conquered according to their pleasure.***)

—JULIUS CAESAR.

(Compare 446.)

CAESAR often showed extreme brutality in carrying out this principle, which he laid down in his Bellum Gallicum (Gallic War). He sold the vanquished Aduacti wholesale into slavery (57 B.C.). After his naval victory over the Veneti of Brittany (56) he slew all their senators and doomed the whole people to serfdom. He cut off the hands of all the brave defenders of Uxellodunum, town of the Averni (51). . . . . He was, it is true, not always cruel in his triumphs. For instance, after his rout of the Helvetians (58) he rounded up all who had escaped with their lives (100,000 of them, Plutarch says) and forced them to return to the country (the modern Switzerland) which they had deserted at the start of their migration across Gaul, and rebuild the towns that they had burned. This policy, however, was prompted by clever strategy; for thus he fortified the border of Gaul against a possible invasion of the German tribes.

991. ***I have too often faced death to fear it.***

—Joachim Murat (1767–1815),
King of Naples.

MURAT had heroic memories to nerve him when he stood before the guns of a firing squad in a hall of the fortress of Pizzo in Calabria (Oct. 13, 1815). He had lost his throne by the downfall of Napoleon, who had set him upon it, and he was about to die as an insurrectionist in the same country where he had reigned with striking pomp. Yet he could not be divested of his shining record as a fighting marshal of France. On many a field had he led his squadrons with valor for the glory of Bonaparte. It was a proud list—the Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Heilsberg; in Spain, Syria, Italy, Russia. He had galloped up to the barking mouths of a thousand cannon; why should these puny guns now pointing in his direction disturb him? . . . . Yet Murat had one curious dread in these last moments. Always vain of his good looks, it occurred to him that some one of his executioners might aim amiss and make an unsightly wound on the handsome features that were so soon to be hidden in the grave. So he said to them:

Save my face; aim at my heart.

Then with his own lips he gave the order to fire, and fell under the volley—on the same day that Napoleon landed at St. Helena to begin his long exile.

992. ***It is the interests of the rank and file of the people that need consideration to-day. The great rank and file are well-nigh inarticulate in public affairs.***

—Alvan Tufts Fuller (1878–),
Governor of Massachusetts.

FULLER very nearly marked an epoch in domestic politics when he stood up before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, in Boston, on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, 1927, and championed the cause of the American masses. So seldom does one in authority over state or nation condescend to devote a generous word to the common people that when a friendly voice from such a direction strikes their ears it startles them. . . . . Fuller was showing direct concern for the half-million car riders of the Boston Elevated, one of the largest electric transportation systems in the United States. He demanded that they should receive a hearing in whatever disposition might be made of the property. There was at that time an agitation for public ownership.

993. ***Oxford gave the world marmalade and a manner, Cambridge science and a sausage.***

THE author of this saying has not been traced. It has gained considerable currency in England and is too pithy to be forgotten. . . . . Oxford marmalade is well-known; some undergraduates fancy it, others loathe it. Cambridge sausages, too, have a reputation; but not a few Cambridge men prefer something else. As for "manner" and "science," here again the honors appear to be about even. Oxford can boast of Hampden, Pater, Keble, Bodley, Addison, Gibbon, Bacon, Wycliffe, Froude, Johnson, Shelley, Newman, and Matthew Arnold; while Cambridge, with equal pride, can point to Darwin, John Harvard, Sterne, Coleridge, Spencer, Pitt, Herschel, Wordsworth, Cromwell, Pepys, Ascham, Gray, and Horace Walpole. The two great universities, each with its impressive roll of renowned alumni and fellows, can meet the facetiousness of epigram-makers with complacent amusement.

994. ** * * If God be pleased to Spare mee longer in this world I hope in your Conversation to appear (sic) be exalted to that degree of Piety, that the World may see how much I abhor what I soe long Lov'd, and how much I Glory in repentence in God's Service. * * * or else if the Lord Chooseth to put an end to my Worldly being now that hee would mercifully accept of my death-bed repentance. * * **

— Earl of Rochester (2nd), John Wilmot (1647–1680),
English poet and satirist.
(See 586.)

THE notorious court profligate Rochester, boon companion of Charles II on secret escapades, became remorseful when illness had cut short his dissolute sport. As he lay dying at High Lodge, Woodstock Park, Oxfordshire, he recanted his wickedness in a famous letter to Bishop Gilbert Burnet (June 25, 1680). The original, from which the above citation is taken, still exists as one of the most celebrated of death-bed documents. In response to the earl's appeals, Burnet came to the lodge and remained several days with him, finding him sincerely repentant, as attested in "Passages from the Life of John, Earl of Rochester." Only two days after the bishop's departure Rochester died (July 26), at the age of thirty-four. . . . . Rochester possessed many respectable talents, which, however, he chose to neglect. He was "always cursing, always in love, always tipsy" (thus he had boasted to Bishop Burnet, according to Victor Hugo). He had good looks and a clever humor, frequently exercising the latter in such insolent satires on the king and the king's mistresses that he was more than once banished from court, but invariably taken back; for Charles could not get along without his lively companionship. On one occasion he was thrown into the Tower for abducting Elizabeth Malet from her uncle's coach because she had refused his suit. She afterward changed her mind and married him, in 1667. Rochester wrote sentimental lyrics that are often pleasant but never remarkable.

995. ***There I stepped on to an abyss covered with flowers.***

— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THIS admission by Napoleon of his fatal mistake in marrying the Austrian princess, Marie Louise, was made at St. Helena to the marquis Las Cases, who shared his exile as his secretary. It is recorded in Las Cases's "Memorial de Ste. Hélène," the famous work compiled from Bonaparte's conversations on the island. . . . . Francis I, emperor of Austria, gave canny advice to his nineteen-year-old daughter at St. Poelten before she departed for France to join Bonaparte, to whom she just had been married by proxy in the church of St. Augustine at Vienna (March 11, 1810). He said to her:

> * * * *Make yourself pleasant to your husband as long as he is powerful, fortunate, and useful to our family.*

Marie Louise followed it to the letter. She proved to be a typical "fair-weather" wife. . . . . The union was a cold business bargain. Napoleon desired to strengthen his position against Russia; Francis, to be allied with the Jupiter of Europe. The transaction was capped with an exchange of money at the frontier. Francis paid down a dowry of 500,000 gold ducats, a respectable sum indeed; but Bonaparte made it look cheap by giving to his bride jewels worth 5,000,000 francs. This "bill of sale" completed, the bridal procession went on into France, and the archduchess met her husband for the first time. . . . . Marie Louise remained a companionable consort until misfortunes began to descend on Napoleon and he was no longer "useful to the family." She deserted him while he was on his way to Elba, and returned to Vienna with Count Neipperg. During the Hundred Days she showed no interest in his successes; his downfall at Waterloo caused her no concern. While he was at St. Helena she lived openly with Neipperg at Parma, and bore him a son soon after the death of her exiled husband.

996. ***It has been the business of my life to labor for the welfare of the monarchy as I understand it; if it is thought that I imperil its welfare by remaining at my post, it can be no sacrifice to me to leave it.***

— Prince Metternich, Clemens Wenzel Lothar (1773–1859), Austrian chancellor.

AFTER guiding the course of the Austrian monarchy for thirty-nine years Metternich was swept from his exalted position by the Vienna revolution of 1848. On March 13, with the mob clamoring outside the castle of the Hofburg, he took the step which ended his public career—a step that he recognized as inevitable. . . . . One of the most insistent demands of the students who started the uprising was for the liberty of the press. Metternich, hoping to quiet the commotion, was engaged in framing a freer law in an apartment adjoining the room where his colleagues of the Staatskonferenz (board of regents) were in session, when he heard cries for his dismissal. They proceeded from the deputies of the estates who had invaded the meeting. Metternich dropped his pen and returned to the cabinet chamber. Facing the assembly, he declared his readiness to surrender his office if it would benefit his country. There was only one comforting voice. "We have no objection to your person," someone said, "but every objection to your system." . . . . Metternich at once sent his resignation to the emperor Ferdinand I, and without waiting for its acceptance hastily left Vienna with his family and went into exile in England. Even as he departed from the chancellery a menacing rabble was drawing near.

997. ***Love your people like yourself; cultivate the affections; maintain the discipline of the army; protect the fortunes of the rich; relieve the necessities of the poor.***

— JUSTIN II, the Younger (died 578),
Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire.
(Compare 1053.)

DURING his latter years Justin was afflicted with periods of insanity, but he was in his right mind beyond any doubt when he gave the above counsel to his successor on the throne. Influenced by his wife Sophia, he raised Tiberius, the captain of his guards, to be Caesar, and admonished him wisely at the coronation ceremony in the portico of the palace at Constantinople (December, 574). Before Tiberius kneeled to receive the diadem from the patriarch, Justin, who had rallied all his failing vigors for the occasion, expressed solemn regret for his own errors in these words to the new emperor:

> *Delight not in blood; abstain from revenge; * * * consult the experience, rather than the example, of your predecessor. * * * I have been dazzled by the splendor of the diadem; be thou wise and modest; remember what you have been, remember what you are.*

. . . . Tiberius reigned eight years, justly, soberly, humanely, though he fell short of the flawless ideal set forth by Justin. The world still waits for the perfect sovereign.

998. ***Believe me, my friend, my dominion, envied though it may be, is in truth far less desirable than the state of the yogis; awake, they see no conspirators; asleep, they dream of no assassins.***

— HYDER ALI.
(Compare 1060.)

IN unfavorably contrasting his lot with that of the Hindoo ascetics this powerful Indian dictator couched in his own way the aphorism, undoubtedly better known but no more significant: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." . . . . One of Hyder's attendants wondered at his restless slumbers and when he awoke asked him respectfully about his dreams. His answer gives us the notion that at times he would not have been averse to sacrificing all his dancing girls for the safety enjoyed by the fakirs whom he so detested that he refused to receive them into his presence (though his grandfather was a Mohammedan monk). . . . . Starting as a free-booter, this remarkable man dethroned the rajah of Mysore and took his place (1759). He had an army of 100,000 and a treasure of 3,000,000 pounds sterling; yet he spent days of discontent in his magnificent palace at Seringapatam and his nights were haunted by fears.

999. *What hath God wrought!*

— NUMBERS, 23:23.

WITH this impressive message the first electric telegraph line in America was opened between Washington and Baltimore (May 24, 1844), and Samuel Finley Breese Morse entered into the fame for which he had struggled so many years. The original dispatch is still preserved by the Connecticut Historical Society. . . . . The idea of the electromagnetic recording telegraph first came to Morse in 1832 when he was returning to America from Europe on the packet-ship Sully. His claim to the invention was finally vindicated in the courts in 1847. For thirteen years he vainly sought support for his apparatus in his own country and abroad. At last Congress, in the closing minutes of the session of 1843, granted him an appropriation of $30,000 for a practical experiment. . . . . The earliest practical trial of electric telegraphy anywhere was made in 1837 on the London and Northwestern Railway in England. The first public line was opened between Paddington and Slough on the Great Western Railway in 1843.

1000. ***Are there any mechanics here?***

— Col. Charles Augustus Lindbergh (1902–),
American army aviator.

[In the endeavor to describe that remarkable hour when Lindbergh landed in Paris at the end of the first non-stop flight of an airplane between the mainlands of the New and Old Worlds various utterances were credited to him such as: "Well, here we are!"—"So this is Paris!"—"My name is Charles Lindbergh." What he actually said seems, at first, drab and prosaic; but there is real romance in it—and it certainly was a natural thing for him to say.]

AT ten o'clock in the evening of May 21, 1927, there came down on Le Bourget field, out of dark skies, a young American who had flown alone across the Atlantic ocean, from New York, in thirty-three and a half hours. As his wheels touched French soil no graphic phrase leaped from his lips. His sense of the practical did not desert him even while a host of throats were hailing him as the pioneer who had blazed the first trail by air from the United States to the continent of Europe. He asked for "mechanics"—and he asked eagerly. Uppermost in his mind was anxiety for the welfare of his faithful steed of the skies, the Spirit of St. Louis. . . . . Ten thousand frenzied people almost mobbed Lindbergh. Sweeping aside soldiers and police, scattering the reception committee, they charged down on him. His first solicitude was not for his own comfort. He was little concerned with the personal glory of the moment. His thoughts were on the safety of his precious plane—the marvellous mechanical bird of silver-gray that had borne him on its gleaming wings over 3000 miles of sea, with the speed of an eagle and the endurance of a gull: tirelessly, surely. . . . . "A human sea swept toward my plane," wrote Lindbergh himself. "Before I knew it I had been hoisted out of the cockpit. Then, when they started cutting pieces of cloth from the wings, I struggled to get back to the plane, but it was impossible." Three French aviators rescued him and bore him to the clubhouse; but as they hurried him off he was still worrying about his trusty racer.

1001. ***Go now and join Philip and Parmenio!***

—Alexander the Great.

SHOUTING this taunt, Alexander in a drunken brawl murdered Mela Clitus ("the Black"), rewarding with barbarous ingratitude the loyal commander of his bodyguard who had saved his life at the battle of the Granicus. . . . . While the conqueror, during a lull in his Asiatic campaigns, was lying with his army at Maracanda (Samarcand) in Sogdiana (Bokhara) he gave a banquet to his officers. Inflamed with wine, he boasted loudly that his own deeds were greater even than those of his dead father Philip, and slurred the bravery of his old Macedonian soldiers. Clitus, likewise heated with drink, rebuked him recklessly, defending the fame of Philip and referring bitterly to the fate of the faithful general Parmenio, who had been assassinated in Media by Alexander's orders three years before for no plausible reason. Heedless of the growing rage of the king, Clitus went on, stretching out his right hand:

> *Recollect, son of Jupiter as you are, that you owe your life to me; this hand preserved you at the Granicus when you were turning your back to the sword of Spithridates!*

(The Persian, with uplifted scimitar, was about to cut Alexander down when Clitus slashed off his arm.) . . . . Alexander in his fury leaped from his couch and lacking his own dagger, which a discreet attendant had surreptitiously taken from him, seized a pike from one of the guards. In a great burst of strength he threw off the officers who tried to restrain him and thrust Clitus through the body, bidding him go and join the shades of Philip and Parmenio, whom he had extolled so intemperately. Clitus died on the spot. . . . . After the fumes of the grape had left his head Alexander realized the enormity of his crime and gave himself up to remorse for three days, spurning food or drink.

1002. ***Soubise exclaimed, lantern in hand: "I must hunt round; where is my army? 'Twas here yesterday morning; has somebody captured it or am I astray? Ah, I'm all lost, I am distraught. * * * And yet, heavens! what do I see? * * * Beautiful miracle; there it is! there it is! But ah, ventrebleu! what can it be? I was wrong; it's the enemy's army!"***

THE prince of Soubise, Charles de Rohan, was a favorite of Madame de Pompadour, and through her influence he was sent at the head of a corps of 24,000 soldiers to join with the Austrians in giving battle to Frederick the Great at Rossbach (Nov. 9, 1757). Frederick won the victory in ninety minutes, and Soubise went back to Paris with the remains of two regiments, abandoning to the enemy his costly manicure set and a bewildering lot of other toilet luxuries. . . . . The Parisians, though naturally exasperated over the outcome at Rossbach, proved true to their racial humor and got some consolation out of the fiasco of the stupid Soubise by singing a sarcastic song about him on the boulevards. It is given above in the rough English supplied by Paul Gaulot.

1003. ***They have chained down another Prometheus. For the sake of a great name he knocked half the world to pieces.***

— GOETHE.

(See 867.)

NAPOLEON was secure in his island cage when Goethe, in conversation with his friend and fellow-poet Johann Peter Eckermann, at Weimar, dramatically summarized the whole career of the celebrated prisoner of St. Helena in a score of words. He added:

> *All romance, all illusions, all poetry, are as nothing before the brute strength of such a character.*

Though the conqueror was now a captive and forever removed from the arena of mighty deeds, Goethe still retained a measure of that admiration of which he had made no concealment when the fortunes of Bonaparte were in full splendor.

1004. ***Paint me as I am; if you leave out a scar, a wrinkle, a freckle, or a pimple, I'll not pay you one shilling!***

Commonly rendered, but with less authority:

Paint me as I am, wart and all!

—Oliver Cromwell.

CROMWELL'S features were rough and seamed—like his character. On his chin was a wart, and his forehead was creased with a perpetual frown. Sir Peter Leyly, the reigning artist of the time, who had him for a sitter, was fond of flattering his subjects. (He did it cleverly in his "Beauties of the Court of Charles II.") Cromwell desired none of that; so when he noticed that Leyly was putting on the gloss, he made known his displeasure emphatically. . . . . Naturally loath to forego profit, Leyly proceeded to make a life-like canvas of his frank patron, "wart and all." Cromwell sent the portrait to the grand duke Ferdinand III, and it is now in the Pitti Gallery in the royal palace at Florence, formerly the ducal residence.

1005. ***Do ye think that I have acted my part in life well?***
"If all be right, with joy your voices raise
In loud applauses to the actor's praise."

—Augustus,
Emperor of Rome.

AUGUSTUS had undertaken a vain journey to Naples in quest of health. On his way back to Rome he stopped at the pleasant city of Nola, in Campania—to die. His last hour on earth was marked by a dramatic incident. Admitting a few friends into the room, he called for a mirror, had his hair combed neatly, and inquired if he had played a worthy role on the stage of life, quoting the expression with which the Roman actors were accustomed to make their exit at the conclusion of the play. . . . . Presumably his little audience gave him a reassuring response, for he well deserved their approval. Dismissing all but his wife, Livia, he expired (Aug. 19, 14 A.D.).

1006. ***Neither fasting, nor solitude, nor monastic life shall save you, but good deeds.***

— Vladimir (II) Monomakh, "the Saint" (1053–1125),
Grand prince of Russia.

OF all the rulers of Russia, ancient or modern, none ever followed more virtuous principles than this grand old man (he was sixty-one on coming to power). Eight years before his death he wrote out some quaint precepts for the guidance of his sons, illustrated by examples from his own life; and the quotation offered here appears among them:

> *Let not the sun find you in your bed. * * * Idleness is the mother of vices; beware of it. * * * Love your wives, but do not let them have any authority over you. * * * Do not hide your riches in the bowels of the earth.*

. . . . With all his peaceful counsels, however, Vladimir possessed a martial spirit. We have his own word that he was in eighty-three campaigns, besides "smaller ones" that he could not remember; and he took as prisoners more than three hundred princes. He closes his reflections as follows:

> *If Providence decrees that a man shall die, neither his father nor his brothers can save him. God's protection is man's hope.*

1007. ***Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man.***

— Earl of Beaconsfield, Benjamin Disraeli (1804–1881), British statesman.

MORE than half a century ago (April 3, 1872), in a speech which has never lost its rank as a political classic, Disraeli anticipated in a general way the proposition advanced in America by Henry Ford, and put into practice in his plants, for a work-week of five days. . . . . Addressing an enthusiastic audience in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, on "Conservative Principles," he made special reference to the "tide of democracy" which was then rising, only to be swept back in the 1874 election. He pointed out that in the last forty years the working classes of England had attained two great results: the raising of their wages, and the diminution of their toil; and he declared that upon the program of the Conservative party the masses must depend for further advantages. That program, he emphasized, was "to maintain the institutions of the country by judicious and prudent legislation." . . . . Though sixty-eight years old, Disraeli spoke for three and a quarter hours, sustaining himself with two bottles of white brandy.

1008. ***Pends toi, brave Crillon; nous avons combattu à Arques et tu n'y étais pas.***

(Go hang yourself, brave Crillon; we fought at Arques, and you were not there.)

— HENRY IV,
King of France.
(See 159.)

THE clash of arms was music to the duke of Crillon (*Le Brave*), Louis de Berton des Balbes, who won renown as a soldier at the age of sixteen and was one of the most valiant men of battle in his time. Henry of Navarre valued him highly as a trusted counselor and faithful fighter, and missed him keenly when besieged at Arques by the armies of the Catholic League under the duke of Mayenne. By virtue of his heavy cannon and his military skill the king repelled his enemies (Sept 20, 1589), and sent a message to the truant Crillon taunting him facetiously because he had failed to share in such a splendid victory.

1009. ***By my faith, I never saw dearer beef!***

— EARL WARRENNE, John de Warrenne (1286–1347),
English soldier.

UNCONSCIOUSLY Warrenne paid the truest of compliments to the defensive strategy which Robert Bruce employed when the army of Edward II invaded Scotland in 1322. Declining battle, the canny chieftain drove all the herds into fortified glens, removed the inhabitants with their necessary effects to the mountain, and made a waste of the whole border country to the Firth of Forth. The fat was literally taken out of the land, and the enemy found only desolation. The most desperate foraging for meat on the hoof brought to light one lame and lean bull. When they had led him into camp and Warrenne had ruefully surveyed the woe-begone animal, he uttered an exclamation which contained the only humor of the campaign—but the English were too hungry to enjoy it.

1010. ***Fifty-four forty, or fight!***

—William Allen (1806–1879),
United States Senator from Ohio.

THIS warlike phrase from a speech by Allen in the Senate in 1844 became a slogan of the Democrats in the Presidential campaign of that year. . . . . Under the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842 the northern boundary of the United States ended at the Rocky Mountains on the 49th parallel, and excluded Oregon. The Democrats declared for the whole of the territory on the line of 54° 40′, and President Polk (1845) claimed title to it in strong language. Hostilities threatened, but negotiations resulted in a pact (July 17, 1846) whereby the northern frontier, extending westward from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean, was fixed at the 49th parallel.

1011. ***A brave soldier should be honored even in his last hours.***

— Maximilian, Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph (1832–1867),
Emperor of Mexico.

ONE of the last acts of Maximilian before his execution by the Juarists at Queretaro (June 19, 1867) was to pay a gallant tribute to his faithful adherent, Miguel Miramon, who was shot with him. When they were led into the *Cerro de las Campanas* he yielded precedence to the brave Mexican who had clung to him in his last stand against the troops of Escobedo, and saw him fall before the firing platoon. Then he faced the rifles himself, and died exclaiming: *Long live Mexico!*

1012. ***Sire, I will bring Bonaparte back in an iron cage!***

— Marshal Ney.

(See 576.)

KISSING the hand of Louis XVIII, Ney made a dramatic pledge before leaving the Tuileries (March, 1815) for Besancon, to take command of the troops assigned to stop Napoleon, who had returned from Elba and was advancing on Paris with forces that grew at every step. But even more dramatic was the manner in which he broke his promise. . . . . At Auxerre envoys from Bonaparte met the marshal, with appeals from his old chieftain which went to his heart. Still under the glamor of the compelling figure for whom he had fought gallantly on so many fields, Ney signed Napoleon's proclamation (March 13) and read it to his men. They received it with enthusiasm, and he led them at quickstep to join the returned exile. The meeting took place at Lons-de-Saulnier. Napoleon embraced his veteran captain fervently. . . . . Ney's desertion drove Louis from the throne, for his example was infectious. The French soldiers rallied to Bonaparte by the thousand. When he reached Paris he had an army at his back.

1013. ***Well, as long as I count the votes, what are you going to do about it?***

—William Marcy Tweed (1823–1878),
American politician.

BELIEVING himself so firmly intrenched behind his political machine that he could defy any attempt to bring him to justice for his enormous thefts from the City of New York, "Boss" Tweed insolently received the announcement of the Vigilance Committee of Seventy that they had obtained enough evidence to crush his "Tammany Ring." The *New York Times,* in the winter of 1871, had exposed the astounding corruption in the department of public works, of which Tweed was the head. It was the most audacious conspiracy to loot public funds that had ever been carried out in any country. . . . . Tweed was convicted for forgery and grand larceny and sentenced to twelve years on Blackwell's Island. He got out on a legal technicality, was re-arrested, and put in Ludlow Street jail. He contrived to escape to Spain, but was caught and returned to a New York cell, where he died (April 12, 1878). . . . . It has been said of Tweed that he got out *one hundred and six* per cent of the voting power of his districts.

1014. ***Salus populi suprema lex.***

(The supreme law of all is the weal of the people.)

— From the TWELVE TABLES of the Romans.

THIS conclusion of the earliest code of Roman law (Lex XII Tabularum) still remains the unshaken cornerstone of all just legislation, though laid more than twenty centuries ago. The Tables were cut on tablets of bronze or wood (probably the former), and posted in the Forum, where all citizens might readily become acquainted with them. Furthermore, the school children were given copies and required to memorize them as a regular part of their lessons. (Cicero says that was one of his boyhood tasks). . . . . These celebrated statutes, often cited by modern jurists, originated in the struggle of the plebeians, or common people, for political equality after the change from monarchy to republic. The "plebs" protested that they were kept in ignorance of the laws and treated with undue severity by the magistrates. The code was adopted by the *comitia* in the year 451 B. C. The original tablets were destroyed in the sack of Rome by the Gauls (390), but were reproduced soon afterward. . . . . It is of small consequence whether or not the Tables were largely drawn from a digest of Greek laws. (According to tradition, a commission was sent to Athens to compile material.) They are well described by Livy as

fons publici privatique juris.
(*the fountain of public and private law.*)

The Twelve Tables are sometimes confused with the celebrated Institutes of Justinian, which are in common use among modern law students as a text-book. The Institutes were prepared by the direction of a Roman emperor who reigned 527-565 A.D.

1015. ***What care I for two hundred thousand men?***

— Napoleon Bonaparte.

NAPOLEON matched his diplomatic skill against that of the wily Metternich, the Austrian minister for foreign affairs, in a famous meeting at his military headquarters in Dresden (June 26, 1813), and was out-maneuvered. Metternich's icy composure so exasperated him that in a passionate outburst he betrayed, as never before, his contempt for casualties if only they advanced his eagles to victory. . . . . After his indecisive battle with the Russians and Prussians at Bautzen (May 20-21) Napoleon signed the armistice of Pleiswitz (June 4), in a play for time to wean Austria from the support of his allied enemies. Then he invited an interview with Metternich, who came to Dresden posing as a mediator—and carrying hidden in his pocket a draft of the Treaty of Reichenbach (signed almost two weeks before), which only awaited his signature to align Austria with Great Britain, Russia and Prussia. Napoleon stormed at his galling demands, and exclaimed:

> *You are not a soldier, sir! You have not, like me, a soldier's soul. * * * You have not learned to despise the life of another man, and your own, when need be. What care I for two hundred thousand men?*

Metternich sarcastically suggested that he open the door and the windows so that "the whole of Europe might hear him." Napoleon was so unstrung that he dropped his hat, and when Metternich did not stoop to pick it up for him, gave it a kick. . . . . The Austrian minister gained his object; the armistice was extended to Aug. 10, as he desired, and on that date, he signaled for the army of Silesia to advance against Napoleon, who had not come to terms.

1016. ***I see but one man between us and peace; we have done enough for Napoleon; let us now try to save France.***

— MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE, Marie Joseph du Motier (1757–1834), French soldier and statesman.

IN his desperate dilemma after Waterloo, Napoleon returned to Paris, and at the Elysée waited anxiously for some sign of support from the Deputies (June, 1815). But his hopes in that direction were dashed by Lafayette, who championed the "absolute sovereignty of the National Assembly" and presented a resolution demanding Bonaparte's abdication, which the Chamber adopted by acclamation. Lucien Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother (who aspired to the dictatorship), charged Lafayette with being an "ingrate." Lafayette replied:

> *Three millions of Frenchmen have perished for one man, who still wishes to fight the combined powers of Europe. * * * We have done enough for Napoleon; let us now try to save France.*

. . . . Only a few days later Napoleon was sailing away from the shores of France, a prisoner of the British.

1017. ***The man is a monk, and to have a piece of money he dreameth such things. Give him, therefore, an hundred pence, and bid him dream of better fortune to our person.***

—William (II) Rufus (c. 1056–1100),
King of England.

SHOWING his impatience with "visions," Rufus rudely dismissed the morning messenger who brought to his hunting-lodge, Malwood-keep, the tidings from the monastery at Gloucester that one of the monks had dreamed of the king's sudden and violent death. Then with his courtiers he set out gaily for the chase. . . . . Before sunset of the same day (Aug. 2, 1100) a charcoal-burner on his way through the New Forest in Hampshire came upon the bleeding corpse of his sovereign and drove it in his cart to Winchester. Meanwhile Sir Walter Tyrrel (Tirel), the king's favorite companion of the hunt, was fleeing toward the coast. Lodged in the heart of Rufus was one of the two new arrows which only that morning he had given to Tyrrel, with a pleasant compliment on his marksmanship. . . . . The old story is that Tyrrel aimed at a hare, but the shaft glanced off a tree and struck the king. The terror-stricken knight galloped off. When safe on his estates in France, he sent back protestations of innocence—but he never returned to face the unpleasantness of a trial.

1018. ***I will die in the last ditch!***

—WILLIAM, Prince of Orange (1650–1702),
Afterward William III, king of England.

DARK clouds lay over the Netherlands when William, at the age of twenty-two, became stadtholder (1672). Louis XIV, with 170,000 soldiers, was advancing to crush the little state, which lacked adequate army or ammunition for defense; but the young ruler scorned all propositions of surrender, all temptations of bribery. . . . . Buckingham, the ambassador from London, came to him with an offer of the independent sovereignty of Holland if he would give up the other provinces to England and France. Was it not plain to him that the republic faced disaster? William's response testified to his indomitable spirit:

> *There is one certain means that will spare me the sight of my country's ruin. I will die in the last ditch!*

. . . . His example inspired the nation with heroism. The sluices in the dikes were opened and wide areas flooded, checking the invaders. William gained the aid of Austria and Spain, made England neutral by marrying his cousin, Princess Mary, and after a contest of seven years saved the United Provinces from vassalage. . . . . Robert Young Hayne (1791-1839), Southern political leader, in his celebrated Senate debate with Daniel Webster on "Nullification" (January, 1830) declared that his own state, South Carolina, and her sister states would defend their sovereign rights, *or perish in the last ditch.*

1019. ***It is not upon the French nation that we are waging war, but upon Napoleon.***

— ALEXANDER I,
Emperor of Russia.

WHEN the allied armies surrounded Paris (March, 1814), and surrender was inevitable, the French naturally felt anxiety concerning the behavior of the enemy once they should enter the city. An aide-de-camp was sent to the Chateau Bondy, the headquarters of the Russian and German emperors, to ask their designs. Alexander, who was the ranking spokesman, promptly reassured him, saying:

> *It is not my intention to do the least harm to the town of Paris. It is not upon the French nation that we are waging war, but upon Napoleon.*

And Frederick William III, standing by his side, remarked: *And not upon himself, but upon his ambitions. . . .* Woodrow Wilson, declaring for war on Germany at the extraordinary session of Congress, April 2, 1917, emphasized the point that

> *We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering war.*

1020. ***I congratulate you, sir, upon having made a most gallant fight.***

— Lt. Commander Richard Wainwright (1849–),
American naval officer.
(See 167.)

WHEN Cervera made his hopeless dash out of the harbor of Santiago, Cuba, with four armored cruisers and two destroyers, in the face of the North Atlantic squadron (July 3, 1898), Wainwright, commanding the little gunboat Gloucester (the converted yacht Corsair), pluckily closed in with the American armorclads. He was the nearest to the Maria Theresa, the Spanish flagship, as she ran ashore in flames six miles west of Santiago, and his sailors rescued Cervera from the water. As the defeated admiral, dripping and despondent, came over the side of the Gloucester, Wainwright met him at the gangway with a cordial handshake and warmly congratulated him on his valor in a venture which never had a chance of success. Cervera was overcome by emotion at this tribute from an enemy.

1021. ***He is too good a man to be President.***

(See 1033.)

THIS was a common saying among the friends of Henry Clay, who was repeatedly disappointed in his ambition to become President. In 1824, he was defeated by John Quincy Adams; in 1832, by Andrew Jackson; in 1844, by Polk; and in 1848, Zachary Taylor took the nomination from him. Clay was particularly popular in the West.

1022. ***I can't spare the man; he fights.***

—Abraham Lincoln.

LINCOLN thus silenced a prominent politician who demanded that Grant be removed, after his Army of the Tennessee had narrowly escaped disaster at the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburgh Landing, in a sudden attack by the Confederate Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston (April 6-7, 1862). There were loud complaints in the North about Grant's generalship on the first day, when he was driven back a mile, and lost almost a whole division. He reformed his ranks on the 7th and, reinforced by Buell and Lew Wallace, recovered his ground and his camp. . . . . In his "Memoirs" Grant termed Shiloh a Union victory, because the enemy were foiled in their attempt "to defeat and destroy an army and capture a position"; and asserts that this battle "has been more persistently misunderstood" than any other engagement during the entire war.

1023. ***The Athenians know what is right, but will not do it.***

THE Spartans were renowned for the reverence in which they held the aged. Once during the games at Athens, when an old man sought vainly for a seat among his own countrymen, the Lacedaemonian ambassadors rose in a body and made place for him in their reserved section. The theater rang with applause for their act, whereupon one of them delivered the neat rebuke quoted here.

1024. ***"If he can still bother about picking out my best cigar," thought I, "the battle cannot be lost."***

— BISMARCK.

AT the crisis of the battle of Sadowa (July 2, 1866), when fortune favored the Austrians overwhelmingly, Moltke, the Prussian chief of staff, sat stolidly on his horse studying the situation through his glasses. The troops of Prince Frederick Charles were sorely pressed by superior numbers, and the tension told on the chancellor Bismarck, who was with the army as an observer. Going over to the immovable Moltke, he held out his cigar-case. Moltke, still silent, looked over the cigars critically. Finally he drew forth the choicest one and coolly lighted it. Bismarck, as he said afterward, was instantly relieved by this impassiveness. Two hours later the supporting army of the crown prince made its appearance and insured a Prussian victory.

1025. ***The great questions of the time are solved not by speech-making and the resolutions of majorities, but by blood and iron.***

— BISMARCK.

BISMARCK made this bellicose declaration (which fastened upon him the sobriquet of "the man of blood and iron") in his first speech to the German parliament after his appointment to the post of minister of foreign affairs (September, 1862). The war with Austria which broke in 1866 was brewing at the time. Bismarck paraphrased one of the fiery songs of Ernst Moritz Arndt (1769-1860), German poet and patriot, which roused the spirit of his country against Napoleon (1812-1815).

1026. **** * * Do your duty bravely. Fear God and honor the King.***

— Earl Kitchener, Horatio Herbert Kitchener (1850–1916), British field marshal.

NO army ever started for the battle-front with finer words of counsel than did the British Expeditionary Force when it went to the aid of France and Belgium at the outset of the World War. Kitchener's address to the soldiers, which they carried in printed form, is a model of its kind. He appealed to their courage, their energy, and their patience. *"Remember,"* he said, *"that the honor of the British Army depends on your individual conduct."* The response of the "Old Contemptibles" is splendid history. Though tragically inferior in numbers, they blocked the first German swing for the coast. Their battalions dwindling day by day, until only shattered fragments remained, they died heroes all—martyrs to the unpreparedness which Kitchener found on taking charge of the War Office in August, 1914.

1027. ***I want to see you shoot the way you shout.***

—Theodore Roosevelt.

PATRIOTIC addresses had roused great enthusiasm at a meeting of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense in Madison Square, New York, (October, 1917), when Roosevelt (at that time in private life) reminded the audience with characteristic directness that straight shooting was fully as important as huzzas in the World War, then at fever heat. . . . . Bismarck, who was like Roosevelt in energetic speech, declared in the German parliament (1850), while discussing the insurrection of Hesse-Cassel:

Lieber Spitzkugeln als Spitzreden.
(Better pointed bullets than pointed speeches.)

1028. ***Page, tell my lord the prince to reward his servants better than the king, my sovereign, now rewards me!***

— Don Alvaro de Luna (1388–1453),
Constable of Castile and Grand Master of Santiago.

THIS and similar plaints concerning royal faithlessness have been heard on many scaffolds of history. Alvaro, the accomplished courtier and daring soldier, was freed of his illusion at the block; like Cardinal Wolsey, the earl of Strafford, Cinq Mars—and how many more? Before he died he hailed a page of Prince Henry (afterward ruler as Henry the Impotent), with a reproach for the reigning John II, who had turned against him. . . . . Alvaro was the central figure of the court and admired above all other knights by the king. He was a witty raconteur and wrote verse. The queen became impatient of his influence and popularity and induced the king to do away with him. John descended to gross perfidy. He persuaded Alvaro to surrender on the written pledge "that his life, liberty, and even possessions should be spared." He was speedily condemned by a packed court, and rode to his execution on a mule (June 2, 1453). On the way he said: "I deserve all this and more, for my sins."

1029. ***Fare onward into Italy. You will soon cast away this coarse garment of skins; and your wealth will be adequate to the liberality of your mind.***

— SEVERINUS (fifth century A. D.),
Hermit-saint of Noricum.
(See 1067.)

THE noted Severinus was sitting in his cell one day when the low door was darkened by a young barbarian so tall and sturdy of figure that he had to stoop far to enter. Though clad in the meanest of hides, he had an air of dignity and resolution which, to the eyes of the shrewd saint, promised a high station for him. He was on his way to Rome, he said, to enlist in the army of the Western Empire. Would the father give him blessing in his venture? Severinus bestowed his approbation upon the young recruit, bidding him pursue his design and earnestly predicting his future greatness. . . . . Odoacer, who was then about thirty, humbly gave his offering to the saint, and went his way. He rose rapidly in the Roman guards. Twelve years later (Aug. 23, 476), with the downfall of the empire, the barbarian mercenaries of the Danubian tribes set him on the throne, and for thirteen years he was the undisputed ruler of Italy.

1030. ***It is all my fault.***

— Sir George Tryon (1832–1893),
British admiral.

WITH his flagship Victoria foundering under him, following a collision during experimental maneuvers of the Mediterranean fleet off Tripoli on the Syrian coast (June 22, 1893), Tryon nobly admitted that the catastrophe was due to his own fatal error. He ordered the crew to look to their safety, but 358 officers and sailors went down with him. . . . . As the squadron was steaming in two parallel columns, with scant space between them for the evolution, Tryon, in an amazing lapse of judgment, had signaled to *invert the course*. Turning inwards, the two leading ships crashed. The Victoria was cut in two and sank in ten minutes. Less than half of her men were saved. A court-martial at Malta fixed the responsibility on the admiral.

1031. ***When I wrote this book I felt like a man playing the piano with leaden balls attached to each finger joint.***

— Gustave Flaubert (1821–1880),
French novelist.

GENIUS often has to labor hard to find expression. So it was with Flaubert and his masterpiece, "Madame Bovary," which appeared in 1857, first as a serial in the *Revue de Paris*. He was engaged for six years on this work, one of the most painstaking and ruthless dissections of human nature ever carried out in fiction. Sometimes it took him a week to complete a page. He would spend hours deciding on a phrase. In the selection of words he has been termed incomparable—praise earned by a patient toil which was close to drudgery.

1032. ***I am your little corporal. What man among you would fire on me? Here is my breast!***

— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON suddenly slipped away from Elba (Feb. 26, 1815), and landing near Cannes with a thousand soldiers, he marched on Paris, the tricolor waving above him. The startled government hurried off troops to stop him. Between La Mure and Grenoble (March 6) he found the road blocked by a regiment of seven hundred. . . . . Restraining his troopers, who were ready to attack, Napoleon rode out alone beyond the front rank. Among those men drawn up against him were many of his veterans—he knew their spirit well. "Soldiers of the Fifth," he called out, "do you recognize me?" "Yes, sire!" With a flourish he unbuttoned his coat—the familiar gray coat of his campaigns. "Here is my breast!" . . . . There were shouts of *"Vive l'empereur!"* Stamping their white cockades under foot, the seven hundred fell in behind him.

1033. ***If any one desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of this Union will furnish him the key.***

— HENRY CLAY (1777–1852),
American statesman.
(See 1021.)

CLAY wrote a judgment upon himself which justly endures. He was passionately devoted to his country. During his long and energetic political career he was the object of many bitter attacks, but his patriotism went unquestioned, even among his enemies. He strove with all his vigor and eloquence to avert the break between the North and the South. In January, 1850, he submitted to the Senate a series of resolutions (the Compromise Measures, or Omnibus Bill) providing for an amicable settlement of the slavery controversy; and though seventy-three years of age, and infirm, he made a stirring appeal for the restoration of harmony.

1034. ***I will abide by the Bible; I elect it as my standing-point.***

—Johann Friedrich Overbeck (1789–1869),
German painter.

OVERBECK, who led the revival of Christian art in the nineteenth century, struggled for four years at the academy of Vienna—his mind on spiritual things, but irritated by the coarseness of the student set. One day in 1810, when he was twenty-one, he turned his back upon it all. Declaring his creed—"I will abide by the Bible"—he took under his arm a half-finished canvas, "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" (now in the Marien Kirche at Lubeck), and went to Rome, in search of nobler inspiration. There he got his bearings. Setting up his studio on the Pincian Hill, in the Franciscan convent of San Isidoro, he gathered about him a group of congenial associates and founded the "church-romantic" school of painting. For more than fifty years he toiled on the Tiber with a religious fervor which never failed him so long as he could hold the brush. He died at the age of eighty, and was buried in the church of San Bernardo. . . . . Overbeck's numerous frescoes and easel paintings all give abundant testimony to the fidelity with which he followed the spirit of his own earnest words:

> *Art to me is as the harp of David, whereupon I would desire that psalms should at all times be sounded to the praise of the Lord.*

1035. ***Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping.***

TREE lovers in many lands are familiar with these words. A laird in the Scottish Highlands spoke them to his son, in the hearing of Sir Walter Scott, who, impressed by the sentiment, later wrote them down.

1036. ***I should like you gentlemen of the quill to be for once exposed to a smart old platoon fire, just to teach you what perils we soldiers have to run in order to repair your blunders!***

— BLUCHER.

(See 1051.)

WHEN the allied troops occupied Paris in the spring of 1814 Blücher and his soldiers were posted in the heart of the city. The Prussian marshal burned to take revenge on the French for their insulting treatment of his country. (Napoleon had carried away from Berlin the precious sword and watch of Frederick the Great, and the stone pillar raised on the battlefield of Rossbach to tell of Frederick's great victory there had been dumped into the Seine.) Blücher even planted mines under the bridge of Jena (Pont d'Iena), which had been thrown across the Seine opposite the Champ de Mars by Bonaparte to commemorate his crushing defeat of the Austrians at Jena in 1806, and set some of them off; but the piles stood the shock. Before he could continue, the appeals of Talleyrand and the count of Artois caused the intervention of the Russian emperor, Alexander, and the bridge was saved. . . . . Indignant with the diplomats for spoiling his plans, the gruff old veteran, as peppery as ever at seventy-two, turned on them with cutting words for the "gentlemen of the quill."

1037. ***I have no fault to find with old age.***

— GORGIAS (c. 483–375 B. C.),

Greek sophist and rhetorician.

(Compare 405.)

GORGIAS of Leontini thus replied with dignity to one who asked him, more or less impertinently, why he "consented to remain so long alive." As a matter of fact, old age passed him by; for, though he was one hundred and seven at his death, his powers of reflection and expression never lost their keenness, and he pursued his work diligently to the very end, pausing not to meditate moodily upon the vanishing years. He was still in his mental prime when he passed away at Larissa in Thessaly.

1038. ***To make vicious and abandoned people happy, it has generally been supposed necessary first to make them virtuous. But why not reverse this order? Why not make them first happy, and then virtuous?***

— COUNT RUMFORD, Benjamin Thompson (1753–1814),
British-American administrator and scientist.

RUMFORD, who was a versatile genius, did many striking things during his remarkable life; but one of his most novel ventures was undertaken while he served as chamberlain and principal adviser of Prince Maximilian, elector of Bavaria. In a single day, in 1790, he had the military police of Munich arrest 2600 of the dirty and insolent beggar horde who were a serious menace to the health and safety of the capital, as well as an almost insufferable public nuisance. He did not treat them harshly, however; they were put into an industrial institution which he had ready for them, and given regular work to do in return for lodging and food. . . . . It turned out to be a profitable experiment. Not only did the mendicants become useful members of society, self-supporting and self-respecting, but the financial surplus from their labors increased the national revenues.

1039. ***Either this, or upon this.***

Or,

Either with this, my son, or upon it.

(See 908.)

THE mother of a Spartan youth handed him his shield, as he was starting away to war, with the injunction to bring it back or be brought back on it. (The loss of his buckler was the height of shame to a Spartan soldier.) Her words remain as a dramatic expression of the bravery and fortitude which distinguished the women of her race.

1040. ***A little trust that when we die***
We reap our sowing—and so, good-bye!

— GEORGE DU MAURIER (1834–1896),
British author and artist.

ON Du Maurier's memorial tablet in the Hampstead parish churchyard are these words—the last of the verses which mark the close of his famous story "Trilby." As with the three other couplets, they reflect the gay yet tender nature of the studio girl who becomes a prima donna:

A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so, good-day!
A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!
A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

1041. ***L'heure de la justice ne sonne pas aux cadrans de ce monde.***

(***The hour of justice does not strike on the dials of this world.***)

MAURICE Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian-French dramatist and poet, one day found this inscription on the sun-dial of a modest church in the little French village of Tourette-sur-Loup. It impressed him so deeply that he wrote about it in his "Measure of the Hours." . . . . A fitting companion is the line of Longfellow, in "Evangeline":

Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally
justice triumphs.

1042. ***You are, indeed, a summer king; but you will scarce be a winter one.***

— ELIZABETH,
Wife of Robert I, the Bruce.

MAKING a bold bid for the liberation of Scotland, Bruce put on a makeshift coronet at Scone (March 27, 1306) and took the field against the English with so small a force that even his courageous wife held his chances to be desperate. When he proudly reminded her of his royal rank she uttered a rueful prophecy; and, indeed, for many months it promised to come true. . . . . Beaten before the town of Perth and driven from his refuge in Strathfillan, Bruce fled with a handful of followers into Aberdeenshire, in the winter of 1307. His wife, daughter, and sister clung to him loyally until the severe weather forced him to send them back to Kildrummie castle. Subsequently they were captured in the sanctuary of Saint Duthas, at Tain, and separately imprisoned. . . . . Bruce went into hiding on the island of Rathlin. The death of Edward I (July 17, 1307) changed his fortunes, but not until eight years afterward was he reunited with his queen by his splendid victory at Bannockburn (June 24, 1314), which determined the independence of Scotland, and made him a king in truth.

1043. ***I am accused of the atrocious crime of being a young man.***

—William Pitt.
(See 1070.)

PITT'S famous retort to Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister of England, who had sneered at his youth and his unpolished manner of declamation, rests only on hearsay; for in the middle of the eighteenth century little attempt was made to record parliamentary speeches. The words may have been invented by Samuel Johnson. His "Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput" in the *Gentleman's Magazine* presented the proceedings of Parliament thinly disguised, and in later life he admitted having composed some of them wholly. It is quite likely, however, that Pitt did say something of this tenor in the Commons (March 10, 1740) during debate on a bill providing for the speedier manning of the royal navy. . . . . Entering Parliament at the age of twenty-seven (February, 1735), Pitt soon showed his natural eloquence. He joined "The Patriots," a band of rebellious Whigs whom Walpole ironically dubbed "The Boys," and became one of the most powerful critics of the minister. His passionate addresses counted heavily in bringing about Walpole's downfall (1742).

1044. ***I have brought you to the ring; dance as best you can.***

— Sir William Wallace (c. 1270–1305),
Scottish patriot.
(See 950, 1062.)

AT the battle of Falkirk (July 22, 1298) Wallace made a noteworthy advance in the art of modern war. He drew up his spearmen in four deep masses much after the model of the celebrated Macedonian phalanx, but in circles instead of squares. The pikes were so intermingled that the formation was seemingly a ring of impenetrable steel. These "schiltrons," as they were called, consisted of Wallace's best soldiers, and he commanded them in person. Posting them in front of a marsh, he bade them "dance as best they could." . . . . The English cavalry were repulsed in their first charges with heavy losses, but Edward I brought up his longbowmen, who so rent the ranks of the Scottish lances that they broke under the attack of his men-at-arms, and were completely routed.

1045. ***It is our manner of going under fire.***

— Eugenie (1826–1920),
Empress of the French.
(See 805.)

THE wife of Napoleon III was rich not only in graces of the person, but in the finer emotions of the heart. When Amiens was in the clutch of the cholera, in 1866, she hastened to the stricken city and by her ministrations to the sufferers won the gratitude of the people. It was woman's way of "going under fire," she replied to one who protested that she ought not to risk infection and death by exposing herself in the crowded hospitals.

1046. ***Thank God, we have kept the flag flying!***

— Sir George Stuart White (1835–1912),
British field marshal.
(See 598.)

FOR 119 days White defended Ladysmith in Natal against the Boers, and "kept the flag flying," as he exclaimed with justifiable satisfaction to Lord Douglas Dundonald, who, with a bodyguard of mounted Colonials, was the first to enter the town after the siege had been raised by the forces of Sir Redvers Buller (March 1, 1900). Relief came none too soon. Once during the siege, Buller, disheartened by the severe reverse to his advancing columns at Colenso, sent a message to White counseling him to treat with the enemy for terms of surrender—a suggestion which was indignantly spurned.

1047. ***However ill I may stand at court, I am resolved to lye well in the chronicle.***

— Duke of Ormonde, James Butler (1610–1688),
Irish statesman and soldier.

THE name of Ormonde still shines as a guiding-star of unsullied probity and patriotism. The honor of his country and his king were his foremost thought. He shared the exile of Charles II and after the Restoration served him as lord steward, privy councillor, and lord-lieutenant of Ireland. His conspicuous honesty and loyalty excited the enmity of Buckingham and those other courtiers who resorted to deceit to gain their selfish ends, and they turned Charles against him. But no slander, however malicious or painful, could impair his virtues. . . . . Ormonde died 240 years ago (July 21, 1688); but he "lyes well" in the chronicle of history even yet.

1048. ***Let God but grant me life, and there shall not be a spot in my dominions where the key shall not keep the castle, and the furze-bush the cow, though I myself should lead the life of a dog to accomplish it!***

— JAMES I (1394–1437),
King of Scotland.

ON taking the crown at Scone (May 21, 1424), Scotland's poet-king vowed to purge the country of the general lawlessness and to curb the tyranny and licentiousness of the nobles, who were enjoying unbridled power. He made good his word. By introducing wise laws he re-established justice and insured to the poor the services of skilled advocates in court at the expense of the crown. He seized many earldoms, and restored order in the Highlands, arresting the more turbulent chieftains and executing some of them. . . . . As with many another reformer, James fell a martyr to his endeavors to improve the lot of his people. On the night of Feb. 20, 1437, Sir Robert Graham, whom he had banished after confiscating his estates, forced entrance with a band of Highlanders into the Dominican monastery at Perth, the temporary royal residence, and stabbed the king to death.

1049. ***He carries his head like a Holy Sacrament.***

— CAMILLE DESMOULINS.
(See 315.)

WHEN told that he was the subject of this jest by Desmoulins, the handsome Revolutionary leader Saint-Just, whose almost saintly countenance belied the fierce passion within him, retorted: "And I will make him carry *his* like a Saint Denis" (who, according to tradition, walked two leagues with his head in his hands after his martyrdom). . . . . It was not long before Desmoulins was riding with Danton to the guillotine, and it was Saint-Just who had sent him there.

1050. ***I trample on impossibilities!***

— William Pitt, First Earl of Chatham (1708–1778), English statesman.

IT was the persistent policy of Pitt, as secretary of state and virtual head of the government, to destroy the naval prestige of France and make England supreme at sea. In 1759 (while suffering from a severe attack of his hereditary enemy, the gout) he ordered a fleet fitted out to attack the French warships in the Bay of Biscay. Irritated at the delay, he summoned to his chamber Baron Anson, first lord of the Admiralty, and demanded an explanation. Anson affirmed that it was "impossible" to get the expedition afloat in the allotted time. Forgetting his ailment, Pitt rose from his chair, exclaiming: "It must sail this day week. I trample on impossibilities!"— and, to emphasize his words, stamped so violently with his swollen foot that he fell back fainting from pain. . . . . The squadron sailed, under Admiral Hawke, whose victory over Marshal de Conflans at Quiberon Bay (Nov. 20) completed the naval humiliation of France.

1051. ***May the pens of the diplomats not undo what we have won with the sword!***

— Blucher.

(See 1036.)

BLUCHER had a deep distrust of statesmen. He regarded them as a class of meddlers whose principal aim was to cheat generals and armies out of the hard-earned fruits of victory. Hence he undoubtedly gloated over the opportunity offered him of taking a thrust at them in his toast at Wellington's Oxford banquet (July, 1815), given in honor of the surrender of Paris to the allies. Blücher, whose troops led the way into the French capital, shared the honors at the celebration with his emperor, Frederick William III.

1052. ***Jesus Christ was an incomparable Man.***

—Joseph Ernest Renan (1823–1892),
French philosopher and theologian.

RENAN made this affirmation in the course of his first lecture in the chair of Hebrew and Chaldaic languages at the Collège de France (1862). He was applauded by the students, but not by the leaders of the Catholic party, who had been opposed in the first place to his election because he had cast aside his frock at the seminary of St. Sulpice and abandoned his preparation for a religious career. His implication that Christ had walked the earth as a mortal, not as a divine person, excited cries of "heretic," and he was forbidden to lecture further. The disaffection was increased by the appearance, in 1863, of his "Life of Jesus," which may be described as a human biography, and which met with a great popular reception. In June, 1864, Renan was transferred to a subordinate post in the National Library, but indignantly refused it, and was then removed from his faculty seat.

1053. ***Be above the law. Never listen to the complaints of your subjects, whom nothing satisfies; the poorer they are, the quieter they are.***

— Marie Beatrice, Archduchess of Lombardy,
Mother of Francis IV, Duke of Modena (1779-1846.)
(Compare 997.)

UNFORTUNATELY for his subjects and his own reputation, Francis followed this ruinous advice of a patrician mother who shut charity from her heart. Adding cruelty and injustice to his hereditary avarice, he imprisoned, tortured, and executed Liberals by the hundred, made the nobles a privileged class, and became one of the most detested of despots—all under the mask of delightful manners. When he died (Feb. 20, 1846) the relieved duchy of Modena saw the sunlight for the first time in thirty-two years.

1054. ***Madam, don't bring up your sons to detest the United States Government. Recollect that we form one country now.***

— Gen. Robert E. Lee.

(Compare 528.)

LEE, the noble of soul, gave this counsel to a Southern woman who, after the fall of the Confederacy, declared bitterly that she could never become reconciled to the North. He added:

> *Abandon all these local animosities, and make your sons Americans.*

. . . . When Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Court House he relinquished all harsh memories of the foe that had triumphed over him, and turned his energies and his counsels to the task of reconstructing the South and of cementing anew the bonds of national amity. Too generous to nurse any resentment, he led Dixie in the duties of peace as he had borne her battle-flags to the front.

1055. ***My faith in the people governing is, on the whole, infinitesimal; my faith in the people governed is, on the whole, illimitable.***

— Charles Dickens.

(Compare 619.)

DICKENS went deep into the lives of the common people. Faithfully he pictured their everyday experiences. Yet, with all his understanding of them—his keen sympathy for their fears, their disappointments, their burdens of injustice—he was avowedly skeptical as to their capacity for governing themselves. He declared his doubts concretely at Birmingham (Jan. 6, Twelfth Night, 1870) in his inaugural speech as president of the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

1056. ***No one living has made a career like mine.***

— CHARLES XIV, Bernadotte (1763–1844),
King of Sweden and Norway.

THERE was much truth in what Charles said shortly before he died (March 8, 1844), in his eighty-first year. Rarely does it happen that the son of a lawyer comes to hold in his hand the scepter of two realms. . . . . At first a common soldier, Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte distinguished himself in the wars of Napoleon and rose to be general of division. He served as ambassador to Vienna, and as war minister showed marked ability. Under the Empire he was made a marshal of France, and defended the Netherlands against the English. When about to take the post of governor of Rome he was elected successor to the Swedish throne, and on the death of Charles XIII (Feb. 5, 1818) he became unional ruler of Sweden and Norway. During his reign both kingdoms enjoyed uninterrupted peace and great material development. He ruled wisely and generously, promoting education, agriculture, commerce, manufactures. It was the golden age of Swedish literature and art. . . . . The old king, as he entered into his long rest, could look back with satisfaction on a life crowded with heroic deeds and good works.

1057. ***Washington is dead! This great man fought against Tyranny; he established the liberty of his country. His memory will always be dear to the French people, as it will be to all free men of the two worlds; and especially to French soldiers, who, like him and the American soldiers, have combated for liberty and equality.***

— Napoleon Bonaparte.

WITH this order of the day to the French army (Feb. 9, 1800) Napoleon, then First Consul, paid a remarkable tribute to George Washington, whose death had occurred two months previously. Following a splendid ceremony in the Champ de Mars, Bonaparte, with all the civil and military officials of Paris, went to the Temple of Mars (Hotel des Invalides) and listened to a eulogy on the great American by Louis, marquis de Fontanes, prominent poet-politician. For ten days every flag and standard in France was hung with black crape. . . . . It has been argued that Napoleon was not altogether moved by humanistic feelings in thus glorifying the memory of Washington, but that he did it for political effect. Undoubtedly he recognized the importance of maintaining friendly relations with the new Republic whose people had proved their resolution and courage in the Revolution. At the same time, he sincerely admired the soldierly qualities of the dead patriot. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that he was delivering a left-handed blow at the pride of his arch-enemy, England, in exalting Washington.

1058. * * * ***Casting up the inventory of my freinds, hopes, promises and tymes, the summa totalis amounteth to just nothing.***

—John Lyly (1553–1606),
English author.

LYLY, to his sorrow, relied too confidently upon the professions of insincere friends. The appearance of "Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit," made him a literary lion (1579), and he was led to believe that he would succeed Edmund Tylney as the master of the revels. For thirteen years he haunted Elizabeth's court, denied preferment of any kind. Realizing at last that his aspirations were hollow, in 1593 he penned to the queen this reproachful petition:

> *Thirteen years your highnes servant but yet nothing. Twenty freïnds that though they saye they will be sure, I finde them sure to be slowe. A thousand hopes, but all nothing; a hundred promises but yet nothing. Thus casting up the inventory of my freinds, hopes, promises and tymes, the summa totalis amounteth to just nothing.*

. . . . With this mournful entry Lyly closed the ledger of his life. His spirit was dead; his reputation had flown. From then until the day of his death (Nov. 20, 1606) he knew only poverty and neglect.

1059. ***O God! what then is man?***

—Johan (Jan) van Olden Barneveldt, or Barneveld (1547–1619), Dutch statesman. (See 980.)

AFTER forty-three years of devoted public service Barneveldt, at the age of seventy-one, was condemned to death on an unfounded charge of treason, and executed before the great saloon of the courthouse at The Hague (May 13, 1619). As he climbed the scaffold stairs with feeble steps, leaning on his staff and assisted by his servant, he solemnly echoed the exclamation of the Psalmist: *Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him!* . . . . The Holland that he had "carried in his heart" for almost half a century was now about to murder him on a judicial pretext so brazen as to draw the denunciation of history. By his able statesmanship as Land's Advocate had he not averted the collapse of the United Provinces under the menace of Spanish arms? Yet he was doomed to the stroke of the executioner for the ostensible reason that he had schemed to betray his country to the tyranny from which he had delivered it! . . . .

My friends, believe not that I am a traitor.
I have lived a good patriot, and such I die.

Thus he spoke, before drawing the cap over his eyes. . . . . "The sword flickered in the sun," says Blok, "and the head of the greatest Netherland statesman . . . . rolled down in the sand."

1060. **** * * I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to*** **fourteen.** ***O man! place not thy confidence in this present world!***

— Abd ar-Rahman III,
Caliph of Cordova.
(Compare 998.)

FROM the greatest of all the Omayyad princes came this mournful indictment of the transitory pleasures of earth. . . . . Abd ar-Rahman lived in unmatched magnificence and luxury. Remarkable was the prosperity of his dominions; vast, his own hoard of riches. To gratify his favorite sultana, he spent over three million pounds sterling in building the royal city of Zahra (Medina-Azhara), three miles from Cordova—its sumptuous gardens, its marble palace with roof upheld by four thousand pillars, its stretching colonnades, its exquisite pavilions, its fountains of pure quicksilver. For twenty-five years, 10,000 workmen toiled on this artificial paradise, of which all traces disappeared centuries ago. In his seraglio were 6,000 fair women. He had a guard of 12,000 horsemen, whose belts and scimitars flashed with studs of solid gold. . . . . Abd ar-Rahman reigned fifty years, *in victory or peace* (these are his own words); *beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity.* * * * Yet, after his death, there was found among his possessions a record in which he declared that all this show and voluptuousness was only dross. . . . . Humble toilers in the world's business may well ponder the impressive memorial of the dead caliph, and take fresh cheer in their own monotonous callings.

1061. ***Mitchel Field or Heaven—that's our fate.***

— Maj. James C. Fitzmaurice,
Commandant of the Irish Free State Air Force.

WITH this ejaculation, more jaunty than solemn, Fitzmaurice climbed aboard the Junkers monoplane Bremen at the Baldonnel airdrome in Ireland, on an April day in 1928, and with two German companions sprang off the runway to dare the Atlantic sky trail to New York—which within a year had taken the lives of seven fliers, two of them women, in three futile attempts. It was the lot of the bold trio to reach neither of the destinations which were in the mind of Fitzmaurice, but they accomplished the first non-stop flight by plane across the north Atlantic from east to west, and all survived to enjoy their fame. . . . . Fitzmaurice was accompanied by Baron Ehrenfried Gunther von Huenefeld, backer of the enterprise, and Capt. Herman Koehl, war aviator. They left Baldonnel at 12:38 A. M., Thursday, April 12 (Eastern Standard time), and after about thirty-five hours in the clouds came down on lonely, ice-bound Greenly Island, Quebec, in the Strait of Belle Isle off the southern tip of Labrador, at 1:38 A. M., Friday, April 13. They covered some 2155 miles, but brought up nearly five hundred miles off their course and 1077 miles short of the landing field in Manhattan which was their aim. The last four hours of their journey was a continuous battle with gales, fogs, and sleet, and they also had to cope with a wobbling compass, but fast-failing fuel finally forced them to descend. In token of the exploit Fitzmaurice, who alternated with Koehl as pilot, was raised from the rank of major to that of colonel by his government. . . . . Naturally gay and debonair, Fitzmaurice said before the Bremen left Ireland: "Flying the Atlantic in any plane to-day is largely a stunt." It was in such a happy-go-lucky spirit that he hopped off on the adventure.

1062. ***There are junctures in the affairs of men when what is wanted is a Man—not treasures, not fleets, not legions, but a Man—the man of the moment.*** ***

— Lord Rosebery, Archibald Philip Primrose (1847–1929),
British statesman.
(See 1044.)

ROSEBERY'S subject was Sir William Wallace; it might as fittingly have been Caesar, Scipio, Washington, Wellington, Nelson, Lincoln, Bolivar, Foch. . . . . In his oration at Stirling (1897) during the celebration of the 600th anniversary of the battle of Stirling Bridge (Sept. 14, 1297), where Wallace won a complete victory over the English, Rosebery eulogized the Scottish national hero as "the man of fate given to Scotland in the storms of the thirteenth century"—one of those men of destiny "whose spirit attracts and unites and inspires, whose capacity is congenial to the crisis, whose powers are equal to the convulsion." . . . . Wallace's life ended in the darkest of shadows. Captured as an outlaw, he was put to death with refined cruelty; but the hopes of his country for independence did not perish with him. "He had kept alight the torch of Scottish freedom," and before it could flicker out the hand of Robert Bruce raised it again aloft.

1063. ***I die hard, but I am not afraid to go.***

— George Washington.

WASHINGTON died from acute laryngitis, and suffered much pain, but he bore it without a word of complaint. In the midst of his distress he assured Dr. James Craik that he was resigned, and, all available remedies having failed, asked to be allowed to "go off quietly." Just before the end, as if Nature were moved to sympathy by his patience, his breathing became easier, and he expired peacefully (between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening of Dec. 14, 1799), in his sixty-eighth year. . . . . Sixteen years before, shortly after resigning his commission as commander-in-chief of the American army and retiring to private life at Mount Vernon (from which he did not expect to be recalled), he had written to Lafayette:

> *Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order for my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers.*

It was in this spirit of composure that he went to the grave.

1064. ***Lord! teach me the way my soul should walk.***

— SAVONAROLA (1452–1498),
Italian monk.
(See 1086.)

EVERY day for two troubled years the youth Savonarola offered up this earnest prayer. Intended for the medical profession, he found his studies irksome, and spent many solitary hours rambling on the banks of the river Po outside his native city of Ferrara, while he strove to clear his mind of doubts as to his course. He might have gone far as a courtier, for he came of a noble family; but the world, its evils and vanities, disgusted him; the life of a monk appealed to him strongly. . . . . One day in 1474, he heard a sermon at Faenza which determined him. He would consecrate himself to a war on vice; nor would he hesitate to strike at the degeneracy of the Church itself. . . . . For six years Savonarola meditated in the monastery of St. Domenico at Bologna, and emerged full of a fiery zeal for virtue that soon laid a glowing impress upon the country which had been so thoroughly polluted by its rulers. Single-handed he set out to lift from his people their heavy burden of sin and skepticism. . . . . Savonarola's fearless crusade in Florence, with its marvelous fruits, provides one of the most extraordinary chapters in religious history. At the last, the victim of an infuriated pope, he perished, a martyr.

1065. ***Everything that Aristotle taught is false.***

— Petrus Ramus, or Pierre de la Ramée (1515–1572), French Humanist.

PROBABLY no other young man, in accepting a degree, ever took so audacious a thesis as did Ramus. At the age of twenty-one he astonished the professors in the college of Navarre (1536) with a sweeping attack on Aristotle and the form of scholastic thought typified by the great Greek teacher. After his graduation, as lecturer and writer, he elaborated his new system of logic to such radical lengths that the conservatives charged him with "undermining the foundations of philosophy and religion," and his lectures were interdicted by a commission appointed by Francis I, to pass on the controversy (1544). This decree was lifted, however, and in 1551 Henry II appointed him Professor of Philosophy and Eloquence at the Collège de France, where he attained great celebrity. Ramus adopted Protestantism in 1561, and his enemies twice drove him from Paris. His second return proved fatal to him, for he perished in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew (1572). . . . . Ramus had many adherents in Europe, and some in England, but the vogue of Humanism passed out in the seventeenth century.

1066. ***My lord, we make use of you, not for your bad legs, but for your good head.***

— ELIZABETH,
Queen of England.

NO woman ruler of a kingdom was ever quicker in repartee than Elizabeth. On one occasion, when her secretary of state, Lord Cecil Burghley, apologized to her for the gout that made him awkward, she quickly turned it into a pretty compliment on the level-headedness which distinguished him as her chief counselor. . . . . For almost forty years Burghley was supreme in the confidence of the queen, who once bestowed upon him the following high praise (no minister could ask more from his sovereign):

> *This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gifts, and that you will be faithful to the state.*

1067. ***Where is God?***

— ODOACER, or Odovacar (c. 434–493),
Barbarian king of Italy.
(See 1029.)

THE Ides of March brought tragedy to Odoacer, as they had to a mightier Roman ruler more than 500 years earlier; and, like Julius Caesar, he fell a victim to the basest treachery. Besieged for four years in his capital Ravenna by Theodoric the Ostrogoth, he was forced by famine to surrender, on the conditions that his life was to be spared and he should share the Roman sovereignty with his conqueror. . . . . Theodoric, ten days after his entry into the city, invited Odoacer to a banquet at the palace of the Laurel Grove, where he had laid an ambush (March 15, 493). Quickly perceiving that he had been betrayed, Odoacer exclaimed: "Where is God?" Theodoric answered him by cutting him down with a broadsword.

1068. ***An emperor keeps his word!***

— Conrad III, von Hohenstaufen (1093–1152),
German king and Holy Roman emperor.

WHEN the Guelphs after a long siege surrendered the Bavarian fortress of Weinsberg to Conrad (December, 1140) he granted the women free departure from the town, *with as much of their property as they could carry on their backs.* The shrewd wife of Count Welf VI promptly hoisted him to her sturdy shoulders, and came out of the gates, followed by all the other women bearing husband, father, son, or brother. Conrad's astonishment and chagrin at being thus outwitted was overcome by his admiration, and he allowed the whole garrison to withdraw. "An emperor keeps his word!" he said to those of his officers who protested against his generosity. . . . . This celebrated Legend of Weibertreu (*women's faithfulness*) has been immortalized in a ballad by the German poet, Adelbert von Chamisso.

1069. ***He will give the world something worth listening to.***

—Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791),
German composer.
(See 129.)

THE master Mozart, one day in 1787, listened to some extemporizations on the piano by a seventeen-year old youth named Ludwig van Beethoven, who was visiting Vienna. So powerfully was he impressed with the promise in the performance that he predicted for the young musician a great future as a composer. . . . . To be sure, Fame was more coy with Beethoven than with Mozart himself (who had blazed up like a meteor in his boyhood); but when at last she fully adopted him she gave him a claim to the admiration of posterity that was no less secure.

1070. * * * ***I know the price of every man in this house except three.*** * * *

Commonly rendered,

Every man has his price.

— Sir Robert Walpole.

(See 1043.)

POLITICAL corruption was common knowledge when Walpole, one day late in 1734, asserted on the floor of a hostile Commons that all but a well-nigh invisible minority there were for sale to the highest bidder. . . . . The prime minister showed unusual temper on this occasion. His proposed tightening of the excise duties (a step which the popular outcry forced him to abandon) had alienated many of his supporters, among them a small group of the younger men to whom he jestingly alluded as "The Boys," and who called themselves "The Patriots." In the midst of debate they harried him so persistently that he lost his customary poise. Turning toward the bench where they sat, and addressing himself directly to Mr. Levenson, he thundered out his charge:

> *You see with what zeal and vehemence these gentlemen oppose me; and yet I know the price of every man in this house except three, and your brother, Lord Gower, is one of them.*

. . . . Horace Walpole asserted in later years that the phrase was a pure invention of his father's enemies. According to Archdeacon William Coxe ("Memoirs of Walpole"), the prime minister once said of pretended patriots, "All those men have their price."

1071. ***Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure of life.***

— Charles Frohman (1858–1915),
American theatrical manager.

THE proud steamship Lusitania, struck by a torpedo from the German submarine U-20, off the Old Head of Kinsale on the Irish coast (May 7, 1915), was still shuddering from the fatal blow. Her passengers rushed to the life-boats, or huddled here and there—dazed and dumb, or crying hysterically. . . . . One little group by the rail showed no fear, no confusion. Standing with Frohman were Rita Jolivet, an English actress, her brother-in-law, George Vernon, and Captain Scott, bound home to London to enlist in the World War. None of them questioned that the sea was to be their tomb; yet, amidst the turmoil, they calmly joined hands in a clasp of eternal farewell and conversed thoughtfully of their impending fate. . . . . "Why fear death?" said Frohman, with a reflective smile. "It is the most beautiful adventure of life." . . . . Within the moment, under the stress of real tragedy, the director of stage mimicries had become the consoling philosopher. . . . . "Why fear death?" he repeated. "It——" . . . . Their hands were wrenched apart—the deck tilted sharply beneath their feet. The liner lurched—and went under. . . . . Miss Jolivet was rescued; Vernon and Scott perished with Frohman. Perhaps, as they plunged into the smother of waves, the dread was gone out of their hearts because of the last brave words of their American companion. . . . . Frohman's last utterance in life was strikingly reminiscent of the line recited by Maude Adams, whom he brought to stardom, in Barrie's play "Peter Pan," in which she appeared in 1906:

To die would be an awfully big adventure.

1072. ***Life is a ticklish business; I have resolved to spend it in reflecting upon it.***

—Arthur Schopenhauer (1788–1860),
German philosopher.

SCHOPENHAUER was a student at the University of Gottingen (1809-1811) when he thus announced to the poet Wieland his determination to hold aloof from the actual struggle of life and to play the part of a critical spectator. He held to his course, through years largely shadowed by pessimism and loneliness, and attained a firm place among the leading philosophers of modern times. . . . . Never blind to the outward pageantry of life, its demands of materialism and active service, yet Schopenhauer is always introspective. Recognizing the well-being of society as a necessary part of the earthly scheme, he nevertheless holds that humanity's supreme aim should be to obtain an individual ideal of inner peace and beauty, completely independent of the ugly and unsatisfying realities of the world.

1073. ***Die Baukunst ist eine erstarrte Musik.***
(Architecture is frozen music.)

— Goethe.
(Compare 229.)

THIS sparkling definition of architecture by the great German poet is recorded under the date of March 23, 1829 in "Conversations with Goethe," by Johann Peter Eckermann, who has received less celebrity from his own verses than from his close association with the author of "Faust." . . . . The German philosopher Schelling, a contemporary of Goethe, but less succinctly, in his "Philosophie der Kunst" calls architecture *music in space.*

1074. ***I wish I were as cocksure of any one thing as Macaulay is of everything.***

— Lord Melbourne, William Lamb (1779–1848), English statesman.

ONE of the most obvious characteristics of Thomas Babington Macaulay was his self-assurance. The pages of his "History of England" and his "Essays" provide plenty of evidence that he never doubted his own infallibility of judgment. He carried this positiveness into the Commons, where, on at least one occasion, he showed that he was prepared to surrender his place rather than to abandon any cause which he had espoused. . . . . For two years (1839-1841) Macaulay served as secretary of war in the ministry of Melbourne, whose crisp comment on his certainty of himself should by no means be regarded as a deprecation of his ability in office, for Macaulay was an able politician.

1075. ***If these were my soldiers, or if I were their general, we should conquer the world.***

— Pyrrhus.
(Compare 726.)

STANDING on the battlefield of Heraclea, after his defeat of the Romans (280 B. C.), the king of Epirus thus expressed the admiration of a mighty captain of war for his dead foemen. The stark forms of the consul Laevinus' legionaries, who before they fell had inflicted heavy loss on the Epirots, were all wounded in front, and their hands still firmly clutched their *pila* and swords. Pyrrhus gave them the greatest honor at his command, burying them with his own soldiers.

1076. ***Gentlemen * * * this is a land where freedom of speech is guaranteed.***

—Abraham Lincoln.

(Compare 596.)

MORE than once did Lincoln champion the right of free speech. At a political meeting in Springfield, Ill. (1840), he fearlessly faced an angry crowd and saved a fellow-speaker from partisan violence. . . . . Edward Dickinson Baker (who was killed while leading his Union regiment at the battle of Ball's Bluff, Oct. 21, 1861) roused so much hostility with his remarks that he was threatened with being dragged down and beaten. Lincoln mounted to the platform, waved his hand for attention, and said:

> * * * *Mr. Baker has a right to speak, and ought to be permitted to do so. I am here to protect him, and no man shall take him from this stand if I can prevent it.*

. . . . His forcible reproof and resolute attitude restored order, and Baker was given a respectful hearing.

1077. ***If you insist upon receiving powder as tribute, you must expect to receive*** **balls** ***with it.***

— Commodore Stephen Decatur.

(See 644, 1079.)

THERE was no mistaking the temper of Decatur when he delivered this reply to Omar, the dey of Algiers, who had sued for peace, but pleaded for an annual tribute from the American government in the form of "a little powder," to save his face with his people. . . . . A few days before (June 17, 1815) the commodore had riddled and captured the best of the Algerine frigates, the Meshouda, off Cape de Gata, killing the able admiral Rais Hammida, and taking 406 prisoners. Now, his guns commanding the harbor of Algiers, he stood on the deck of his flagship Guerrière and gave his ultimatum to the commissioners sent to parley with him: no more tribute from his country unless cannon-balls went with it. . . . . For years the corsairs had ravaged the Mediterranean shipping of the nations at will, but their game was up. Without further argument, the humiliated dey signed the treaty (June 30)— the first governor of a Barbary state ever humbled by a Christian power.

1078. ***The ideal state is that in which an injury done to the least of its citizens is an injury done to all.***

— Solon.

THE Seven Sages of Greece met together at a dinner given by one of their number, Periander, tyrant of Corinth; and after the feast (instead of discussing "high-powered salesmanship" or "behaviorism") they fell to debating the profound question: What is the ideal state? . . . . Solon, the wisest of them all, led off with the opinion quoted above. . . . . Thales said:

> *Where the rich are neither too rich, nor the poor too poor.*

. . . . Pittacus answered thus:

> *Where dignities are always conferred on the good, never on the bad.*

. . . . Chilon (Chilo) took this view:

> *Where the laws are more regarded, and have more authority, than the orators.*

. . . . Cleobulus had a still different idea:

> *Where the citizens fear blame more than punishment.*

. . . . Bias offered the briefest thought, but none the less worthy:

> *Where the law has no superior.*

. . . . Anacharsis, who was also present (he is sometimes given a place among the Sages), enriched the symposium with this contribution:

> *Where virtue is honored, and vice detested.*

. . . . Unfortunately, the judgment of Periander himself is not recorded.

1079. *My country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she ever be right; but, right or wrong, my country!*

— Stephen Decatur.
(See 644, 1077.)

DECATUR offered this celebrated toast at a public dinner given him by the citizens of Norfolk, Va. (April, 1816), after his return from his victories over the Barbary pirates. His sentiment has been criticized as over-zealous, even dangerous: on the ground that any government which waxes warlike in an unjust cause deserves ruin and disgrace, and that no self-respecting subject can conscientiously support such a course. But though Decatur's ethics of patriotism may be open to debate, the loyalty of the man himself will always merit the highest admiration. No American naval commander has ever surpassed him in spirited fidelity to the flag; his brilliant exploits against the corsairs of the Mediterranean caused the great Nelson to exclaim in wonder. . . . . Perhaps the most pointed dissent to the Decatur toast is to be found in the observation of G. K. Chesterton, the well-known English author:

> *'My country, right or wrong,' is a thing that no patriot would think of saying except in a desperate case. It is like saying, 'My mother, drunk or sober.'*

. . . . John Jordan Crittenden, Kentucky senator, said in Congress (May, 1846), in the course of a speech on the war with Mexico:

> *I hope to find my country in the right; however, I will stand by her right or wrong.*

. . . . Another senator, Carl Schurz, of Missouri, took this sound stand in a Congressional address (1872):

> *Our country, right or wrong! When right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be put right!*

1080. ***I tell you that in a brief space ye shall see him flung out on yonder rampart with infamy and scorn equal to the pomp and dignity with which he now occupies it.***

— GEORGE WISHART (c. 1513–1546),
Scottish reformer.

WISHART, about to perish at the stake (March 1, 1546) for his sermons in denunciation of the abuses in the Church of Rome, was to make a holiday for the cardinal of Scotland, David Beaton (or Bethune). His place of execution was before the walls of the castle of St. Andrew's, Beaton's own residence, and the prelate had posted himself on the battlements with all his retinue to watch the tortures of this insufferable heretic. . . . . Heedless, for the moment, of the grim preparations for his death, the doomed preacher fastened his gaze upon Beaton, his eyes aflame with reproach. In words as fearless as any that he ever had uttered in the pulpit he foretold to the crowd with remarkable certainty the wretched fate which was in store for the dignitary who had brought him to this tragic end. Then he met the fire bravely. . . . . The haughty Beaton fancied himself secure enough in his peninsula fortress overhanging the sea, but only three months later a band of bold conspirators headed by Norman Leslie and William Kirkaldy surprised and slew the garrison at daybreak (May 29), and dispatched the cardinal with many furious thrusts. Nor did they neglect to remind him, before the finishing blow, that they had been "sent by God" to avenge the death of Wishart. . . . . Beaton's naked and bleeding body was hung by a sheet over the very bastion where he had once sat in pomp and derived enjoyment from the execution of the Scottish reformer.

1081. ***Lafayette, nous voici!***
(Lafayette, we are here!)

(Compare 659.)

THIS widely-quoted utterance of the World War has been commonly credited to Gen. John J. Pershing, on the authority of a letter from his military secretary to George Morgan, a New York newspaperman (Jan. 4, 1919); and it is indorsed by Frank H. Simonds, the war correspondent. On the other hand, the claim of Col. Charles E. Stanton (retired since Nov. 15, 1920) that he was the author is supported by War Department records. . . . . It is not worth the controversy. The source of the saying is of far less importance than its sentiment and the circumstances which inspired it. . . . . As commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Force, Pershing reached France on June 13, 1917, with fifty-three staff officers, including Stanton (then a lieutenant-colonel in the quartermaster department), and 146 soldiers. Rejoicing over the arrival of the first of their "Yank" allies, the Parisians gloriously celebrated the Fourth of July, the American Day of Independence. After reviewing the parade at the Invalides, Pershing, with Ambassador Sharp, Joffre, and between 300 and 400 other notables, went to the little cemetery of Picpus (in the old St. Antoine neighborhood). There a wreath was placed by American hands on the stone slab above the grave of the Marquis de Lafayette, who, a lad of nineteen, came to the help of the Colonies in the spring of 1777, when the fortunes of the Revolutionary armies were at their lowest ebb. At this ceremony Stanton says he made an address, in English (first expressing his regret that he was unable to speak in the French tongue), and closed with the following words:

> *It is with loving pride we drape the colors in tribute of respect to this citizen of your great republic, and here and now, in the presence of the illustrious dead, we pledge our hearts and our honor in carrying this war to successful issue. In the time of our peril, France came to our rescue. We have not forgotten. Lafayette, we are here!*

1082. ***The people send me to the tomb, but I forgive them.***

— Simon Bolivar, El Libertador, "The Liberator" (1783–1830), South American patriot.

BOLIVAR with his armies freed the countries of northern South America from Spanish dominion (1811-1824). He was the dictator of Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia, the latter state taking his name. He devoted his inherited wealth to the cause of liberty, and scorned to make himself rich from the extensive revenues which he controlled. He was "Emperor of the Andes" in all but the title, which he resolutely waved aside. Yet he died complaining bitterly of the ingratitude of the peoples for whom he had won full independence. . . . . Bolivar aspired to form a Pan-American Congress (which is to-day a fact), and thus to put an end to revolutions. The rejection of his plan wounded him sorely. Refusing a pension of $30,000 from the Colombian Congress, "the George Washington of South America" resigned all office and went to Caracas, to sail for England. His health was failing fast, and before he could take ship he died (Dec. 17, 1830), at San Pedro, near Santa Marta, on the sea-shore. . . . . Twelve years afterward his remains were removed with much show to Caracas, the capital of his native Venezuela, and his tomb there is an international shrine. There are statues of him in Caracas, Bogota, and Lima. . . . . Bolivar waged his wars for freedom out of a passionate devotion to principle. Quite aside from his military achievements, his indifference to personal gain renders him an historical figure of high stature.

1083. ***Do not suppose, my dearest sons, that when I have left you I shall be nowhere and no one. Even when I was with you, you did not see my soul, but knew that it was in this body of mine from what I did. Believe then that it is still the same, even though you see it not.***

— CYRUS THE GREAT, or the Elder (c. 585–528 B. C.),
King of Persia.

[According to Xenophon, Cyrus spoke these words to his sons, Cambyses and Smerdis, on his deathbed. It is reasonable if we accept the authority of Ctesias that Cyrus, mortally wounded in battle with the Derbices, did not instantly expire; but it is hardly plausible if he was slain outright by the soldiers of Tomyris, queen of the Massagetae, as related by Herodotus.]

THE supposition that Cyrus believed in the immortality of the soul is not inconsistent with his character. Never did he tempt eternal retribution by destroying vanquished cities, killing or mutilating captive kings. Even his adversaries admired his virtues. He was beloved by his own people, and he has been lavishly eulogized in legend. Many wars he waged in flinging the first world-empire from the Pontus Euxinus to Meroe, from Cyrene to the Oxus and the Indus; but whenever possible he tempered the sword with mercy. The Persian ruler stands in history as one of the greatest of warrior-statesmen.

1084. **** * * There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building.***

— I KINGS, 6:7.
(Compare 213.)

THOSE dwellers in modern cities who are daily harassed by the nerve-shaking racket inseparable from the rearing of sky-scrapers may well lament because Solomon's building methods are not now in vogue. He put up the Temple with so little noise that the neighbors undoubtedly called him blessed. The secret of his necromancy is revealed in this same Biblical verse:

> ** * * The house * * * was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither. * * **

Every stone and timber was hewn and fitted for its designed place before it came to Jerusalem; the only sounds were from the wooden mallets which drove the tenons into the mortices and forced in the pins to fasten them. . . . . Master builders of to-day will merely smile, and remark that while it took the wise king seven years to complete the Temple, the time required for raising a twentieth century office-structure of thirty or forty stories is measured in weeks.

1085. ***We want no war of conquest. * * * War should never be entered upon until every agency of peace has failed.***

—William McKinley (1843–1901),
25th President of the United States.
(Compare 1089.)

McKINLEY made this declaration in his inaugural address (March 4, 1897), and less than a year later his sincerity was put to the test by the Spanish-American War. . . . . For many months the unhappy condition of the Cubans had caused serious concern in the United States, and when the battleship Maine was destroyed in Havana harbor by a suspicious explosion which killed most of her crew (Feb. 15, 1898), there arose a clamor for intervention by American arms to free the island from Spanish injustice. McKinley met the crisis with calmness and patience. Only after having exhausted all peaceful efforts to relieve the tension did he present an ultimatum to the Spanish government, and then (April 25, 1898) recommend to Congress a declaration of war. His stand against "conquest" was upheld by the peace treaty at the close of hostilities. Instead of claiming, without fee, the Philippine Archipelago, which she had so easily wrested from Spain, the American Republic paid a price of twenty million dollars to the defeated nation for the islands—an extraordinary example of generosity on the part of a victorious power.

1086. ***No hat will I have but that of a martyr, reddened with my own blood.***

— SAVONAROLA.
(See 1064.)

THE militant prior Savonarola, by his powerful sermons in St. Mark's and his own personal example of austere living, cleansed Florence of the dissoluteness which had been sanctioned for seventy years by the Medici, and made the republic devotedly Christian. So boldly did he castigate the corruptness of the court at Rome and the depravities of Alexander VI that the pope endeavored to silence him with the offer of a cardinal's hat. From his pulpit Savonarola declared that rather than accept such a bribe he would die a martyr. And so it came to pass. . . . . On April 7, 1498, a mob of the friars's foes stormed the cathedral, overcame the resistance of a faithful few of his followers, and seized him as he prayed at the altar. He was given a mock trial, condemned by judges whom Alexander had sent from Rome for that express purpose, and burned alive on a cross in the Piazza del la Signoria (May 23), with two of his disciples.

1087. *Was für Plunder!*
(*What a place to plunder!*)
Literally translated, ***What a lot of rubbish.***

— Marshal von Blucher.
(See 1051.)

EXCEPTIONS have been taken to this common translation of Blücher's exclamation as he looked down on London from the tower of St. Paul's Cathedral (July, 1815). An opposite construction would be proper, as the German of it rather implies an expression of scorn at so much "rubbish." . . . . Perhaps Blücher has been misquoted. Taking into account, however, the well-known propensity of the stalwart old field-marshal for treating a conquered foe sternly, there seems small doubt but that the city spread out before him excited him with the thought of loot. He had just come from the great peace banquet given at Oxford by the Duke of Wellington to the allied European rulers and their suites in celebration of the capture of Paris, and he vas the guest of a nation then friendly with his own Prussia. But such circumstances would not blind Blücher to the splendid field for "plunder" which lay under his eyes.

1088. *Je prends mon bien où je le trouve.*
(I take what belongs to me wherever I find it.)
— MOLIERE, Jean Baptiste Poquelin (1622–1673),
French dramatist.

TO obtain material for his plays, Molière rummaged unabashed among the works of ancient and modern authorities, and candidly admitted that he had adapted the stuff of others to his own purposes. "L'Etourdi," with which he opened his theater in the Petit Bourbon, Paris, under the patronage of Louis XIV (Nov. 3, 1658), was a new form of the Italian comedy "L'Inavertito," written thirty years before. Even the famous "Les Précieuses Ridicules" (produced Nov. 18, 1659), an epochal advance in comic satire, was traced by Somaize to the "Précieuses" of the Abbe du Pure, a novel then only three years old. Charges of plagiarism persisted against Molière to the very end of his career, but these cries of his jealous detractors failed to cheat him of the celebrity which was his due. . . . . George Bernard Shaw (1856-), by his own confession, acquired his reputation as master of epigram largely through his pilferings from other authors, even drawing on the clever thoughts of his contemporaries. On one occasion, when accused of plagiarism, he replied frankly:

> *If I find in a book anything I can make use of, I take it gratefully. My plays are full of pillage of this kind. Shakespeare, Dickens, Conan Doyle, Oscar Wilde, all is fish that comes to my net.*

1089. ** * * We desire no conquest, no dominion. * * **

—Woodrow Wilson.

(Compare 1085.)

NO leader of a people, in deciding upon hostilities with a foreign nation, was ever moved by nobler ideals than Wilson when he sounded the call to America to take arms against the German Imperial Government. Extension of power, annexation of territory, acquisition of money, at the expense of a fallen foe, were not in his thoughts. . . . . In his speech to Congress asking for a declaration of war (April 2, 1917), he said:

> *We have no selfish end to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. * * **

. . . . American soldiers poured across the sea by the million; American gold flowed out in a prodigious stream. All the mighty resources of the Republic were concentrated toward the single end of victory. Yet in the famed "Fourteen Points" which the American President laid on the peace table not once did the name of his country appear. Out of the settlement came a new map of middle Europe; colonies passed to new allegiances. But America laid claim to never a rood of ground, never a share in the indemnity. To-day (1928), her allies owe her billions in World War debts. . . . . Whatever the weaknesses of Wilson, uncertain policies were not among them. He adhered to his principles with devoted sincerity and resolution. At the Paris parley he stood a giant for his inflexible honesty, his justice, his charity. He was years in advance of his time. The statesmen of earth, though they are gradually following his footprints, have yet to overtake him.

1090. ***Avec l'exaltation de sa tête, la manie qu'elle a d'écrire sur tout et à propos de rien, elle pouvait se faire des prosélytes; j'ai dû y veiller.***

(With her swelled head, the passion which she had of writing about everything for no good reason, she was able to make converts; I should have attended to that.)

— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

WHEN Napoleon, in 1811, ordered Madame de Stael banished from France because of her bold political opinions, her seventeen-year-old son, the baron Auguste, gallantly interceded in behalf of his mother. Admiring his spirit, the dictator granted the lad a personal interview and listened to him with respectful attention. His appeal went for naught, however, and he was dismissed with the tart observation cited here. Madame de Stael departed over the border and did not see Paris again till the Restoration, when she was cordially received by Louis XVIII. . . . . Napoleon had twice exiled her before, first to Coppet, Switzerland, then to "one hundred miles from Paris." He said of her:

> *The arrival of this woman, like that of a bird of ill omen, has always been a signal of some trouble.*

He condemned the whole edition of her book "D'Allemagne" ("On the English"), whereupon she wrote him one of those saucy letters for which she showed so much talent. . . . . Madame de Stael would have eagerly paid homage to Bonaparte, but he was coldly indifferent to her. A little episode which occurred in 1797 provides perhaps the real key to their feud. Angling for flattery, no doubt, she asked him whom he considered "the greatest woman." Napoleon's reply was not calculated to please her vanity:

> *She who has borne the most children.*

1091. * * * ***It is of more importance to the community that innocence should be protected than it is that guilt should be punished.*** * * *

— JOHN ADAMS (1735–1826),
Second President of the United States.
(Compare 911, 1101, 1108.)

AS counsel for Capt. Thomas Preston and the English soldiers charged with murdering Crispus Attucks and three other citizens in the "Boston Massacre" (March 5, 1770) Adams took the stand that in disposing of capital cases it is better to err on the side of mercy. He cited in support of his position the opinions of the lord chief justices Hale and Fortescue of England. . . . . In his first day's speech to the court Adams said:

> * * * *Guilt and crimes are so frequent in the world that all of them cannot be punished, and many times they happen in such a manner that it is not of much consequence to the public whether they are punished or not. But when innocence itself is brought to the bar and condemned, especially to die, the subject will exclaim, 'It is immaterial to me whether I behave well or ill, for virtue itself is no security.' And if such a sentiment as this should take place in the mind of the subject, there would be an end to all security whatsoever.*

. . . . It was a bold plea, in the face of the bitter prejudice against the accused, but it proved a shrewd one. By founding his case on such a proposition Adams created not a little sympathy for his clients at the start, and so skillfully did he emphasize the doubt of actual murder in the riots that he won the acquittal of Preston and all but two of the soldiers. Adams was at that time one of the town counsel of Boston.

1092. ***The mercies of the wicked are cruel.***

— Charlotte de la Tremoille,
Countess of Derby.

THE defense of Lathom House by the countess of Derby, though an isolated incident of the Civil War in England, has immortalized her name. . . . . Her husband, James Stanley, seventh earl of Derby, was away in the field with the Royalist forces when his ancestral seat in the north of England was attacked by a detachment of the Parliamentary army of Lord Fairfax, in the summer of 1644. For eighteen weeks his heroic wife defied the besiegers. Baffled by the wide moats, the thick ramparts, and the impregnable towers, the enemy,with a promise of mercy from Parliament, tried to cajole her into surrender. She flung back an ironic answer, quoted above, and cheered on her retainers to continued resistance. . . . . Her courage was not in vain. The siege was broken by Prince Rupert, and Stanley, who had joined the troop of that dashing leader, was one of the first to enter Lathom House.

1093. ***He is king who rules his people justly; if he does otherwise, he shall be no longer king.***

— Isidore of Seville, Isidorus Hispalensis (560–636),
Archbishop of Seville.
(Compare 417, 716.)

THESE words of Isidore have often been cited in deliberations of the Catholic Church. They are preserved in the canons of the fourth Council of Toledo (633), over which he presided. Of high renown as an ecclesiastic, Isidore also distinguished himself by his writings on law and history.

1094. *I, your king and father, return into your hands what a world esteems above all things, a crown; and choose for my throne six feet of earth, where I shall sleep in peace with my fathers.*

— JOHN II CASIMIR (1609–1672),
King of Poland.

JOHN Casimir put off the religious habit of a Jesuit to put on a cardinal's hat and a coronet—which proved altogether too heavy for his head. The Russians and the Swedes ravaged his kingdom, and he fled into exile in Silesia. The gallant Stephen Czarniecki with a new national army set him back on his throne, but he was worn out under many cares and reverses. So he went before the Diet of Warsaw (Sept. 16, 1668) and laid down the symbol of royalty which had brought only calamity to his country and twenty years of incessant troubles to himself. With it he resigned the cardinal's hat and once more became the layman. He passed his last years as the abbot of the monastery of St. Germaine-des-Près, and eventually entered into the peace of "six feet of earth."

1095. ** * * What is virtue? reason put into practice:—talent? reason expressed with brilliance:—soul? reason delicately put forth; and genius is sublime reason.*

— MARIE-JOSEPH CHENIER (1764–1811).

NOT all the intellectual merits of Chenier were confined to dramatics, or to verse (though literary critics praise him as the supreme tragic poet of the French Revolutionary period). He could shape paragraphs of crystal philosophy, of which the above stands as an excellent example.

1096. *Around the world thoughts shall fly*
In the twinkling of an eye.
* * * * * * * *
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
* * * * * * * *

THIS vision of the radio and the airship was a part of the famous prophecy beginning "Carriages without horses shall go," which was long attributed to Mother Shipton, a witch-like character of Yorkshire, who had great fame as a prophetess in England in the sixteenth century. Charles Hindley, of Brighton, confessed the hoax in a letter to "Notes and Queries" (April 26, 1873). In 1862, he had reprinted Richard Head's "Life and Death of Mother Shipton," which originally appeared in 1684, and had garbled it to his own sportive satisfaction. However, though his predictions were not made seriously, they proved surprisingly accurate. It was not until 1903 that the flights of the Wright brothers pointed the way for the thousands of planes which now speed along the lanes of air traffic, and the systematic broadcasting of music, speech, and sports did not come into being before 1920.

1097. ***There is a point, of course, where a man must take the isolated peak and break with all his associates for clear principle; but until that time comes he must work, if he would be of use, with men as they are. As long as the good in them overbalances the evil, let him work with them for the best that can be obtained.***

— Theodore Roosevelt.

AT the very beginning of his political career, Roosevelt learned the important lesson that a legislator, in order to make progress, cannot be wholly independent of his party associates. In his early twenties he entered the New York Legislature, and soon found himself deserted—for the reason, as he said with his customary frankness, that "his head was swelled." He had no influence; nobody would cooperate with him. So he changed his tactics and began to show consideration for the honest opinions of other members, even though they differed widely from his own. By a policy of give-and-take he got things done and gained a reputation as a reformer. He illustrated the situation as follows (Jacob A. Riis quotes him in "Roosevelt the Citizen"):

> *If you are cast on a desert island with only a screwdriver, a hatchet, and a chisel to make a boat with, why, go make the best one you can. It would be better if you had a saw, but you haven't. So with men.*

1098. ***Tête d'armée** (head of the army!) **France! France!***

— Napoleon Bonaparte.

AS Napoleon had found his sweetest music in the thunder of cannon while he strode the earth a Colossus of war, so the crashing of the storm was the last sound in his ears. The tumult of battle had enthralled him in life; and it was of his *Grande Armée* that he murmured in his dying delirium at Longwood. . . . . A tempest of extraordinary fury swept the island of St. Helena on May 5, 1821, and during its height, at the sunset hour, the exiled conqueror died. It was an appropriate scene for the passing of the soul of the great captain militant. Headstrong like the elements, the turbulence of the gale and the rain had distinguished him: with a mighty salute they ushered him out of the world which he had shaken with the roar of conflict.

1099. ***If a law be bad, it is one thing to oppose the practice of it, but it is quite another thing to expose its errors, to reason on its defects, and to show cause why it should be repealed, or why another ought to be substituted in its place.** * * **

—Thomas Paine.

(Compare 540.)

AMIDST all the ferment of controversy over National Prohibition, a moment may be profitably devoted to consideration of this sentiment expressed by no less an advanced thinker than the author of the well known "Rights of Man" (1791), in which it appeared. Paine went on to say:

> *It is better to obey a bad law, making use at the same time of every argument to show its errors and procure its repeal, than forcibly to violate it; because the precedent of breaking a bad law might weaken the force, and lead to a discretionary violation, of those which are good*

1100. ***Assassinate me, you may; intimidate me, you cannot!***

— John Philpot Curran (1750–1817),
Irish politician and judge.

WITH the forces of the government arrayed against him, and his very life in jeopardy, Curran proceeded fearlessly to his uncomfortable task of defending the prisoners in the state trials which followed the Irish revolt of 1798. In his thin, shrill voice he shouted defiance to the swords of the crown that encircled him in the courtroom, and the menacing looks of the prosecutors. Short and slight, his unimpressive person gave little indication of the store of passion and energy which he always had at his command. When Lord Carleton intimated that his efforts in behalf of the rebels would cost him his gown, Curran retorted, with the scornful wit which made him more than a match for the brilliant Sheridan and Erskine in the repartee of conversation:

> *Well, my lord, his majesty may take the silk,*
> *but he must leave the* stuff *behind!*

1101. ***I have known in my experience abominable murders quitted.***

— Oliver Cromwell.
(Compare 911.)

SO, then, slayers wriggled free through loopholes of technicalities, perjury, and subterfuge in seventeenth century England, even as they do now in America. Cromwell's words before Parliament (September, 1656) might not unreasonably come from an American reformer of to-day. He was censuring "ill-framed" laws which permitted "the hanging of a man for a trifle, and the pardon of murder." . . . . There is this difference in the present century: more perversions of justice are due to the *abuse* of the statutes than to their *form.*

1102. ***My countrymen, I used to grieve at the loss of my sight, but now I am sorry not to be deaf also, when I hear the disgraceful propositions with which you are tarnishing the glory of Rome.* * ****

— Appius Claudius, Appius Claudius Caecus
(d. about 280 B. C.),
Roman statesman.
(See 119.)

PYRRHUS, king of Epirus, having defeated the Roman army at Heraclea (280 B.C.), sent to Rome his chief adviser, the Thessalian Cineas, with conditions of peace. Cineas, noted for his smooth tongue and his shrewdness, so played upon the feelings of the senators with his eloquence (and his gifts for their wives) that they were on the point of accepting his terms. The vote was about to be taken when a sudden commotion arose in the Forum without. . . . . Appius Claudius, the censor—old and blind, retired from public affairs for many years—had heard of the humiliation which threatened his country's honor. Borne on a litter by his slaves, he appeared at the door of the senate-house—accompanied by his four sons and his five sons-in-law— to match his stanch patriotism against the diplomatic skill of Pyrrhus' ambassador. As he was assisted into the chamber the assembly observed respectful silence. . . . . The aged man appealed first to the pride of the senators, then to their common-sense:

> * * * *Do not imagine that you will get rid of this man by making a treaty with him. Rather you will encourage other Greek princes to invade you, for they will despise you and think you are easy prey to all men if you let Pyrrhus go home again without paying the penalty of his outrages upon you, nay, with the power to boast that he has made Rome a laughing-stock for Tarentines and Samnites.*

. . . . The senators took fresh spirit and refused to treat with Pyrrhus till he had withdrawn from Italy. . . . . Quintus Ennius has preserved the key-note of Claudius' famous speech in the lines:

> *Whither have swerved the souls so firm of yore?*
> *Is sense grown senseless? Can feet stand no more?*

1103. ** * * I have come to say to you that the American people would be proud to be engaged in the greatest battle in history.*

— Gen. John Joseph Pershing (1860–).

We are here to die, if necessary. Use us freely.

— Gen. Tasker Howard Bliss (1853–1930).

THESE were weighty words to Ferdinand Foch. Coming from the commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Force and his associate of the Supreme War Council, they were an assurance of that unification of men and resources without which victory over the Germans appeared impossible. . . . . Pershing and Bliss gave their pledge of unreserved co-operation at Foch's headquarters at Doullens, on March 20, 1918, two weeks before the United States government formally confirmed the plan of inter-allied action under one high command. Foch was in his garden when Pershing, taking him by the arm in comradely fashion and walking along by his side, said to him (speaking informally in French):

> *Infantry, artillery, aviation—all that we have—are yours to dispose of as you will. * * **

. . . . The American army was the deciding balance in the scales. Pershing had insisted, with sound judgment, that it should fight as a unit; now he placed it under the tactical direction of Foch, who had been designated to the supreme military control only two days previously at the historic Doullens council. The huge machine which was to roll up the enemy and end the long conflict was now completely welded. . . . . Ten years later (March 31, 1928) Foch expressed to Edwin L. James, Paris correspondent of the *New York Times,* his appreciation of Pershing's act in behalf of the "common victory":

> *What was important was not decrees and orders but the spirit in which the different chiefs co-operated. That was the sentiment of cooperation in which General Pershing played the principal role in the last months of the campaign which won. * * **

1104. **** * * Spear and sword, grim battle-play, shall decide between us ere we pay tribute.***

— BRIHTNOTH, or Byrhtnoth (10th century),
Anglo-Saxon chieftain.

WHEN the Danes invaded England in 991, Brihtnoth and his warriors made a stand against them at Maldon, forty miles northeast of London. A sudden rising of the river Blackwater, which separated the two armies, halted the battle, and the Danes improved the truce by sending a messenger to the English leader with an offer to withdraw if they were paid a good sum in gold. . . . . Brihtnoth spurned this mercenary proposition with high scorn. His reply is a patriotic classic:

> *Messenger of the vikings, get thee back! Take to thy people a sterner message, that here stands a fearless earl, who with his band will defend this land. * * * Too base it seems to me that ye go without battle to your ships with our money, now that ye have come thus far into our country. Ye shall not so easily obtain treasure. * * **

. . . . The stream subsided, and the fighting went on. After a desperate struggle the English were overcome, and Brihtnoth was slain; but his heroism illuminates the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

1105. ***A little rebellion now and then is a good thing. * * * It is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government.***

— Thomas Jefferson.

(Compare 364, 1112, 1126.)

JEFFERSON has been freely censured for this passage, which he wrote at the time of Shays's Rebellion in western Massachusetts (1786-1787). "Can history produce an instance of rebellion so honorably conducted?" he asked. Continuing in the same line of reflection, he declared (in almost the same language as that of Barère):

> *The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is the natural manure.*

. . . . It is easy to understand Jefferson's sympathy with Daniel Shays and his two thousand fellow-insurgents. They expressed in arms the general dissatisfaction at the pressure of taxation, the oppressive salaries of state officials, and the scarcity of money—evils which followed the American Revolution. Ardent champion of the people and firm believer in their judgment, Jefferson could not have frowned upon this outbreak without proving false to those principles which have made him "the idol of American democracy."

1106. ***Take all the experience and judgment of men over fifty out of the world, and there would not be enough left to run it.***

— Henry Ford (1863–),
American manufacturer.

IT was on his sixty-fifth birthday (July 30, 1928) that Ford, in these words, rebuked the absurd theory, gaining ground with alarming rapidity among American employers, that when a man reaches the age of fifty he has outlived his usefulness to industry and should be thrown aside as deadwood. When asked if there was not an "age limit somewhere," he replied that he had not found it yet:

> *There is no reason why men of sixty-five should not do as much work with the mind as every one—and better work. Youngsters have their place and are necessary, but the experience and judgment of men over fifty are what gives purpose and meaning to younger men's efforts.*

. . . . At his desk as usual in his Detroit office, Ford declared to visitors: "I expect to do more in the next five years than I have done in the last twenty."

1107. ***Non si passa, passeremo noi!***
(They shall not pass, we shall pass!)

— Gen. Armando Vittorio Diaz (1861–1928),
Italian Marshal.
(Compare 654.)

LIKE Petain and his poilus at Verdun, Diaz displayed a sublime defiance when the Austrians, who had driven the Second Italian Army in confusion over the River Piave line and crossed after them, started a fresh offensive in 1918. . . . . Succeeding Cadorna as commander-in-chief (November, 1917), following the catastrophe at Caporetto, Diaz welded his shattered divisions into a new army, powerful and spirited. When Conrad and Boroevich attacked him at Monte Grappa (June 15, 1918), he was ready. True to his word, the Austrians did not pass. Within the week they were hustling back to the other side of the Piave. Then—*we shall pass!* . . . . Waiting till every screw in his machine was tight, Diaz at last (October, 1918), struck the mighty blow which almost annihilated the Austrian armies. . . . . With that great stroke Diaz not only retrieved the military fortunes of his country, but he shortened the conflict for the Allies by removing from their front the strongest auxiliary of Germany. . . . . His slogan was inscribed on the medals which were struck off for the Italian heroes of the Piave.

1108. **** * * It is better five guilty persons should escape punishment than one innocent person should die.***

— Sir Matthew Hale (1609–1676),
Lord Chief Justice of England.
(Compare 911, 1091, 1101.)

THIS conservative law for procedure in capital offenses was laid down by Hale in his "Historia Placitorum Coronae" (History of the Pleas of the Crown), and he generally followed it. In 1664, however, he condemned two women to execution on the admittedly nebulous charge of witchcraft, and on another occasion he hurried a soldier to his doom, though aware that a pardon was being prepared for him. These exceptional decisions reflect rather unfortunately upon his principle that

> *Tutius semper est errare, in acquietando quam in pumendo, ex parte misericordiae quam ex parte justitiae.*
> (*It is always safer to err in acquitting than punishing, on the part of mercy than the part of justice.*)

. . . . Sir John Fortescue (c. 1531-1607), lord chief justice under Henry VI, was governed by the same rule of action, but expressed it yet more strongly in his "De laudibus Legium Angliae" (Praise of the Laws of England):

> *Indeed, one would rather, much rather, that twenty guilty persons escape punishment of death, than one innocent person be condemned and suffer capitally.*

1109. ***An enemy conquered is not subdued, and will always hate his new master.***

— Jenghiz (Genghis) Khan (1162–1227),
Mongol emperor.

THIS Mongol ravager, one of the greatest conquerors of all time, had an effective method of repressing the hatred of the peoples that he vanquished. He annihilated their cities, either slaughtering the inhabitants by the hundred thousand, or herding them away into servitude. After storming Nishapur, in Khorasan, he slew the whole population except four hundred artisans, whom he sent into Mongolia. He reached the climax of his ruthlessness at the Indian city of Herat, where (it seems almost incredible), in a full week of carnage, his hordes are said to have massacred 1,600,000 persons. With an army of 200,000 he swept over China and Persia; at the height of his power he ruled from the China Sea to the river Dnieper. He held his chiefs inflexibly to one merciless rule of war:

> *Show no clemency to my enemies without an express order from me. Rigor alone keeps such spirits dutiful. . . . .*

. . . . The Roman emperor Caligula, when once reminded that the hatred which he had created among his own subjects might prove disastrous to him, replied contemptuously (in the words of an ancient poet):

> *Oderint dum metuant.*
> (*Let them hate, so long as they fear.*)

1110. ***There is a homely old adage which runs: 'Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far.' If the American nation will speak softly and yet build and keep at a pitch of the highest training a thoroughly efficient navy, the Monroe Doctrine will go far.***

— Theodore Roosevelt.

LESS than two weeks after Roosevelt made this utterance at the Minnesota State Fair (Sept. 2, 1901) he suddenly found himself in the White House because of the assassination of McKinley, and as President he was enabled to give broader scope to his lively interest in naval affairs. In 1907, he made a striking show of "the big stick" when anti-Japanese agitation in California threatened to provoke serious trouble between Japan and the United States. In the midst of warlike rumors he sent the Atlantic battleship fleet from Hampton Roads into the Pacific, on a voyage around the world, which included Japan in its itinerary. . . . . Naval experts in this country and Europe saw disaster in the bold stroke, and the European press even prophesied war. But it proved a dramatic triumph for Roosevelt, who had conceived the plan. Foreign ports were properly impressed with the fighting possibilities of the armada —the mightiest array of American armorclads which had ever gone to sea—and the controversy with Tokio came to an end.

1111. *Justice * * * august and pure, the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the inspirations of men! —where the mind rises; where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and benign; where her favorite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate; to hear their cry and to help them; to rescue and relieve; to succor and save; majestic, from its mercy; venerable, from its utility; uplifted, without pride; firm, without obduracy; beneficent in each preference; lovely, though in her frown!*

— Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan (1751–1816),
English dramatist and politician.
(See 238.)

ONE of the most ardent panegyrics ever delivered on Justice came from Sheridan in his fourth day's speech at the impeachment of Warren Hastings, the first governor-general of India, before the Lords (June, 1788). His part in that celebrated case was to present the charges with regard to "The Hoard of the Begums (princesses) of Oude." It was contended by the government that Hastings had employed British troops, and starvation and the lash as well, to extort millions of pounds sterling from the mother and the widow of the nabob Sujah Dowlah. . . . . Sheridan's impassioned eloquence moved the House and the spectators to a remarkable exhibition of emotion. Neither Burke nor Fox, who were associated with him in the prosecution, matched his oratory. Macaulay's dramatic description of the scene is a classic.

1112. ***Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.***

— Oliver Cromwell.
(Compare 364, 1105.)

THOMAS Jefferson thought so well of this sentiment that he adopted it for his seal. . . . . Cromwell professed to fight for the cause of the Almighty. The rule of the sword was the rule of God.

> *If the king should meet me in battle, I would kill the king!*

These stern words to his army of "Ironsides" were intended to make them more deadly in battle. The sovereigns of earth were to be ground under the heel, for thus should the glory of God be advanced. . . . . Some historians, however, are skeptical enough to maintain that the fighting, praying Lord Protector employed his soldiers with the less lofty purpose of exalting his own power.

1113. ***I chose my first husband for love, my second for riches, and my third for rank, and I have now some thoughts of beginning again in the same order.***

— Christobella,
Viscountess Say and Sele.

CHRISTOBELLA was ninety years old when she thus smartly expressed herself. Her third husband, the viscount Richard Fiennes, had died about five years before, but she continued to give gay social parties at Doddeshall House, in the parish of Quainton, Bucks, and none of her younger guests showed more vivacity or could dance with more grace. She died at the age of ninety-five (July 23, 1789), retaining her remarkable sprightliness almost to the last.

1114. ***Amid the din of arms I could not hear the voice of the laws.***

Another form is:

The law speaks too softly to be heard amidst the din of arms.

— GAIUS MARIUS (c. 155–86 B. C.),
Roman soldier and statesman.
(Compare 415.)

MARIUS (who was seven times consul) greatly offended the commons by liberally rewarding his Italian allies. The murmurs of the "rabble" rose louder than ever when (about 92 B.C.) he went so far as to make free citizens of a thousand soldiers from the state of Camerinum who had distinguished themselves in his service. His act was censured in the Forum because it was illegal as well as unpopular, whereupon Marius offered the excuse quoted above. The law was changed in his favor. . . . . Julius Caesar once remarked bluntly:

Arms and laws do not flourish together.

1115. ***By push of bayonets; no firing till you see the whites of their eyes.***

(Compare 234.)

THIS was the general order to the soldiers of Frederick the Great at the battle of Prague (May 6, 1757), when they charged and routed the Austrians under Prince Charles of Lorraine. . . . . In cutting through the Austrian army at Jagerndorf (May 23, 1745) Prince Charles of Prussia gave the command:

Silent, till you see the whites of their eyes.

. . . . Thirty years later, Prescott used similar words at Bunker Hill.

1116. ***Forty dollars, forty years, forty millions.***

— Frank Andrew Munsey (1854–1925),
American publisher.

ABOUT three years before his death Munsey, who was given to terseness, described in six words his spectacular rise from a telegrapher's position at Augusta, Maine, at seventy dollars a month, to a commanding position as multi-millionaire publisher of newspapers and magazines. . . . . One day in September, 1882, he arrived in New York equipped with a common-school education and a good store of shrewd Yankee calculation. In his pocket he had forty dollars; in his trunk, the manuscript of a juvenile serial by Edward S. Ellis. After many adversities with the *Golden Argosy* and *Munsey's Weekly* he struck the road to wealth by launching *Munsey's Magazine*—the first American magazine to sell for ten cents a copy. Eventually he became the sole owner of a score of dailies and periodicals. He capped his fortune with huge profits in steel stocks (1907). The bulk of his riches, forty million dollars, was willed by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. . . . . A cold, hard business man, Munsey admittedly had neither sentiment nor charity. Money was ever his goal, and he passed through life without one close friendship. Some of his papers he deliberately wrecked, "to consolidate the field," maintaining that he thus conferred inestimable benefits upon journalism. While the hundreds of old employees whom he cast adrift in this process found it difficult to share his altruistic view, they could not deny him credit for working his way up to affluence and power in the face of formidable hardships.

1117. *Societies exist under three forms—(1) without government, as among our Indians; (2) under government wherein the will of every one has a just influence * * *; (3) under governments of force * * *. It is a problem not clear in my mind that the first condition is not the best.*

—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

NO American statesman, past or present, has been a sturdier champion of *real* democracy than Jefferson. More than once he expressed himself with a radicalism which has drawn the criticisms of those ultra conservatives who will not listen to the demand of citizens of average station for a voice in their own government. The simple manner in which the Red Men of North America conducted their tribal affairs made strong appeal to Jefferson's straightforward spirit. As he pondered the customs of the council fires, he felt a serious doubt, after all, as to the virtue and the efficacy of the white man's forms of legislative procedure. . . . . Another keen and independent thinker, Jean Jacques Rousseau—born only thirty-one years before Jefferson—was inspired to a similar trend of reflection by the picturesque Basques of northeastern Spain. Here is his memorable comment ("Contrat Social") on that honest and hardy people, who for centuries held their patriarchal assemblies (*calzaras*) beneath the wide-spreading boughs of the venerable oak of Guernica:

> *When we see the happiest people in the world regulating their affairs of state by a body of peasants under an oak, and always conducting themselves wisely, what is to prevent one from scorning the refinements of other nations which make themselves famous and miserable with so much art and mystery?*

1118. ***The right of every citizen to worship as he pleases and to aspire to hold any office within the gift of the people must be preserved and maintained inviolate.***

— Alvan Tufts Fuller (1878–),
Governor of Massachusetts.
(Compare 836.)

IN his address of greeting at the convention of the Massachusetts department of the American Legion in the Newburyport City Hall (Sept. 7, 1928) Governor Fuller, a Protestant, struck hard at those clergymen and legislators who, in open harangues or in the more subtle "whispering campaign" in certain sections of the country, had raised the ugly head of religious prejudice against Alfred E. Smith, a Catholic, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. His appeal to the Legionnaires to "start a revolt to raise the tone of American politics" was received with enthusiasm. . . . . Governor Fuller quoted the saying of Theodore Roosevelt, whose broad tolerance in respect of creeds was one of his most prominent characteristics:

> *I could never discriminate against a man because he embraced the religion that came to him with his mother's milk.*

1119. ***No day without a line.***

— Apelles.
(See 285.)

APPELLES was not only the greatest painter of antiquity but the most industrious, to judge by the great number of his works of which we have record. In drawing his diligence was especially marked, and only one other artist of his day, Protogenes, ventured to dispute his superiority in fine, unwavering outlines. His motto, " a line a day," became proverbial.

1120. *Ci-gît Piron, ne fut rien,*
Pas même académicien.
(Here lies Piron, who was nothing,
Not even an academician.)

— Alexis Piron (1689–1773),
French epigrammatist and dramatist.

WITH this mock epitaph about himself Piron ridiculed the French Academy, from which he had been shut out after setting one foot in the door. He was voted into that distinguished company (1753), but envious enemies resurrected an ode to Priapus, the Greek god of sensuality, which Piron had written in his younger days, and brought it to the attention of Louis XV. Thereupon the king vetoed Piron's election, but partially soothed him with a pension for life.

1121. ***Painters of history make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make*** **me** ***live.***

— Sir Godfrey Kneller.
(See 258.)

KNELLER, who was the English court painter from the time of Charles II into the reign of George I, preferred recognition while he was alive to a belated reputation after he was under ground. So he forsook the painting of historical subjects and devoted himself entirely to portraits. With the passing of Lely he had no rival in his chosen field until his fame was eclipsed by the arrival of Reynolds.

1122. ***Young man, when Virginia needed a sword, I gave her one. Now I need bread!***

— Maj. George Rogers Clark (1752–1818),
American frontier soldier.

THESE words conjure up two graphic pictures, which offer sharp contrast. . . . . A young Virginian, six feet tall, with splendid physique and iron will, leads a band of one hundred and fifty soldier-trappers, bearing flint-lock rifles and hunting knives, for eighteen days through frozen swamps in the dead of winter. By the capture of Fort Sackville, at Vincennes on the Wabash (Feb. 20, 1779), he wrests from British control all the vast territory between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi known as the "Old Northwest," and gives to the American Colonies an empire. (Included in that area now are the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and a part of Minnesota.) . . . . Thirty-eight years pass—and this intrepid captain of an expedition never matched in American history sits, aging and ill, at the door of his humble home at Louisville, Ky., brooding over the ingratitude of his state and his country. His fortune is gone; he is distressed by debt. From the Virginia Assembly comes one bearing a gift sword to requite him for his exploits. With indignant scorn, the old man rejects the blade that he can nevermore use. . . . . Clark's conquests made possible the Louisiana Purchase and opened the way for the expansion of America westward to the Pacific. Yet, while he lived, all that he ever received in token of his achievements was a grant of eight thousand acres of poor land in Indiana. In May, 1928, one hundred and ten years after his death, Congress appropriated a million dollars for a celebration at Vincennes, in February, 1929, of the sesquicentennial of his seizure of Sackville. . . . . Historians have treated Clark shabbily; from one encyclopaedia his name is omitted altogether. But at last his true worth is dawning on the nation.

1123. ***Our country has deliberately undertaken a great social and economical experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose. It must be worked out constructively.***

— Herbert Clark Hoover (1874–),
American engineer and statesman.
(Compare 192, 540.)

HOOVER, as the Republican nominee for President, thus endorsed Prohibition in his formal speech of acceptance, which he broadcast from the stadium of Stanford University (Aug. 11, 1928.) He declared to the nation that he was opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, thus taking issue with his Democratic opponent, Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, whose stand for a more liberal "dry law" was equally outspoken. Hoover conceded that there were "grave abuses" in enforcement, which "must be remedied." He said:

> *Crime and disobedience of law cannot be permitted to break down the Constitution and laws of the United States.*

. . . . Ten years earlier (June, 1918), when the Eighteenth Amendment was before the States for ratification, former President William Howard Taft had given vigorous warning of the evils which he foresaw would result from National Prohibition. Replying to Allen B. Lincoln, of New Haven, Conn., who had asked for his opinion on the proposed enactment, Taft maintained that it was a matter for state control, and wrote:

> *I fear it will be an irretrievable national blunder. I think it will vest in those who administer it so great a power as to be dangerous in political matters. The politics of the nation will be demoralized. It will be an oppressive law which practice and public opinion will not enforce.*

1124. *Mes amis, vous êtes Français, je suis votre roi, voilà l'ennemi: donnons! Si vous perdez vos cornettes, ralliez-vous à mon panache blanc; vous le trouverez toujours sur le chemin de l'honneur et de la victoire.*

(*My friends, you are Frenchmen, I am your king, there is the enemy: let us charge! If you lose your ensigns, rally to my white plume; you will always find it in the path of honor and victory.*)

— HENRY IV,
King of France.
(See 604, 691.)

WITH this stirring slogan, Henry put on his helmet and led his soldiers into battle on the plain of Ivry (March 14, 1590), winning the most brilliant victory in the French civil wars. In his ranks were English, French, Germans and Swiss —a motley array; and they were heavily outnumbered. But the courage and confidence of the king inspired them with a determination which compensated for their lack of discipline. The Catholic army of the duke of Mayenne was shattered, and fled into Mantes and Chartres for refuge. The royalist hopes took a great bound.

1125. ***Other musicians do with notes what they can, Josquin what he likes.***

— Martin Luther.

HARSH theologian that he was, Luther had a true ear for good music, and his tribute to the facile genius of Josquin Des Pres would alone be sufficient guarantee of the high rank of that French composer; but we have also the praises of Josquin's contemporaries. Undoubtedly the master harmonist of the sixteenth century, particularly in sacred music, it is one of the quirks of fate that the records of his life are so scant and vague. Twenty of his masses are preserved in the papal chapel at Rome. First a choir-boy, he became a pupil of Ockenheim and his reputation grew rapidly. He was chief singer of the royal chapel of Louis XII, and at his death (Aug. 27, 1521) a canon of the cathedral of Conde. He slept in oblivion for two centuries till Dr. Charles Burney, author of "The General History of Music," restored him to attention.

The manuscripts of twenty masses by Josquin are preserved in the papal chapel at Rome, but this collection, valuable as it is, accounts for only a small proportion of his works, which included numerous motets, psalms, and other sacred compositions.

1126. ***The blood of criminals fertilizes the soil of liberty and establishes power on sure foundations.***

— Joseph Fouche, Duke of Otranto (1763–1820),
Statesman of the French Revolution.
(See 364, 1105, 1112.)

HIS hands red with the blood of a multitude of his countrymen, who had been murdered with an ingenuity of torture worthy of a Nero or a Caligula, the man Fouché stood before the Committee of Public Safety (April, 1794) and with this declaration attempted to justify the ruthless policy he had followed in directing the massacres at Lyons and Toulon. The "criminals" were in reality peaceful, industrious people who had revolted against the barbarism of the Jacobin tyrants. Upon them Fouché, with the ferocious Collot d' Herbois, executed the vengeance of the Convention with guillotines and cannon. . . . . One historian finds palliation for Fouché in the fact that after the horrors were over he "exercised a moderating influence." Even his masters had sickened at his operations and recalled him.

1127. ***A few honest men are better than numbers.***

— Oliver Cromwell.
(Compare 216.)

IN organizing his famous troop, the "Ironsides," Cromwell looked to the spirit of the recruits and not to their gay trappings or their fancy horsemanship. He chose his cavalry leaders with a keen eye to their sincerity in the Parliamentary cause. His ideal was

> *a plain russet-coated captain, who knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows.*

He surrounded himself with an army that had no room for cringers or purely ornamental "gentlemen," and marched to power.

1128. ***It is my wish that every peasant may have meat for dinner every day of the week, and a fowl in his pot (la poule au pot) on Sundays.***

— HENRY IV,
King of France.

WHEN Henry, "the Good," said this he was sincere. Of all the French kings he was probably the most solicitous for the happiness and prosperity of the common people. "He loved his subjects like a father," says Sully in his "Memoirs." His sympathy with the peasantry and the industrial workers far outweighed, in their judgment, the faults which he unquestionably had. He was affable, and gay, and frank. . . . . His affairs with the ladies—*pouf!* A fowl in the pot was of more concern. . . . . Henry's own fortunes were so dismal in 1596 that he wrote: "I have hardly a horse on which I could fight; my doublets have holes at the elbows, *and my pot is often empty.*"

1129. ***The country of the Jews is destroyed—thither they cannot return: it would be hard to allow them no home to return to—leave them in peace.***

— TITUS,
Roman emperor.
(See 235.)

WHETHER or not Titus condoned the slaughter by his Roman soldiers after the capture of Jerusalem (70 A.D.), he gave a positive demonstration of magnanimity toward the helpless Jews of Antioch, who, once the capital had fallen, seemed doomed to extermination. A number of them had been put to death with fire and other tortures when the news of their plight reached the emperor, and he quickly checked the persecution. "Leave them in peace," he said to his legionaries. "They shall have one refuge."

1130. ***Even in a palace, life may be led well.***

— Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (121–180),
Roman emperor.

MARCUS AURELIUS emphasized four virtues above all others: wisdom, justice, fortitude, and temperance. Thoroughly Roman in pride and aim, as he was entirely Stoic in resolution and restraint of the emotions, he lived not for happiness but serenity of thought. And he proved by his own personal example that tranquillity was to be found amidst the burdens of an imperial palace no less than in the simple circumstances of cottage life. In his "Meditations" he observes:

> *By a tranquil mind I mean nothing else than a mind well ordered.*

It was but a step from this to a well-ordered kingdom—and for such he is remembered in history as clearly as for his calm philosophy. All around him, in high places and low, there was general corruption and selfishness; yet Marcus Aurelius remained untainted by it. The sources of his inner peace never failed him.

1131. ***Your wife would have made of you either a king or an ass; now you have become the latter.***

— Lambert of Spoleto,
King of Italy (894–898).

WHEN Lambert captured his rival for the throne, Adalbert, duke of Tuscany, in a stable, the humor of the situation was not lost on him. Hauling the luckless markgraf out of the stall where he was cowering, the king chaffed him with sarcastic reference to the petticoat rule of his spouse.

1132. ***There is a linen-weaver in Augsburg that could pay all that out of his own purse.***

— CHARLES V (1500–1558),
Emperor of Germany.

THIS remark by Charles while he was being shown the royal treasury in Paris referred to Anton Fugger, one of a famous German family of merchant-bankers. The king still carried in his memory a certain remarkable incident of his entertainment at the splendid house of Anton during the Augsburg Diet (1530) when the wealthy tradesman had astonished him by lighting a fire of cinnamon wood with an imperial bond for money due him from Charles. Carl Becker took this subject for a picture, which hangs in the National Gallery at Berlin. When Anton died he was worth six millions of gold crowns in ready money besides a vast amount of jewels and possessions in Europe, Asia, and both Indies. Before this time the total riches of the Fugger family had been estimated at sixty-three million francs.

1133. ***Wha wad hae thocht it,***
That noses wad bocht it?
(Who would have thought it,
That noses would have bought it?)

— HENRY ERSKINE (1746–1817),
Lord advocate of Scotland.

ERSKINE, who was renowned in Scotland for his eloquence and wit, once exercised his humor on the fortunes of James Gillespie, a tobacco and snuff-maker of the time, who got wealthy through puffs and sneezes. When Gillespie attained the dignity of a private coach Erskine produced the above couplet and suggested it as a happy motto for the carriage—but the manufacturer did not choose to make use of it. Gillespie devoted a large portion of his riches to the founding of a hospital in Edinburgh, bearing his name.

* * * * * * * * * *

1134. *O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave*
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

* * * * * * * * * *

— Francis Scott Key (1780–1843),
American jurist.

THE circumstances which inspired Key to write the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" are well known; not so familiar are the facts of its start toward enduring fame. . . . . Thrilled by the sight of the American flag still floating defiantly over Fort McHenry after a night of bombardment by British guns during the War of 1812, Key scribbled off a rough draft of the song (Sept. 12, 1814) on the deck of the enemy ship where, as a prisoner, he had anxiously watched the attack on the fort. When released, he hurried to Baltimore, completed the verses, and gave them to Capt. Benjamin Eades, with the stipulation that they were to be sung to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven." Eades had them put into type and carried the first proof to an old tavern adjoining the Holliday Street Theater which was a favorite gathering place for actors and writers. He read the verses to a group of them, and at their solicitation Ferdinand Durang mounted a chair and sang the song as it is rendered to-day. It quickly won popularity and was adopted as the national lyric. . . . . A costly monument to Key was erected in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, under a bequest of James Lick, California millionaire. It was wrought by W. W. Story out of travertine, one of the most durable of stones. A collection of Key's poems was published in 1857.

1135. ***Let not the sun see such a thing, that I should show my back to the enemy.***

— JUDAS MACCABAEUS, "the Hammer,"
Jewish soldier-patriot.
(See 812.)

WITH a few thousand soldiers and small resources, Judas Maccabaeus proved his right to rank with the great generals of history. For six years he struggled bravely to free his people from Syrian despotism, but he was destined to die without fulfilling his ambition, though he reconquered Jerusalem and purified the temple. . . . . Judas made his last stand at Elassa, in the wild mountains of southern Judea (161 B.C.). All but eight hundred of his soldiers fled at the sight of the great army that the Syrian Bacchides led to the attack. When urged to retreat and avoid the issue till he could muster a stronger force he held his ground, declaring:

> *Although this be the time that will bring me to my end, and I must die in this battle, I will rather stand to it courageously, and bear whatsoever comes upon me, than by now running away bring reproach upon my former great actions, or tarnish their glory.*

Inspired by this, the Jews battled valiantly but were overwhelmed. Judas fell in the midst of the foe.

1136. ***The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts, bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party.***

— JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN (1782–1850),
American statesman.
(Compare 210, 226.)

WHEN Calhoun, in the United States Senate, delivered the speech from which the above quotation is taken (July 13, 1835), he was veritably "a man without a party" (though with leanings toward the Whigs), and so his continued attacks on the "spoils system" of President Andrew Jackson could not be laid to party bias. His political character was irreproachable; hence his words have a sincere ring which gives them the permanence they deserve. . . . . Several years earlier (May 16, 1829), another American statesman, equally prominent and of as pronounced integrity in his public actions— Henry Clay— voiced the same thought in an address at Lexington, Kentucky:

> *Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.*

These were honest words too, coming as they did from the man who afterward declared, in his Senate address on the Missouri Compromise (1850): "I would rather be right than be President." (See 1021.) . . . . President Thomas Jefferson, in a conversation with Baron von Humboldt, the scientist, at Washington (1804), said:

> *When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property.*

1137. ***Peace is proclaimed. That is well; that is much; but it still remains necessary to organize it. In the solution of difficulties right and not might must prevail. That is to be the work of to-morrow.***

— Aristide Briand (1862–1932).
French statesman.
(See 423.)

THE delegates of fifteen nations had gathered in the Quai d'Orsai, on the afternoon of Aug. 27, 1928, to sign the Kellogg-Briand treaty for the renunciation of war—an epochal step toward universal amity. The scene was the crimson and gold Salle des Horloges (Hall of Clocks), the famous room where Woodrow Wilson, nine years before (April 11, 1919), had presented to the world his League of Nations. Briand, the French foreign minister, presided, and ushered in the ceremony with the only speech that was delivered. It was "the awakening of a great hope," he said. "It will henceforth behoove us as a sacred duty to do all that can and must be done for that hope not to be disappointed." His closing words were these:

> *As there is not one of the nations represented here but has shed the blood of her children on the battlefields of the last war, I propose that we should dedicate to the dead, to all the dead, of the Great War, the event which we are going to consecrate together by our signatures.*

. . . . Then, in solemn silence, Dr. Gustave Stresemann, the foreign minister of Germany, affixed his name. The second to sign was Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg, of the United States, who originated the compact. The representatives of the thirteen other states followed suit, and "the Pact of Paris," as it will be known in history, lay before the statesmen of earth, an instrument ready at hand (if employed sincerely and unselfishly) for the settlement of international disputes without recourse to bloodshed.

L'Envoi

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.—Psalm 103: 15, 16.

As the Earth rolls along, it sings a song
That never the heedless hear;
O'er the city's roar, and the tides on the shore,
It rises ever clear—
A song of what is, and what has been,
And what again shall be;
Of Sardis and Tyre; of flood and fire;
Of continents under the sea:

Where are the Cave Men hairy,
And the bellowing beasts they slew?
Gone are the Goths, like a cloud of moths,
And gone are the wild Huns too.

What of the bold sea-rovers,
The Vikings of the North?
Their sagas stay, but they went away
Even as wind-blown froth.

Where the Caesars, and their women?
Ask of the dredge and spade:
Here is a bust, and a spear all rust,
A coin, and a bit of jade.

The Fredericks, and the Williams?
Great Condé and his gout?
Phoenician ships? Du Barry's lips?
Mad Peter and his knout?

Their ghosts haunt History's pages—
The worm grubs in their graves:
But still my mountains tower,
My forests lift their naves!

Where scented Cleopatra,
And the fool she led to shame?
Seek of the Nile, with its age-old smile—
It knew their hearts of flame.

Where, too, the walls of Carthage?
And Rome, who pulled them down?
Why comes no more the Pompadour?
Or Nero, for his crown?

Why Bonaparte's long silence?
Where gallop Attila's hordes?
Or, fast and far, runs Ramses' car?
Or flash Saladin's swords?

Who ever hears Belshazzar
Laugh in the revel's din?
Where's Ninon, fair beyond compare?
What spell keeps gay Nell Gwyn?

Behold! a statue prostrate—
A palace lone and rent:
But still my grasses rustle
Where haughty armies went!

So the Earth rolls on—by sun and moon,
In storm and shine, December, June—
And while it wheels, it sings
Of ruined temples, rotted fleets;
Sharks roaming through Atlantis' streets;
The silly pranks of kings;
Triumphal arches overthrown;
Vainglorious lines on a broken stone
(Poor, paltry, futile things!):
And in the gloom of her sand-bound tomb,
A wizened queen—with her jars and rings.

W. F.

INDEXES

IN consulting these indexes, it should be borne in mind that they apply not only to the 1137 numbered sayings at the head of the articles but also to the 500 additional quotations, in italics, in the body of the text, which, in most cases, are of equal importance.

In the Names index, the birth and death years, titles and professions are generally omitted, except where the need of distinction is obvious, as these are attached to some one of the selections. Many of the more famous characters appear without the Christian name: such as Bolingbroke, Mirabeau, Talleyrand.

Each Key Line starts with the most significant word of the phrase: as "death," "honor," "life," "world." Not infrequently the quotation is indexed in two different alphabetical forms, for greater convenience. Some of the sayings are not adaptable to key lines, and consequently are confined to the other indexes.

The Subjects have been kept down to the smallest number consistent with utility; yet so carefully is the whole text covered by a criss-cross arrangement of guides that hundreds of the articles and citations appear in connection with five or more headings. For example:

No. 352 (Danton), *Defiance, Fortitude, Orations, Prophecy, Revolution,* (French), and *Trials;* No. 445 (Michelangelo), *Art, Industry, "Last Judgment," "Moses," Sculpture, Success,* and *Versatility.*

The Familiar Quotations are presented in the form of their every-day usage, and each also has a place among the Key Lines.

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